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THE CHRONICLE



Volume XIV

October, 1910

Number 1

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Clemson College

The Clemson Agricultural College of South Carolina

(State Agricultural and Mechanical College)

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL ADDRESS: CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

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The above are four-year courses. In addition, short courses are given in Agriculture and Textile Industry. (For details, see College Catalogue.)

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EXPENSES

The regular fees for the session, not including tuition, are as follows:

Incidental fee	\$ 5.00	PAYABLE QUARTERLY.	
Medical fee	5.00	September 7, 1910	\$ 61.31
Uniforms	29.18	November 9, 1910	19.13
Breakage fee	3.00	January 25, 1911	19.13
Board, washing, heat, light, etc.	76.52	March 29, 1911	19.13
TOTAL	\$118.70	TOTAL	\$118.70

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SECRETARY SWEENEY

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quāntum Valere Potest.

Vol. XIV.

Clemson College, S. C., October, 1910.

No. 1.



Editors:

A. M. SALLEY, '11

W. N. HENDERSON, '11

J. H. KANGETER, '13

Joan of Arc.

Immortal spirit! Pride of France! Live on!
For thy noble work will we thy memory
Always preserve. When all of France was torn
By England's troops, thou didst from native Domremy
Forever part to free thy great proud country
From England's iron grasp. Obedient and true
Wert thou to the "voices" as they solemnly
Declared thy duty. But when carried thru
Thy purpose was, France stood strong 'till Waterloo.

While des^{tr}ondent and sad lay France, and Hope was soaring
Heavenward, thou didst check the flight and bring
Her home again, by freeing Orleans and lowering
England's flag. Mortal and deep was this sting
In the vanquished breasts; but loudly did sing
The victors, and many were the hearts that swelled with
pride

And hope as the striped banner was seen to cling
To the garrisoned city. The mission of the maid had not
died

Till the Dauphin on the throne was seen to abide.

O undeserving king, ignominy will ever tinge
Thy name for persuading the maid to stay and fight
When she her mission had fulfilled. To impose
Upon her willing soul was criminal; to slight
And disregard her capture when thy height
Of station she was assured, was enough to shame
Thy name forever; but not to defend her right
When on thy account she suffered does stir
The hearts of demons. Can we help but defend her?

O Justice, where wert thou when didst sit amid
A foreign prejudiced court the stainless maid?
When the fatal charge was read to rid
On pretentious grounds a soul that arrayed
Itself against the enemy, why her betrayal
Didst thou allow? When all but death
Had she suffered, friendless and sad, she prayed
To Him who lightens burdens. And when reft,
By angry flames, soul from body, the spirit left.

Many years, O England, long have passed
Since thou didst commit the atrocious act.
On the flag is an ugly stain that will last
Forever. And France, shame shall always rest

Upon thy fame for wholly ignoring the black
And disgraceful trial of thy heroine by
Corrupted foreigners. But, Maid of Orleans, attack
As may men to condemn, thy purity they descry.

F. H. A., '11.

* * * *

An Unwilling Understudy.

The topic of conversation was, of course, the prospects of our going to the Fair. The question was discussed pro and con—mostly pro, because we were all old students, we had been to the Fair on two previous occasions, and we were not at all loath to go again. Despite its inconveniences, the week of encampment in Columbia is usually looked upon by the corps of cadets as time pleasantly, if not profitably, spent.

It had been about settled among us that the presence of the Clemson cadets in the capital city during Fair week was not only desirable, but advisable; the discussion waned.

"By the way, Bones, didn't you get burnt for wearing cits at the Fair last year?" Hank's abrupt question startled me.

"Yes," I answered, finally; "and about fifteen minutes after the report had been published, my name was read out also from the express list, and the package proved to be the gray fatigue uniform of a Clemson cadet."

And since they all wanted to know the reason for these unseemly disturbances in the even tenor of my military career, you, also, may be interested to hear of a more or less remarkable experience, the details of which I have until the present moment kept to myself.

We five hundred grey-uniformed students had been encamped in Columbia for four days. It was now Friday night. On the morrow the President of our country was to be the guest of the city, and we had been asked to act as his guard of honor. Not that anyone apprehended that we should be called upon to protect the President from any

attempted assassination; the secret service men would look out for that. But, as it happened, a Clemson boy was indirectly concerned with the frustration of an incipient attempt to destroy the life of the nation's chief executive.

Having dropped in to see a friend of mine, whom the attractions of the illuminated streets had not yet beguiled from his work in the State House, I was leaving that building by a lower door, at about nine-thirty on the night mentioned above. I paused for a few minutes on the granite door-stone, looking out upon the gay scene; from somewhere near at hand, but without the building, came to me the murmur of voices, one harsh and gruff, the other a penetrating whine. I could make little of what was being said; both men seemed to talk with a foreign accent. One passage I distinctly caught:

"If the tennis-ball not work, I use the rod, eh?"

Stepping out into the light, I saw three coarsely-dressed, unkempt men, apparently natives of some foreign land. Two were heavy-built, swarthy, and unshaven; the other was tall, thin, and shrewd looking; his pale, aquiline features were framed by a mop of soft, silky, black hair. He turned quick, startled eyes upon me as I emerged from the shadow of the doorway, and I caught the sound of the whining voice as he turned to the others:

"Naw," one of the short men answered, "he ain't no bull. He's one o' them—." I did not catch the last word; but the tall man seemed reassured.

Had I known the significance of the sentences which I had overheard, I might have given the matter some thought. The word "bull," I was to learn later, means, among certain criminal classes, a detective or policeman. My uniform had probably caused the tall man's uneasiness. A "rod" means a revolver or pistol, and the innocent tennis ball is called upon to supply a convenient name for a certain missile con-

sisting of a hollow metallic sphere, filled with nitroglycerin, or some other ticklish compound.

Of all this, however, I was ignorant; and I strolled blissfully away toward the transfer station. The ice cream counter was crowded, and I sought refreshment in the drug store next door. None of my friends was in sight. Soon after I had given my order, a man took the stool on my right. He seemed to be sizing me up rather carefully, and I returned his glances. He was not quite so tall as I, and a little broader, but otherwise there were many points of resemblance between us. As my glass was set before me, he glanced toward the street, grunted, and mumbled to himself, "The President's car." Naturally, my gaze followed his toward the big, silent monster, which had just received its finishing touches at the garage, a few doors up street. As I faced away from my neighbor, I have a hazy recollection of his fumbling in the pocket of his vest.

I remember that I loafed about the drug store for several minutes, in the hope that some of my student cronies would drop in. My interest in my immediate surroundings seemed waning, however. My eyes were dazzled by the constant light; I wanted to get away from the noise, and the gay laughter, and the trampling of feet, the car-gongs, and the motor-horns; the long shelves of glistening bottles seemed to merge and fade into a mist; the lights grew hazy, all but one bright globe over the fountain. That, too, went out, and—I didn't care—.

* * * * *

"He will be all right in a few minutes; don't worry," a capable, crisp voice was saying. The drug clerk hurried to the front of the store to wait on a customer, leaving the speaker, a tall, thin, wiry man, bending over the still form of a pale youth in grey uniform. The stooping figure straightened, and the quick eyes glanced around the little

stock-room in the rear of the drug store. It was unoccupied, save by the two, the unconscious boy and his attendant. The latter swung the limp form to his shoulders with more ease than one would have supposed, and bore it quickly down the dark stairs leading to the cellar.

Fifteen minutes later a young man, the sleeves of whose grey blouse bore the chevrons of a staff sergeant, stepped unobtrusively from the front door of the drug store. The man behind the fountain glanced up from his glass-washing, "Hello, there goes our Clemson friend. His head can't be very clear yet, or he'd have stopped to say thank you. He doesn't walk much like a soldier, either."

"Sort of wobbly on his knees yet, I guess," his companion returned. "What do you suppose knocked him out?"

"Oh, acute indigestion, probably; too many oysters and soft drinks, very likely. I wonder what became of the smart chap that took charge of him?"

Meanwhile the "smart chap" was causing some little comment elsewhere. Several cadets looked curiously at the slender non. com. as they passed him. "Stuart doesn't drink, does he?" one queried.

"Don't think so; Y. M. C. A. man," his companion returned. "Why?"

"He didn't seem to know us," replied the first.

"He saluted all right, didn't he?"

The first cadet returned no answer, but seemed unconvinced. The subject of the discussion, however, did not propose to excite any further inquiry, for he soon left the pavements of Main street, and entered the fruit store of a Greek just around the corner. He made a few small purchases, and lingered about the store for perhaps half an hour feeding a solemn-looking parrot. After a time, three coarsely dressed, unkempt men, who had been carrying on a low-toned discussion at a table in the back of the narrow

store, left their teacups, and slouched out, the last of the three, a tall man, with a thin, aquiline face, and a mop of soft, black hair, giving the cadet a glance of recognition, but without a touch of friendliness. The youth shuddered as the beady eyes left him.

"Close call," he grunted. After a minute, he rose and followed the strangers.

* * * * *

The darkness was almost absolute; a faint glimmer seemed to come from behind me. I turned my head; something tickled my throat; I pulled away a wisp of excelsior. I seemed to be lying on a rough pile of the stuff. When I attempted to rise, I became conscious of an unpleasant sensation in the region of the stomach. I was somewhat surprised when my fingers met the loose folds of a citizen's coat, instead of the close-buttoned front of a military blouse. I tried to think it out, but my head ached, and after awhile I gave up the attempt. For a long time I lay still. My head became clearer; I rose, and moved toward the light; I stumbled upon a stairway, crawled up it, and emerged into the dim light of a small room filled with boxes and barrels and huge bottles packed in crates with excelsior.

The sleepy night clerk, sprawled on the prescription counter, turned a pair of heavy eyes on me as I came out into the brighter light of the store. "Thought you were with the sick boy," he said. "He left here two hours ago. Where have you been?"

"Guess I must have been asleep," I answered, weakly. It seemed a safe thing to say. I dared not trust myself further. "Good night," I said; "I think I'll go turn in."

Out in the night air, I felt better; but I was still far from being able to give a clear account of myself. My sense of humor came to my rescue. "I have been drunk," I told myself, and let it go at that.

By the city hall clock, it was a quarter after one. The last car had gone to the Fair grounds. In the pockets of the strange garments that I wore, I found a watch and a purse, both of which, on examination, proved to be my own! I whistled to a belated hackman, and on the long drive to camp I tried once more to recall some circumstance that would explain my present condition.

The gate-keeper at camp refused to admit me until the corporal of the guard had assured him that I belonged inside.

"I guess it's no use to report you back," the corporal said, obligingly. "You were not reported absent from long roll."

How I escaped taking part in the military exercises attendant upon the arrival of the President on Saturday morning, need not be set down here. Should I explain the process, a military inquiry might result. Suffice it to say that I arrived safely at the college along with five hundred other tired, sleepy boys; and the only official notice ever taken in regard to my breach of military regulations was the report of "Wearing citizen's clothes at the State Fair," which was published against me a few days subsequent to our return. In my explanation of the report, I respectfully stated that my uniform had been removed from me in some way unknown to me, and the objectionable citizen's suit substituted without my knowledge. The explanation was accepted; but there are officials of this college who still believe that I should not be trusted for too long with bottled goods of a doubtful character.

A letter which came on the same train that brought back my uniform, and which bore the stamp of the Richmond postoffice, offered a more satisfactory explanation. A part of it reads as follows:

"I suppose I ought to apologize for giving you such a strong dose of the drops; but I had to pour them into your glass in a hurry, and there was no time to measure them.

Perhaps I did wrong to employ the drops; but I wanted your clothes in a hurry, and then I wanted you out of the way. Our physical resemblance made it easy for me to get close to the gag without exciting suspicion. I was just behind you in the Capitol, and heard Zobon tell Goldmann that you couldn't understand their talk, as you were only a student, and not a cop. I saw my chance, and took it; I hope my drastic measures caused you no inconvenience. I followed the bunch to a fruit stand, and they let me hear most of their plan without suspecting that I understood a word of it. If they had guessed who was listening under the cover of that innocent-looking uniform, I should have been put out of business in short order.

"Their plan was a bold one: they were to blow up the President as he passed above the hall beneath the stairway. I have no absolute proof against the men, but I have long known that they were in the employ of certain anarchistic societies. Being a secret service man, I keep my cases out of the newspapers, so that the American public will never hear of the existence of the plot; and even you will never know what became of the instigators of it.

"I wish that I could thank you personally for what you have made possible for me. Probably I could not have substituted myself for any other one of you fellows. I wish I could thank you over my own name, but I cannot safely do so. If you ever come to Washington, ask for

Your grateful friend,

FRANKLIN SIEDEL.

A. M. S., '11.

The Mistake of the Press in South Carolina.

The results of the latest primary election cannot be taken as a manifestation of the popular desire of the voters of this great commonwealth of ours with respect to the gubernatorial candidates. This result affords sufficient reason for a close study of the conditions bringing it about. It is no marvelous statement to say that the press in general is due the credit for these conditions as they now exist, not by direct influence, but by its negative effect.

The power of the press has not been invisible in its process of shaping the political forces which have been at work making the history of this as well as of other States. The fact that the press is powerful cannot be disputed, for it is without a peer as a force to promote the advancement of civilization with its subsequent moral and religious improvements. Throughout the later periods of history, at least since the art of printing has attained its precedence, the press has had a dominant power over the minds of the reading public. It was the press of the abolitionists that furnished the germ, the propagation of which brought about the bitter feelings against slavery, the so-called sympathies of the abolitionists for the blacks, and the consequent war between the States. To bring the matter within our own borders, it was the influence of the more progressive papers that caused the people to brand the sale of whiskey in saloons throughout rural and urban districts as detrimental and undesirable institutions for the moral and spiritual uplift of our civilization. The old State Dispensary that followed the saloons was, in the light of recent years' investigation, far from a moral institution; but for a political reform gradual evolution is the only sure way, and the dispensary, at the time of its establishment, was a good step in this evolution. Later politics, through the efforts of the press, have condemned this institution and accepted in its stead

local option, which, as a means of approaching prohibition, is a grand method.

With this situation before the people of South Carolina, the prohibition element began a hard fight for State-wide prohibition. This element, in spite of the fact that some strong papers were standing by local option, probably had the strongest press influence backing it. The influence of the prohibition press was great and strong, as shown by the results of the first primary. State-wide prohibition was nearing success, but the death blow—as far as present gubernatorial success is concerned—was dealt by those papers which had been in favor of local option as strongly opposed to prohibition, when they reversed fire altogether to fight a candidate on personal reasons. Had they been wise enough to support neither candidate after the first primary, in all probability prohibition would have won.

It is useless to deny that the political fight, subsequent to the first primary, was in a large measure inconsistent, excessive, and misrepresenting in certain phases. An effort on the part of the press, such as this, could not be expected to bring other than disgust, to a large class of people, for the prohibition cause. It is hardly overdrawn to state that at least five thousand voters who were really prohibitionists at heart cast their votes otherwise, as a result of the disgust brought about by the inconsistent press—not the flat-footed, original prohibition press.

The power and influence of the press is not by any means dead, as some seem prone to believe, but it must heal the broken place by henceforth being consistent and unchangeable in whatever cause it may be striving to promote. The power and influence is not limited to the liquor issue alone. The most practical plan for those working for a good cause like prohibition is to present the merits of their own policies and not the demerits of others. Clean, consistent,

upright methods must be adopted if success is to be hoped for in a clean, consistent and upright cause. Then, the greatest popular desire is, or seems to be, a press reform in South Carolina instead of a political reform.

R. W. F., '11.



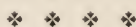
Clemson, Old Clemson.

Clemson, Old Clemson,
Grand and great,
Famed in your country,
And best in your State.

Clemson, Old Clemson,
Tried and true,
Good schools there are,
But none good as you.

Clemson, Old Clemson,
Long may you stand,
Loved by your sons,
Throughout the land.

T. F. D., '13.



"La Automobile Noire."

(*The first of a series of adventures by one Henri Kurtiss, Aerial Pirate.*)

The young man straightened up from his task of tightening a nut on one of the wheels, and surveyed the bird-looking machine with evident approbation.

"I think she'll do now," he murmured, aloud, "a little tightening of the aerieoles, a few gallons of petrol and then —," a gesture which took in the western skies finished his sentence.

Now, Henri Kurtiss had three characteristics: first, an indefatigable spirit of Americanism; second, a profound belief in ultimate vindication of Darius Green; and thirdly, a belief that the world owed him a living. The first and second led him to procure the very latest thing in Aeroplanes (the one he now surveyed), and the third got him into many scrapes. For, like Merry Robin Hood, Kurtiss collected from the "foolish rich," who, after holding up their victims, "A La Wall Street," get very little pleasure in being held up "A La Dick Turpin"—and kick in inverse proportion to the derived pleasure.

Kurtiss was a huge, six-foot-high-and-three-wide, young personage, whose brogue, in times of excitement gave the lie to the spelling of his given name. His clean cut features and curly hair were extremely good to look upon, and his chest measure had to be very large to contain the heart which often led him to give away the proceeds of his nefarious pursuit.

Having tightened sundry other bolts, and filled a substantial sized tank, Kurtiss wiped his hands on some waste, drew a telegram from his pocket, and read the following:

"Party leaves for Newport in black touring car this afternoon."

"Gee! I'll have to hustle," he ejaculated, and hurriedly stuffing the paper in his pocket, he climbed into the car of the plane, and turned the diminutive crank.

With that queer, animate snarl which betokens the perfect motor, the machine ran along the ground for a few yards, and, as the planes caught the upward push of the air, rose gracefully; made a half turn that an eagle could hardly have imitated, and soared away toward the many-turreted metropolis of the New World.

About dusk the same day, a huge touring car of French design and midnight hue, was leisurely tearing off the miles between New York, where financial, and Newport, where social, reputations are made and wrecked. The inmates of the car, four shrewd-faced financiers, were deeply engrossed in the last "coup" of their "pool." A stock had been "cornered" and the price sent skyward—now, all that remained was to "unload" and count profits. So deeply engrossed were they, that no one noticed the grey-appearing shadows which swooped over their heads and dropped a few rods ahead in their path. An exclamation from the chauffeur, a shuddering clutch of brakes; and their astonished glances settled on a strange object almost touching the mud guards. A man was working over one of the wings, apparently oblivious to their approach. "Well,—his nerve," swore one eminent banker. Then, wrath succeeding astonishment, "Hey there! Lug that thing out of the way. We're in a hurry." At his words, the figure straightened, and four gasps gave audible witness to the effect of a black mask and two leveled revolvers.

"'Spose you come out o' that, instead," suggested an even voice. "Sorry you're in a hurry; but, really, I must insist! You're Mr. Hagood, I believe?"

"Your belief does you more credit than your actions," returned he of the profanity. "What the—"

"And the other gentlemen are Messrs. Moore, Black, and Kennedy?"

"They are. But what difference does that make? What are you after? Money? Name your price."

"And you are going to New York," pursued the even voice, ignoring the interruption. It was a new experience for Mr. Hagood to be ignored, and he gasped with wrath.

"I shall have to ask your company," resumed the owner of the pistols, apologetically.

"I'll be—," Hagood swallowed what it was he was going to be, as a black muzzle aligned itself with his third breast button. The steadiness of that black circle was disconcerting, to say the least.

"Oh, yes, you will. Step out now." It was only a pleasant remonstrance, but the four deemed it argument enough. Accordingly, they descended from the auto.

"Now, if you would be so kind—there, ahead of the motor." The mask designated seats.

"What? I go up in that thing?" Hagood owned a goodly portion of mother earth and loved the feel of terra firma. A second motion sent him to his seat, however.

"I would advise you not to move more than is necessary. These flexible wing-tips give me almost complete control of the "Wasp," but one can't always tell, you know, and there are many things preferable to a fall from about two thousand feet."

The engine began throbbing as he ended, and the four momentarily forgot their wrath, to grasp the side of the car as the earth dropped from beneath them.

"As to the 'whyfore' of this little game," resumed the voice behind them, "that may be told in a few words. I was on to that little deal in B. and O., but you see I could not tell how far you were going to carry it. I didn't feel like getting on just in time to have the bottom drop out. So, having profound faith in the virtue of patience, I waited, knowing that you would very probably stay till the deal was completed. Sure enough, B. and O. touches 200 today, and you leave tonight—. What's the answer, why that 200 is the limit, tomorrow you would give the order to 'unload and get from under.' But there's where I come in. Tomorrow and likewise the next day, you will be my guests, and a broker whom I deal with, will be selling short—oh, a few hundred thousand. Of course the bottom will drop out and

—steady!" (One of the men forward had stirred and half-turned; the plane took a sudden dip, and the thoughtless one hurriedly resumed his original position). "I warned you not to move! As I was saying, then you gentlemen will find the goose already plucked. Merely a matter of combining 16th century buccaneering with 20th century methods. Oh! but here we are."

The machine tilted downward in obedience to a pull on the lever and, a few moments afterwards, came to an easy stop on a sandy beach.

"Here we are," repeated their jovial kidnapper. "Welcome to my humble habitation—that tent you see on the hill. A steamer will pass Thursday morning which will, no doubt, take you off. Make yourselves entirely at home, and my thanks for your most pleasant company."

A roar of the motor—the beating of the propeller, and four speechless captains of finance watched the latest pattern of man's latest achievement soar away toward the moonlit clouds on the western horizon.

Hagood was a good fighter and a good loser. He surveyed the fast diminishing object a moment, then turned to the others:

"Gentlemen," with a little laugh, "it's on us. But I certainly wish I could get that unpronounceable villain on the street for a day. Let's see if he left us anything for supper."

And he led his yet silent companions towards the tent.

B., '11.



Juniors.

Boys of '12, oh honored ones!

How nobly we have done!

How justly proud that half the course

Of our long race is run!

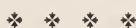
Through perils some of us have come;
Quite hard the way at times.
But let us one and all rejoice—
The noon-day bell now chimes.

A man's work now before us lies,
Quite in the past all fun.
Let every man give thanks each day,
That his work *must* be done!

Now here's to the class of 1912,
Whose future *all* will note:
"Long as the Southern breezes blow
May *black* and *garnet* float.

"Victorious o'er all the coasts,
She enters with her band,
And may we all on some glad day
Be honor'd throughout the land."

C. B. FARIS, '12.



An Incident.

"James, do you believe that people are born for each other; and that somewhere in the world there is a mate for every man, meant for him only?"

I laughed, but he looked so serious that I asked him what in the world made him ask such a question.

"You didn't know that I was engaged to the finest girl in the world, did you?"

"Congratulations, old man. When did it take place?" This time I really was surprised. We had graduated just a few months before, together, and neither of us, I thought then, had any idea of marriage. Later, it transpired that he had entertained such an idea, even then. But to get back to the story.

"How did it happen, Pressly, that you are engaged so soon, and what has that to do with the question you first asked me?"

Lighting his pipe and leaning back comfortably in his chair, he told me this: "If you will be good, I will tell you how the engagement came about. The question which I asked you has a great deal to do with my engagement—but wait, I will tell you the whole thing. Do you remember one day during the commencement exercises, that as we were strolling over the campus, we saw two girls. You remember, I said, 'I know that girl there, the one on this side. Let's see, what is her name?' Then we walked on and I couldn't remember who she was nor where I had met her; but I knew, I just simply knew that I knew her.

"Later in the evening I received an introduction to her, and, after a short talk, we went for a stroll on the campus. As soon as we were away from the crowd, I said:

"'Friend o' mine, I've met you before. You won't think it impudent of me, will you? I just had to tell you of it. I've felt it ever since this afternoon when I saw you on the campus. I feel as if I'd known you for a long, long time.'

"'Well, do you know,' she said, 'I've felt the same about you. As you and your friend passed this afternoon, I remarked to the girl with me that I had met you somewhere, though I could not remember where, nor could I remember your name.'

"Now you can laugh if you want to, but that was the most peculiar feeling I have ever known. Here were we two,—she from a distant State here on a visit; and I, well, as you know, I have been around some. But after comparing places where we had both visited, we couldn't scrape up a single one where we had both been at the same time.

"Finding a seat beneath a giant oak, we sat down to discuss this thing which had come into our lives; and right

there your friend, Pressly Howard, lost his heart. We sat till rather late, talking of various things, feeling that we had known each other somewhere, sometime. But not being able to get any satisfaction concerning meeting places in this age, we came to the conclusion that we must have known each other,—oh, say, back in ancient Egypt in the time of Pharaohs.

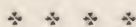
"But this is not all. As the time drew near when we should have to go in, I said, 'Well, Margaret, you'll marry me, won't you?' It all seemed such a matter of fact, that neither of us thought of the strangeness of the proposal, coming as it did, so soon after our meeting.

" 'Yes,' she said, 'of course, I will, Pressly, dear!'

"And as I took her in my arms there in the quiet, white moonlight and sealed our vow with a kiss, a great light broke upon me,—

" 'Dear, I know God just meant us for each other.' "

J. A. D., '11.



Man and Nature.

Nature is powerful. Her laws are exacting. Only a small part of her strength is known to man. When her laws are obeyed, she is immediately gentle and subservient. But when her laws are disregarded, she at once becomes more formidable and merciless than the combined forces of all the demons and belligerents of Beelzebub.

It is common to hear one speak of harnessing nature and what gain is received on account thereof. The truth is, nature is not harnessed, but man is subjected to the will of nature and is forced to obey certain laws before he can partake of the pleasures and gains.

When the rigid laws of nature are respected and recognized, the dancing, rippling stream will work as willingly for man as it courses towards the broad expanse. Steam will

turn thousands of wheels with as much earnestness as it coils and twirls and ascends to mingle with the atmospheric elements.

Electricity, though such a terror in the form of lightning, is made a willing servant, whose duties are many and varied. By obeying the laws of electricity we have, as it were, a messenger who traverses the rolling billows as willingly and easily as it would, in the form of a thunderbolt, shatter into splinters a massive pine.

We are commanded by the Supreme Authority to "replenish the earth; subdue it; and have dominion over every living thing." The highest glory of man is to obey the eternal will; and, as Charles Dana says, "Is he actually taking the reins into his own hands? Far from it. He is but yielding submission and placing himself into direct subserviency to divine laws."

In order to "subdue and have dominion," the powers of God and man have to be interwoven. It is required of man to study closely the works of nature in order to adapt himself to her laws, so that matter, by the aid of the Almighty, might take its true place of subjection.

"Nature is not now full of gloom and terror. Her fancied fiends have turned out friends. Although God still holds supreme control, and often makes man remember whence his strength, yet every agent, however mighty in itself, is becoming a gentle and ready assistant, both in our work and play—in the material progress of nations, as well as in their moral and intellectual advancement."

F. H. A., '11.

"Nineteen Eleven."

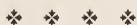
Boys, another year's before us,
With its joys and its sorrows;
Will it be a year of pleasure,
Or a year of sad tomorrows?

Each bright day has something for us,
Deeply hidden in recess bare;
Can we probe the hidden chambers,
Searching for the jewels there?

If each morning could but find us,
With a will both strong and true;
We surely then would accomplish
Something grand and noble, too.

Then when the day has passed away,
And the shades of night fall fast;
We can enter the land of promise,
Knowing that our toil has passed.

"C.," '13.

**Three Sundays.**

The dancing rays of the rising sun were just beginning to peep over the verdant crest of Missionary Ridge, when a stately young officer, who wore the uniform of our dear old U. S., and over whose handsome brow scarce eighteen summers had passed, stepped into the car to make his first trip up the inclined railway to the rugged crest of Lookout Mountain. The car was crowded with its Sunday morning burden, and the young officer, arising and giving his seat to a lady, walked to the front of the car, where he remained making pictures of the different scenes along the incline. At last the car was drawn slowly up into the little shed, and the handsome youth stepped aside to let the eager crowd

file by. Ernest, our young officer, was gazing silently upon the crowd as it moved up the long steps, when he saw a handkerchief fall from the sleeve of the lady to whom he had just given his seat. He stooped, picked up the fragment of plain white linen, and put it into his pocket. He soon walked out from the little mountain station, and began to explore the rugged crown of the historical old mountain. No longer was the sun half hidden behind the distant peaks, but it bathed the many weathered rocks of Lookout with its radiance. Slowly and alone, Ernest walked from place to place. The crowd was rapidly increasing. He had visited the park; he had seen the monuments; he had crossed the old battlefield, and had seen the relics. He had stood on Sunset Rock, and had longed to see the sun sink into the distant west.

At noon he was seated in the old hotel, which stands, as it were, upon the very clouds, and looks out upon the ever moving water as it glides through the famous Moccasin Bend. Leaving the old hotel, he clambered to the topmost peak of Point Lookout. Holding a pair of field glasses, Ernest climbed to the worn crown of Umbrella Rock, where he sat for some time, peering into the distance as though he were expecting an unseen enemy.

The day was growing old, and the sun was hanging lazily over the western mountains, when Ernest scrambled down from his barren seat. He paused, for by him stood the owner of the handkerchief.

"Your handkerchief, mam," said Ernest, holding it out to her, "you dropped it while leaving the car."

"Thank you, sir," said the lady as she turned to the handsome young officer.

"My friend, will you be so kind as to direct us to Sunset Rock?" asked the lady's husband, addressing Ernest.

"Certainly, sir," replied the young gentleman, "I am just on my way back there."

He then gave his name as Ernest Watson, and learned that his friend's name was Elmo.

"Come, Edith," called Mrs. Elmo, to a young girl who stood looking through her field glasses at the town far below.

"Our daughter, Mr. Watson," said the father as the young girl turned to them.

The color faded from her cheeks; her bright, brown eyes seemed to cast a look of fear at the stricken officer. Ernest grew indignant as he gazed upon the young girl, who still drew haughtily away from him. Had she ever seen him before? How could he have offended her? All these questions ran through his puzzled mind. Haughty and indifferent, he turned away; and a careless smile passed over his handsome face; but ere Mrs. Elmo could offer an apology for her daughter's conduct, the girl stepped forward:

"Mr. Watson," were the cool words which fell upon his ears.

"Miss Elmo," was the cool response.

Cold and pitiless were the thoughts which clouded his frenzied mind. How he could turn from and ignore her. How he could gladly resent such a trivial insult and rejoice over her remorse. Such were the thoughts that filled his vain and cruel heart.

But never could his brutal ire scourge him until he would forget his manhood. Though his noble heart was wounded deeply by her girlish whim, he was determined to send back the poison dart by ignoring her fit of anger.

"Come, let us be going," said Mrs. Elmo, hoping that the past would soon be forgot.

"This way," said Ernest, as he started over the rough path toward Sunset Rock.

The journey was short and silent, and soon they were standing upon the great rock which stands an everlasting sentinel o'er the foothills of the Blue Ridge, and sends back the rays of every sinking sun. The scene was beautiful; the valleys and streams below seemed shrouded in the dusk of evening, while the golden rays of the sinking sun disclosed the broken beauty of the distant hilltops. The four stood gazing silently into the broken panorama below them. Two thought of the pleasures of their new mountain home, while the younger two thought of each other. There were love and admiration for the other in the hearts of both boy and girl. Edith could not help admiring the manly and handsome young officer; but there was something between them which made the girl almost shrink from his very presence. Ernest's heart was full of ardent admiration for the young girl who stood just across the rock from him; but he could see that she could not stand his presence and that she would almost wither under his pitiless eyes. His heart burned within him. Should he fall at her feet and ask for mercy, or should he turn from the girl to whom his heart belonged and disappear down the rocky path? Never! Rather had he be ensnared within the fangs of death than to lower his proud head and beg piteously for mercy or to turn away in anger from one whom he could but ignore.

The sun was half gone. The last rays had risen from the valley below, and rested around the silent party that had turned from the sunkissed crest of the old rock and had started to the new home on Lookout. Friendship waxed warm between Ernest and his elder company, but no tender word dared to break the unwonted silence between Edith and her proud and unyielding admirer.

The gate was reached, and after Ernest had bidden good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Elmo, he turned to bid good-bye to Edith, who stood sternly with clasped hands behind them.

They bowed, and the cold, parting words fell unheeded upon deafened ears.

As Ernest walked slowly down the pathway from the little mountain home, his hardened heart softened under the scourge of his aching conscience. Though Ernest's noble heart was wounded deep, it was full of love and admiration for the young girl who had longed for their parting hour to come; and, as he turned from the shadowed crest of Look-out, the other scenery had been shrouded by the dense darkness, and only Edith's picture stood before his tear-dimmed eyes.

That night as Ernest lay dreaming, the mystery with which the day before had burdened his mind, was revealed to him. He could picture himself when he had taken too deep a draught of his wine, and was being carried home by his comrades. He could see, sitting in the car, the rosy-cheeked little girl who the day before had turned away from his unwelcomed presence. He could see himself stagger to the seat in which she sat, reach down, draw a handkerchief from her pocket, and put it into his own. He could see, in disgust, himself, as he was being led from the car by his friends, turn and laugh at the insulted girl—

He awoke. He could feel the arms of his companions about him, and, in the midnight darkness, he could see the tear-stained face of Edith.

As Ernest sat alone on his bed, with his face buried in his hands, the mystery of the day before, for the first time, was clear to him;—his dream was true; for once he was not ignorant of his drunken deeds. He arose, tottered to the locker, and drew out the coat which he had worn on his drunken trip almost a year before, and drawing the handkerchief from the pocket, by the dim light of his candle, he could see, worked in the corner, the letters E. E.

"No wonder," he gasped, as he staggered back to his bed. "God forgive, and speed the day in which I may kneel at her feet and soothe her wounded heart."

* * * * *

The July sun was again shining down in splendor upon the broken crown of Lookout, when the young officer stepped from the car to retrace the steps which he had taken just one year before. The scenes were all unchanged. Down toward the park he could see the mountain home before which he had left Edith standing a year ago. A moment later, he found himself standing in the little rustic portico; but the door was closed and no tender voice answered his call.

As Ernest turned from the forsaken home, his puzzled mind again presented the picture of the tear-stained face of the girl who had once turned away from him. Never before had his love for her stood so manifestly in his penitent heart. "My God," he muttered, half aloud, as he sat down in the tender grass of the shady park and nodded himself to sleep, "will my tears wash the insult from her heart?"

The sun was descending through the western skies when Ernest arose from his grassy cushion. He turned from the noisy park, and started through a little grove toward Sunset Rock, but he was halted by the sight of a girl kneeling beside a grave at the foot of a great rock which stands sentinel to the sacred spot. He stood for some time, gazing at the girl who was unaware of his presence. The long, black curls and the full brown eyes could be no other than Edith's. He stepped forward; the girl arose, and their eyes met.

"Miss Elmo,"—he said no more, for his throat seemed to parch within him as the young girl turned to walk away.

"How can you be so cruel as to turn away from one who would beg your forgiveness?"

She turned. "Mr. Watson, I forgive you. Don't ever think of it again." She bowed and turned away.

"But, Miss Elmo, please don't leave—me here alone, for I came for nothing but to see your gentle face and to hear the forgiving words which I felt must come."

"That you have done," retorted the little girl, still drawing away from him.

But Ernest's determination was far stronger than the bars which stood between them. He could stand back no longer.

"Edith, I love you; my heart has been yours since the day we met on yonder rock; I have longed for you; I have prayed for you; and now are you turning to leave me out in this cold world alone?"

Her eyes filled, and she began to choke back the tears. "How I would like to tell you how I have loved you!" she thought, "but I cannot, I will not."

"Edith, will you take a walk around the park with me?" he asked as he held out his strong arm.

She did not take his arm, but replied, "I will take a short walk with you as a friend."

Again they stood upon the brow of Sunset Rock and watched the sun hide behind the western mountains, but for the first time did he stand face to face with the girl whom for the past year he had worshiped, and pour out his love to her. They strolled through the park and out to the grave where he had found her kneeling, and sat down by the old rock which ever bows its weathered head over the grassy mound.

"Edith, I want to return it," he whispered, as he drew a little handkerchief from his pocket, "for it has caused me enough sorrow. I have tried to forget, but this handkerchief brands with its very presence the memory of that awful day upon my miserable mind; and now that you have forgiven me—" He said no more, but tried to choke back the

tears which had begun to flow down his handsome cheeks. He took her little hand and pressed it to his burning lips, but she tore it away from him and arose.

"Edith, since you have forgiven me for the past, will you come to me? Without you, the world will be cold and desolate; with you, the one and only one who can make life happy to me, the world will ever seem brighter with our love."

She looked up into his handsome face and shook her innocent little head, for she could say nothing.

"Edith, here over the sacred grave of your darling mother I promise to make your life happy. Will you accept and trust me?"

"No, Mr. Watson, I cannot."

His arms fell; his heart beat slower, and all hope faded from his downcast eyes.

"I must go, Mr. Watson, for it is growing late and papa will be uneasy. Will you go by and speak to him?"

Ernest held out his strong arms to Edith, who saw that the rosy color had faded from his handsome brow.

"Come," said Edith, "the walk will make you feel better."

Slowly and silently they strolled along until the gate before a little cottage was reached, when Ernest turned to his companion and said: "Some day you will trust me, Edith."

Her head dropped and she made no reply. Ernest saw the silvery-haired old man sitting by his doorway making souvenirs of mountain laurel, and Edith told him that her father was keeper of the park.

"Papa, you remember Mr. Watson," said Edith as she turned aside.

"Why, certainly," said the old gentleman, as he arose and offered his seat.

"Thank you, Mr. Elmo, but I dropped in only to speak to you on my way to camp."

After a short conversation, Ernest bade his old friend good-bye, and when Edith's tender little hand fell into his own, tears filled her deep brown eyes, but she said nothing.

* * * * *

Again on a bright Sunday morning in the same old month of July, Ernest stood upon the sunkissed brow of Lookout. Never before had the beauty of the mountain so vividly unveiled itself around him. How glad he was to be alone! As he walked along the little road from the mountain station he could see in fancy the little blacksmith shop around which are woven the scenes of "St. Elmo." He could see the sooty-faced old grandpa standing in the doorway to greet his little granddaughter who was bringing his dinner to him. He could see the little girl grow into a beautiful young lady. And he could see her shrink away from the stern St. Elmo.

The scenes changed. In fancy he could see the grim marble shaft towering over the grave of Aaron Hunt. And he could see the beautiful young Edna glide into the arms and rest her rosy cheeks upon the shoulder of the one whom she had once despised.

Again the scene changed and Ernest found himself walking through the park toward the little rustic gate. At last it was reached; but the door of the parkkeeper's little cottage was closed, and no silvery-locked old gentleman sat by the doorway. No answer to his feeble knock at the lonely door was heard. Ernest's heart beat lighter, for in the portico sat a rocker in which a book lay and he felt that the inmates must be near. Still determined to find her, he walked through the little gateway and out into the open park.

As Ernest walked from place to place he would overlook every crowd for the one dear little face, but it could not be found.

The sun was still high in the heavens when Ernest stepped from the old hotel to resume his walk over the stony pathways of Lookout. He thought of the little grave where he had found Edith a year before, and the grave by the big rock. On through the park he wandered. No sign of the old keeper could be seen. He walked into the little grove and looked around for the old rock and the grave, but he could not find them. Onward he walked still hoping to find them, but only to be losing himself among the rugged mounds. Lost in a strange place, he sat down and was ere long nodding; but he was soon interrupted by footsteps along the rocks above him. Rising from his reverie he saw a girl, bearing an armful of wild mountain flowers, walking along the ledge of rock just before him. He dared not speak, but watched the beautiful vision as she wound her way along the stony path. His heart seemed to grow to his breast when she stopped by a great rock and laid her flowers upon a freshly thrown-up grave. "I have found her at last," he thought, as he stood quietly behind a little cluster of mountain laurels. He stood hidden from her sight while she knelt arranging the flowers over the lonely graves. At last she arose, and throwing her gentle little arms across the old rock, which still held its weathered head over the graves of her parents, she sobbed as if her little heart would break.

Ernest could stand there no longer. Holding out his hand, he walked quietly to the sorrow-burdened girl. She held out her thin white hand, but could say nothing.

"Edith, you are worried, but will you listen to me? This day I come here to see no one but you, admiring nothing but your gentle face, and seeking nothing but your love. I have looked the mountains over for you and at last have found you. Edith, you are left in this cold world to choose for yourself. Again I ask you to accept and trust in me for your future happiness."

"Mr. Watson, I appreciate your kind offer, but I cannot accept it. I can never trust and love one who is a slave to the wine cup."

How he longed to lay her tear-stained cheek upon his manly breast and print one kiss upon her fevered lips; but never, without her consent, would he touch her.

"Edith, believe me. Not one time since you first saw me, nearly three years ago, have I touched a wineglass to my lips."

"I can only take your word for it, Mr. Watson."

"Edith, here over the hushed hearts of your darling parents, I swear that I have never drunk one drop of intoxicating liquor since the day I insulted you on the car. Now, Edith, can you not tell me that you believe me?"

"I do believe you, now, Mr. Watson."

"Edith," said the young officer with outstretched arms and with tears standing upon his handsome cheeks, "once more I ask you to be my wife. Trust in me to make your life happy, or refuse, and from mine, blot the happiness forever. Will you not accept?"

Her eyes met his—she said nothing, but glided into his strong and welcoming arms. They closed around her, and for the first time he claimed a kiss from her trembling little lips.

After a short stay in the little graveyard, the happy lovers returned to the little cottage in the park, where a minister and several of Edith's friends were soon gathered. The ceremony was short and simple, but when Ernest said good-bye to old Lookout, he carried with him Mr. Elmo's choicest souvenir.

W. N. H., '11.

Patrick and Theresa Murphy.

All alone before the bright fire in the library of his Montana home sat this old man, Patrick Murphy. Old? No—the second look shows us a youthful countenance and form, but the hair is tinged with silvery grey. A newspaper had dropped unnoticed from his hands into his lap, and the man was as one fallen into a deep sleep. But he was not sleeping—he was only dreaming—dreaming of the golden past, when he had a little sister with whom to play, and whom he had often in a playful manner termed “cottonhead.” His parents? No, he could not remember them, as they had died when he was very young.

When he was ten years old he had been taken from his home by a merciless band of desperadoes who had hoped for a ransom. He and his little sister, aged six, had been left an immense fortune by their parents. An old uncle had been made administrator. He had no love for children—in fact, for anything but money, and when the boy was stolen he steadfastly refused to offer one cent for his recovery, hoping in this way to get more money for himself. In vain did the faithful little sister, Theresa, plead for her dear brother.

When the lawless wretches heard this, they left the boy half dead, twenty-five miles from his present home. An old farmer, thru pity, had taken him in, and when he was strong enough, he worked and slaved for this man to pay for his bread.

The young man had saved and planned until he had acquired almost enough to return to his “little Theresa.” But one evening he read of a runaway accident in which the little sister had been killed, leaving nothing but the old homestead of the entire fortune, as the remainder had been squandered by the uncle of the girl. “Oh! well,” he thought, “let him live in peace at the old homestead”—he did not

want to be under his protection, so he would stay where he was. He invested the little earnings in a portion of land, on which minerals were found, and which began to bring him in immense quantities of gold, with which he made other investments. Fortune had smiled, until now he was rich enough to retire from business.

What had brought all the past so fresh to his mind, as he sat thus alone by his bright library fire on this November night? Why! the notice of the sale of his old homestead—probably for mortgages! Yes, he would go back to his home, from which he was taken eighteen years ago, and would save the dear old place from disgrace. But alas! his plans were only partially finished.

Let us now see what was going on at his old home.

A golden-haired woman of about twenty-four years, dressed in a shabby black dress, was signing a letter, and the name she signed was—Theresa Murphy. Yes, it was Patrick's sister. The error of the newspaper, on his side, and the story of his death, told her by the false uncle, on her side, had caused the trouble.

When she had handed the letter to the attorney and he had gone from the room, she began softly to weep. This day, on which the only home and all she had were to be sold, had come at last! She looked at her mother's bed by which she was standing—the bed on which both her mother and her father had died. How could she part with it? Dropping on her knees by its side she began to pray—praying as she had never done before—not even noticing the tears which were flowing down her cheeks.

Suddenly, in the midst, as if in answer to her prayer, she was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was a stranger who had a sad story to relate to her and who eventually proved to be an attorney. The story he told was this:

On the way from his Montana home to the depot, the automobile had wrecked and the brother had been so mortally wounded that he had died thirty minutes afterward, being conscious to the end. He told this attorney, whom he had brought with him, that he was to accompany his remains to the old homestead, and, as the next morning was the specified time for the sale, he should first save the old place and then lay his body in its final resting place, by the side of his mother, in the old family cemetery.

This was, indeed, sad for the sister, who had found her long lost brother, only to lose him forever from her sight, until they, too, should meet again.

Still—had he not lived long enough to know that the one thing most cherished in his heart would be saved, thru him, from the disgrace of a mortgage?

H. T. P., '12.

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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

WITH this issue THE CHRONICLE staff begins the arduous task of striving to make a success of the work with which it has been entrusted. To the making of a creditable magazine

we shall energetically direct our labors, and, to *Greetings*. this end, we invite the co-operation of the student body. We beg you to criticise us fairly and impartially, and then to help us remedy any defects. We know that nothing is faultless that is human; but, with the help of its friends, we hope to make this magazine as nearly perfect as a college publication can reasonably be expected to be. It is to the man with genuine college spirit that we make this appeal; and, relying on his support, we predict for THE CHRONICLE the most successful year of its career.

Every year the College Press Association gives three gold medals to the writer of the best story, poem and essay. It behooves us to be alive to the importance of doing our best for THE CHRONICLE, not only because we shall be directly benefited by our individual efforts, but because we have the opportunity of showing to the student world, through our college magazine, that, though Clemson is a technical school, there are here ability, learning and inspiration.



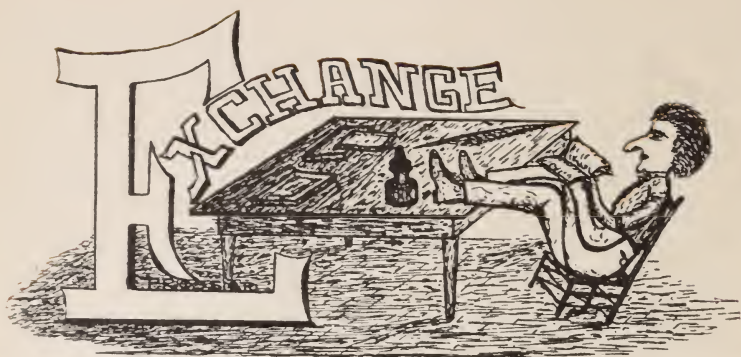
CLOSELY affiliated are these two phases of college life. Without college spirit a successful year on the gridiron is almost impossible. The football field is swarming with contestants this season, some of whom have been *College Spirit* training for several years, and whose ability *and Football*. is well known. This is well; but, unless the corps turns out and inspires the team with a determination to win, against all odds, the fight of the squad will be on an uphill grade all the way. Of course, victory is fine; and we expect it when the team goes into the contest with the unanimous support of the students behind them; but it is when the sting of defeat is felt that true college spirit is needed. Then is the time to encourage the players by showing them that, though defeated, they have not lost. This is the true college spirit that defeat cannot overcome.

Let us then go out and encourage the team at their practice; and, when they go into a game, let us show them that we are with them in defeat or victory.



AT THE beginning of the college year the Young Men's Christian Association should claim the attention of every thoughtful and earnest student in the institution. Many students are now meeting their first strong *Y M. C. A.* temptations; and it may be that on their ability to withstand these temptations rests the course of their future lives. The Young Men's Christian Association was instituted for the moral and spiritual uplift of every student; and if we would allow the principles of the association to gain a controlling influence in our college life, then can we say that the course has been rightly directed. A majority of the successful men who go out from our schools and colleges today are those who have had their characters so moulded and fixed by the moral influence of the Young Men's Christian Association that they can resist the temptations of the modern everyday life. In this way the organization takes the place of the home life to which we have been accustomed. It differs from home life, however, in that it has trained college men to direct its work—men who have faced the trials and joys of college life, and who know what every student must contend with.

This year we have with us, as general secretary, Mr. Robt. L. Sweeney, of the University of Texas. He comes highly recommended as a man of sincere and unquestionable moral and Christian character. We wish him success in his work here, and we believe that his influence will be of incalculable value to those students who would live pure and wholesome lives.



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. A. ALL, '11

C. F. INMAN, '10

It is with much pleasure that we assume the duties of exchange editors; but as to how successful our exertions may be, we barely conjecture. We sorely feel our lack of experience in this position, and trust that our ability to criticise fairly and impartially all magazines that come under our observation may steadily increase. Realizing the fact that it is often easier to be critical than to be correct, we sincerely hope that our magazine will be received upon its sole merit, condemned when it so deserves, commended for its attainments.

It is our purpose to allow no prejudicial feelings or attitude that may possibly arise during the course of our work to deter us from judging as we should like to be judged. No publication that was ever written has been allowed to go uncriticised; so we expect to see the CHRONICLE meet the same fate. However, we hope to receive honest, helpful criticism.

Hoping, by these few introductory remarks, to outline briefly our policy for the ensuing year, we look forward to the pleasure of receiving our exchanges.



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

Our New Secretary.

Mr. Robert L. (Bob) Sweeney, comes to us from Texas. He graduated at the University of Texas in the class of 1910, with high honors, having taken a B. A. degree. He is a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and has the honor of being the first lifetime president of his class. Each of us will find in him a valuable friend, and one in whom we can find a relief for many of our troubles.

"Bob" is very earnest in his efforts to carry out all the purposes of the Y. M. C. A., and he has the energy and ability to succeed in those efforts. With him at the helm and the coöperation of the corps, we can make the Y. M. C. A. a great institution for good at Clemson.

And to our new Secretary, we will say this: Welcome to old Clemson; may you find in its halls, and on its campus, many a pleasant and happy day; may you find many good friends among us; and may your work be crowned with success.



The Decision Meeting.

The first meeting of the year was held on September 18th, and a large crowd was out. Judge J. J. Gentry, of Spartanburg, was the speaker of the occasion. He chose for his

subject, "Christianity's Place in a College Man's Life," and for his text, the Parable of the Prodigal Son. From this he brought out some very beneficial and interesting ideas, which made a very strong appeal to those who heard him. We hope we shall have the privilege of hearing Judge Gentry again before very long.



We were glad to see so many men join the Y. M. C. A. last Sunday night. Two hundred and eighty-five men joining in one night was enough to encourage the work to a great extent. We extend a cordial welcome to our new members, and hope they will take a lively part in all the activities of the association.



College Night.

What might be termed a good "send off" for the College year was held in Chapel Friday night, September 23d. The meeting was given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and was presided over by E. N. Sitton, President of the Y. M. C. A. The exercises were planned primarily to awaken our college spirit, and establish firmly our loyalty to every department of the college. The speakers, Prof. Riggs, Prof. Daniels, Rev. Mr. McCaul, Coach Dobson, Secretary Sweetney, J. B. Keith, F. H. Jeter and O. O. Dukes, each had a live subject; and each handled his subject perfectly. Extraordinary enthusiasm was exhibited by the students throughout the meeting. All joined heartily in the songs and yells, which came between the speeches. When the indoor program was concluded, the cadets went to the outside, where they were served with delightful refreshments.

C. B. F., '12

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The above are four-year courses. In addition, short courses are given in Agriculture and Textile Industry. (For details, see College Catalogue.)

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EXPENSES

The regular fees for the session, not including tuition, are as follows:

Incidental fee	\$ 5.00	PAYABLE QUARTERLY.
Medical fee	5.00	September 7, 1910
Uniforms	29.18	November 9, 1910
Breakage fee	3.00	January 25, 1911
Board, washing, heat, light, etc.	76.52	March 29, 1911
TOTAL	\$118.70	TOTAL
		\$118.70

Tuition students pay \$10.00 per quarter additional. Free tuition is allowed only to South Carolina students. Books and other necessary articles will be furnished by the College at an approximate cost of \$20.00. Each student must provide himself with four sheets, two blankets, one comfort, six towels, two pillow cases, one pillow and two single mattress covers. For Catalogue and further information, address

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XIV. Clemson College, S. C., November, 1910.

No. 2.



Editors:

A. M. SALLEY, '11

W. N. HENDERSON, '11

J. H. KANGETER, '13

The Man Who Never Laughed.

Why I should be telling this story to the world at large, I do not know, unless it be as a note of warning to other men about trusting too much to women. It was told to me by the man himself, and there is no doubt as to its authenticity.

I met Thomson in India, while I was on my wedding tour of the world. Ethel and I had been married only two months, and people everywhere knew that we were "newly weds." While we were with a group of friends in

a soda parlor at Simba, Ethel called my attention to a man who sat at the next table. He was a dark fellow, very much resembling a Spaniard. I asked my friend, Jackson, with whom we were stopping, who the fellow was. "What!" said my friend. "Is it possible that you have been a week in Simba and have never heard of the 'man who never smiles?' His name is Thomson, and although he has been here several years, nobody remembers ever having seen him laugh. He is a decent, quiet sort of chap. Never goes in society. Civil Engineer on the Kabal Railroad. It is said that his men swear by him. When the cholera broke out here last summer, he was the only white man who stuck to the city and helped to nurse the poor stricken devils. They say, though, that although he is as gentle as a woman with sick folks, he is a very devil in fighting the Afghans when they break loose. Want to meet him?" I replied that I would not just then. Thus, for a time, I forgot all about the man.

Several weeks later, cholera again broke out in Simba, and I was among the first stricken. I was immediately taken to a hospital, and completely isolated from my wife and friends. For weeks I was unconscious. When I finally regained my senses, the first person I saw was Thomson, bending over me asking how I felt. Under his care, my convalescence was rapid. One day, when I was first able to sit up, I asked Thomson why he was so careless of his own life as to risk it for strangers. He replied that his life belonged to his fellow men. However, I scented a story, and persisted in my requests, until he promised to tell me when I was well.

Some days after, I was removed to my friend's bungalow in the hills. When I told my wife and friends of Thomson's kindness to me, they insisted on asking him to come up to visit us. A week later he came. The night

after he arrived, he, Ethel, and I were sitting alone on the veranda, and I asked for his story. This is the tale he told:

"I am telling you this because you are my fellow countryman, and because I have formed an attachment for you, Mr. Starling. To begin with, I was born in Georgia, U. S. A. It is useless for me to go over my childhood days, as there was nothing of interest in them. When I was twelve years old, my father died, and two years afterward, my mother followed. I was alone in the world. However, I worked in the day and studied at night till, when I was sixteen years old, I entered the State University. It is there that my real trouble began. You will have guessed that a woman was at the bottom of it all. I met her while on a visit to a neighboring town, and immediately fell in love. This was not, as you may imagine, a mere child's attraction, but was an all-devouring passion. Within a year, we were engaged and, for several years, things went on smoothly. I received my diploma and went to work with a will. My highest aim was to make my future bride happy.

"One day, while I was off on my work, I received a letter from her telling me that she loved another man. For awhile I was stunned. I could not believe the evidences of my own senses. My whole future was a perfect blank. Afterwards, it was impossible for me to remain near her. I resigned my job and came to India. You asked me why I have such a disregard for my own life. Well, I will tell you. I have no life. I am merely existing. Sometimes my mind is relieved of some of its torture by my helping other men. That is all I have to tell."

For a time we were silent, then Ethel remarked, "That woman was heartless." Thomson smiled a bitter smile and said, "No; she is only human. I thought her a goddess."

The next day our friend received orders to report to

Charno at once, as the Pathans were tearing up the railroad. He left immediately.

Two days later, four natives came up to the bungalow bringing Thomson's body. A bullet had pierced his heart. On his face was the only smile of happiness he had been known to have. On searching through his clothing, I found a girl's picture. The bullet had passed through it, and Thomson's noble blood stained the photograph. Just then, Ethel brought me a cablegram addressed to our poor friend. I opened it and it read:

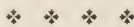
"Come back to me. I need you."

CARYL.

Alas! Pardon had come too late. That great noble heart would never again beat with joy at the sound of her voice. We buried Thomson by the railroad for which he had given his life. Ethel wrote to Caryl, sending her the blood-stained photograph.

Since we have come back, Caryl has taken up her residence with us at Ethel's request. She never sees men, but reads over Thomson's old letters and kisses his photograph. Did I say at the beginning that a man ought not to put all his trust in any woman? Well, I'll take it back. He should place all trust in her, for some day they will surely come together. When Caryl died two years since, her last words were, "Jack, I'm coming." Jack was Thomson's first name. This tragedy of our friends has brought Ethel and me more firmly together.

T., '10.



The Final Reckoning.

All day, the rays of the glaring, tropical sun had been beating down on the mud-baked houses of the small Honduran port. The oily waters of the bay were silent, still and deserted, except for one or two small boats that moved

only when a sluggish roll of the tide coming inward passed under them and lost its force on the low lying beach. Back in the town, everything seemed deserted and empty. The drone of numberless insects and the muttered curses of two ragged, illkempt guards who lay sprawled out on the shady side of a low box-like jail, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the afternoon siesta. Drove of mosquitoes seemed to think it their bounden duty to keep the two guards awake, and their vicious jabs would incessantly bring forth a muttered curse to be followed by a lazy slap at the tortured part. As if themselves suffering from the intense heat, the mosquitoes retired to their home in the slimy ooze of a near-by swamp, leaving the guards to their slumbers and the town devoid of all apparent life.

Suddenly there emerged from the doorway of a near-by house, a slim, wiry looking American, dressed in the garb of a native. He sauntered casually along until he came to the guardhouse. Here he paused, and after a satisfactory exclamation over the open mouth-snores of the guards, strode quickly to where they were sleeping. A look assured him that they were sound asleep.

"Well, this is what I call easy money," he said. "I guess I'll have Peterson out of that place in just a few minutes. Here, you, get up from there and take a look at this."

The astonished guards were on their feet in an instant and were for giving forth a yell of help; but the looks of two large, army pistols, held in steady hands, assured them that yelling was useless.

"No need to yell, nor to gaze at those rifles either," said their captor in perfect Latin-American. "I want you to unlock that door and be quick about it."

The natives tumbled over each other to do his bidding, and, following his gestures, were quickly inside their own prison. A low call to Peterson aroused him from a filthy

pallet on the dirt floor. He tried to see who his rescuer was, but that gentleman was calmly tying the two natives hard and fast to an iron ring fastened in the floor of the hut. Having completed that job, he gagged them with particles of the pallet on which Peterson had been lying, and bade them both a mute farewell.

With a gesture, the unknown rescuer bade Peterson go out, and, after a careful survey of his work, he locked the door and followed.

"This way. Down to the beach and along the coast until we strike the trail to your camp. I'll bet old Estella thinks that you have been weighted with enough lead to sink you, even in that ——." A gesture which took in the bay, finished the sentence, and a shudder ran over Peterson as he realized the death that would have been his at sunrise the next day.

On the two walked in the sweltering heat. The rescuer ever behind directing the way and answering in monosyllables the many questions which fell from Peterson's lips. Thru dense, tangled undergrowth, where mosquitoes played havoc with all exposed parts, over hot, burning sand, where the lizards and toads were the only signs of life, they made their way. Finally, they emerged from a swampy forest, and, before them, stretching out into the distance, lay a desert of burning sand.

As this sight met Peterson's eyes, he shrank with horror.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. "You have come to the desert. This is not near Estella's camp." Receiving no answer, he turned to look for his companion. The calm, self-possessed man who had rescued him was transformed into a demon-like being with white, drawn face and blood-shot eyes. An exulting voice came from the closed teeth, like the metallic clink of hardened steel.

"Here's where I intended to lead you. Estella was completely routed yesterday, and has fled to Nicaragua. You were left to die like a dog, but I have a different fate in store for you. Come with me."

Covering Peterson with a pistol, he shoved him forward into the desert and silently followed. When he had gone beyond the sight of the bordering forest, he turned and traveled on until he came to a place where four stakes were driven into the sand to form a perfect rectangle.

"Now, here we are."

Before Peterson could resist, his hands were tied tightly against his sides, and a rope drawn around his feet caused him to fall to the sand.

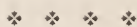
"Look at me," said his captor. "Do you not know now why I rescued you? You tried to escape me by coming to this God-forsaken country, but do you not know that I have been following you since the day I left her freshly-made grave? She died of the shame you had heaped upon her, and for that you shall die an even worse death. These thongs of rawhide will be pleasant tonight; but tomorrow, when that blazing sun comes out, every part of your miserable body will ache until death claims you. Perhaps the sand will be merciful to you and give itself as a shroud."

With these words he turned and walked away. Two spots which had been circling over them, intently watching the proceeding, were joined by several more. Flat on his back, arms and legs extended and tied to the posts, was the man Peterson. Cry after cry, did he send after the vanishing figure, until the sand drifting into his face began to choke him. The spots in the sky circled lower and lower. The desert wind, mournfully singing as it came across the wastes of sand, was the only answer to his appeals, and even this song was nature's requiem.

"J., '11.

Life.

Life is beautiful if lived aright.
'Tis a noble thing to wage the fight.
And if you would be my guiding star,
'Twould be a simple thing to war.
And win the battle of life.



Manhood.

Life's best prizes are won, not by adroitness nor sharpness, not by skill or strength; but, they are won by that grandest thing known on earth—manhood. Honorable, active, cultivated manhood is to rule the world, for 'tis this and only this, that keeps the world from completely sinking into the depths of degradation to which the moneyed powers and fraudulent corporations are continually trying to bring it.

Always have there been corrupt, degraded men, who, with their chicanery and cunning, have made great gains, and have held some sort of position in the world in spite of their want of character. This is because of the fact that there are parasites and money-worshipers who honor and applaud the man of money without stopping to think of how he came by his possessions. People who do this are only the exception. The true man is yet the thing most prized by the world at large.

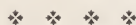
The true man is the wisest and strongest contestant in the battlefield of life. He carries the sharpest sword, gains the most genuine success, and wears the brightest crown of reward. No one can be a perfect preacher, business man, physician or lawyer; but anyone can make himself a true, unselfish man.

If we would climb to the highest places, carry off the richest prizes, get the most enjoyment out of life, and have

the sublimest old age, we must conquer the base elements of our nature. We must have every atom of dishonesty taken out, even if the purgative action of fire must be called into play. Then, too, we must become as sound and as pure as twenty-four karat gold—as true to our purpose as the best Damascus steel.

And then, when we have proved ourselves as reliable as the source of nature, as incorruptible as sunlight, as pure and as sweet in our personality as the breezes of heaven, will the great world, disgusted with sham and pretense, recognize in us the men that it would have. Such a man the world will honor and reward, rendering him famous even unto immortality.

M. S. LAWTON.



Alone in the Woods in Spring.

The sweetest moments I have known
Were passed in the woods alone.
My bed a mossy couch of green
Beside a gentle murm'ring stream.

Profusely strewn around me the violets smile,
The white blossoming dogwood clusters at my side.
Donning their new garments of green,
Now, the trees shoot forth their buds to be seen.

From the topmost trees, the mocking birds sing,
And thru the dell, the echoes ring.
From all around borne on the wind,
Are heard the songs of the jay, the robin and wren.

Lying in the shade of stately oak,
I hear the frogs utter their croak! croak! croak!
And watch with rapture the rabbit's light tread,
Tipping, skipping, as he forsakes his winter bed.

Thus, all day on my mossy couch of green
Lay I beside the gently murm'ring stream
Enraptured by the beauty, entranced by the songs
Here, I remained till the shadows grew long.

B. H. D., '11.



An Unbroken Betrothal.

All the Court knew Princess Vera. Although only five years of age, she had already been betrothed by her father, Emanuel, ruler of Saxe Gotha, to the handsome young Prince Victor, who came from a neighboring kingdom.

Now, betrothals, as a rule, are mere barter, and many difficulties often arise before they are ever consummated. Prince Victor, upon his birth, had been presented with a miniature crown by his father's subjects, as a token of respect for their future ruler.

When Victor was ten years of age, he was informed of his betrothal, and it was explained to him, what an enormous amount of wealth, and what a mighty compact would be formed by his marriage with the Princess Vera. This appealed to him as a strong argument for the future of his country; thus, the Prince gladly looked forward to the time when he could unite the two kingdoms, and, by so doing, he could check the onslaughts of hordes of fearless outlaws, who came pouring in from the wild glens of the north, for the purpose of ravaging and plundering these two fair kingdoms lying to the south.

There was a commercial highway, over which the goods for the two kingdoms continually passed; and how many times the young Prince longed to fly over this, and obtain one fair look of his betrothed—but this he was denied. The Prince was given a good education by the tutors of the Court, and at the age of fifteen he was fully capable of ruling

the people. His betrothal seemed to be a commonplace topic among the Court. In the meantime, something strange was happening to the Prince; for it slowly dawned upon him, with his high sense of honor, that his betrothal was an aversion rather than an agreeable thing. The Prince, then and there, made the silent vow that he would never hold the Princess accountable; yet, his word must be kept, but never with the pomp and ceremony which his father urged. The Court of Balustra was a scene of great celebrations and festivities. Maximilian, ruler of this kingdom, had just announced that the betrothal was soon to be consummated, and the prospect of having these two rich countries united was a source of much joy. After all the visitors had departed, and the scene of festivity was over, Maximilian called his son to him and gave him his blessing upon winning the fair hand of the Princess Vera.

Vast preparations were now being made for the ceremony. Thus it excited no comment when the Prince announced that he was going for a week's hunt among the hills of the north. On the morning of his departure he was escorted to the borders of the Court, and there he bade all of his comrades farewell, assuring them that within the week he would return already for the great event; but fate has a hand in the destiny of all men.

The Prince is now a man of the forest—all ceremony and pomp are things of the past; he is reveling in the luxuries of nature. To see him in the hunter's garb, would remind you of the primitive man who, with sticks and stones, conquered the land over which the Prince now trod. Great was the pride of our hunter when, on the second day, he found that he had trapped a species of the polar bear, which long ago was supposed to be extinct. He exercised all of his huntsman's skill in preserving that fur; and for a moment,

the thought raced through his brain, really this was a gift for a Princess.

"Most gracious Princess, a man in hunter's garb wishes to see you immediately."

"Show him in, messenger," said the Princess. Although somewhat alarmed, the Princess soon saw that the man's mission was a peaceful one. The hunter soon made known his mission; and, after giving the fur to the Princess, the piteously begged for work in the Court, to which she finally agreed.

The Princess often sat by the hour and watched the newcomer. How unskilled he seemed to be; how soft were his hands for a mere hunter; how his face portrayed otherwise. Certainly, here was a mystery.

The next morning the huntsman was to make the Princess a new flower garden, and soothed by the thought of having her to direct it, he lay down to pleasant dreams, little aware what aurora's blaze would bring forth.

The Court was in a state of confusion, and imagine the bewilderment of the poor hunter when he was summoned to appear before his majesty. His first thought was that his identity had been disclosed and trouble was sure to follow.

An embassy had just come from Maximilian, telling of the disappearance of the Prince, and the finding of his clothes, near which, the few straggling bones told the pitiful tale, and caused the hopes of the two kingdoms to vanish forever.

Princess Vera related to the huntsman the story of their betrothal, and how the wedding was to have taken place within one week. Knowing that he had just come from the region of the tragedy, she offered him a large reward if he could only give one clue. The huntsman was astounded, but with remarkable composure, he replied that not one clue could he give; but his life was at her service, and with her

permission, he would set out upon the sad mission. With fervent words, the Princess accepted his noble services; and the following morning he retraced his footsteps to the hills.

On his return he had not established a single clue; but he advanced the theory that the bones in question were those of an animal rather than a human being's.

Long ago the illustrious Prince had been presented with a miniature crown, in the name of the kingdom of Balustra; and, on accepting it, he had exclaimed, "Father, when you find this crown without me, remember you are childless." Truly, here was a clue! The crown had not been found. A large sum of money was immediately offered to the person finding this crown.

Princess Vera had never seen her lover; yet it was a sad thing to be alone in this world, and have no one in whom to put your trust. Finally, after much pining, she went to her father, and told him that she would marry the man who presented her with the late Prince's crown. It was not becoming a Princess with such a retinue of admirers to make a statement like this; but if the miniature crown ever lay in her palm, which would signify that the Prince was dead, the man who put it there was to be her future husband, and joint ruler of two of the fairest kingdoms in all Scotland.

The poor huntsman had worked faithfully for nearly a year, seeming depressed; for he had not had one look or word from the fair Princess.

After three months of sorrowful waiting, the Princess came out of her lethargy of grief, and, once more, found some consolation in talking to her "quaint workman." She readily felt that something lay hidden in this man; but to probe deeper into his character was a tedious undertaking. Consequently, she was a little surprised, one day, to see him perceptibly start when, in great confidence, she told him that it was to him she was looking for the return of the crown.

Was it possible, that she was sharing his secret? The bleached bones of the bear, and the few clothes that he had changed for the hunter's garb, were, at last, going to cry up from the earth, and tell to the world their story!

The time for action had come; so the huntsman once more turned his face to the bleak hills in the north where, unwitting and unhearkened, a grim tragedy had been enacted. One week was spent in traversing the ground in search of the long-lost crown, and, for the last time, the huntsman slowly retraced his steps back from whence he had come. The fair Princess, a picture of grief and despair, clasped the twice unlucky man's hand as he entered the Court gates.

O, Fate! how hard is thy lot! O, huntsman, how great is thy prize! In the Princess Vera's hand lay the key to her future; and the symbol of the Prince's death. With a feeling of sadness; and yet, with some apparent joy, she grasped the huntsman's hands, and tenderly rained kisses upon them. A thrill passed through him, for the fact now confronted them both that they must accept each other in their future life, either for good or for evil.

Maximilian had failed rapidly since the loss of his dear son; but, with all tenderness, he blessed the fortunate man who was to usurp his son's place.

The wedding was held in the kingdom of Saxe Gotha, and subjects from every direction had gathered to pay tribute to the honored nuptials. The wedding ceremony is over, and our huntsman now turns to kiss his fair bride, the Princess Vera; but, before doing so, he laid the miniature crown upon her brow, and removing his coarse disguise, he gave the hallowed kiss that bound two of Scotland's fairest kingdoms, while ten thousand mighty voices gasped, "The Prince."

JABO, '11.

Southern Agriculture.

When we speak of agriculture in the South, our minds naturally revert to the cotton fields of Dixie, the sugar cane plantations and rice fields of Louisiana, the citron orchards of Florida, and the blue grass pastures of Kentucky. The past two or three decades has marked a stride in the South's agriculture that is almost inconceivable in its magnitude; yet, this stride, great as it may have been, does not and cannot suffice for the still greater demand of the present day of agricultural advancement. With the apparent fact that the constant increase in the cost of living cannot be stayed in its burdensome progress, the only solution seems that the South must relieve the nation from this pressure by increasing her output of the necessities of life. The South can solve the problem, for no other section of the United States is capable of attaining to as much in agriculture in its broadest sense. The mechanical development of the South has been great, and, if the whole material interest is to be kept in balance, agriculture must keep plunging forward.

Search mother earth from corner to corner, and from pole to pole, and there can be found no more agreeable climate and greater possibilities of rich and fertile soils than we have at our command. Our mild winters are far from sufficient to make dormant all phases of agriculture. When the harvests of autumn are over, we are not forced under the roof to escape the cold, as is the case in the bleaker sections of the North; but the thrifty Southern farmer never ceases to keep turning the wheels of successful farming. Our winter crops have proved a great source of improvement to the soil, as well as an immediate yield of produce. Indeed, the old proverbial coming of the farmer from his wintry bed, like the field mouse, is no longer true. Winter, spring, summer, and autumn now verge into each other in such a man-

ner that there are no definite lines of division, so far as the farmer and his relation to farm life are concerned.

The long summers and mild winters, linked with our rich clay and sandy loams, make possible the growth of an almost innumerable number of commercial crops. We are so located that we may grow crops that require long seasons, or we may grow, instead, two or more shorter crops upon the same soil in due season. Each year reveals to us through experiment that plants of other climates are being successfully adapted to our region. In fact, there is little doubt that the time is coming when the South will be the Utopia of the plant kingdom.

Our climatic and soil conditions alone could never have revolutionized the old mode of agriculture, without the aid of improved methods, improved implements, and better facilities for agricultural organization. Our experiment stations, in joint work with the more progressive farmers, have done more to put these new methods into the hands of farmers than could have possibly been accomplished otherwise. The stations have solved problems that the farmer has no facilities to solve; and through bulletins, the stations have given out the valuable results of their experiments. The extension of scientific principles is thus direct to the farmer in such a way as to show him that he must lay aside the old wooden plowshare of the middle ages, as it were, and take on the more modern air of improved methods and improved implements.

The experiment stations are not alone in their efforts to disseminate knowledge to the farmers, for there are various agricultural papers published and circulated by the million copies to the farmers. These organs of progress endeavor to give to the farmer the results of experience, and suggestions that are of incalculable value to every tiller of the soil. Various subjects are discussed by competent writers who

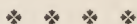
have had practical experience in their different lines of agriculture.

The farmer is in a much better position today than he was a few years ago, because of the fact that he has better market facilities. The railroads are rapidly increasing their mileage and putting the best markets almost at the door of the farmer. Very few rural communities of any importance are at an inconvenient distance from a good market. The public highways have been so improved in recent years that the more distant farmers can easily reach the market. The wide use of the rural telephone enables the farmer to keep in constant touch with the market conditions. The farmer can, by these means, dispose of his produce almost at his door for practically the same prices obtainable at the large centers of commerce. The South need not be afraid to produce her farm products, for the markets are demanding more than can be supplied at the present rate of production.

In spite of the progress of the South's agricultural life, there are several serious banes to the advancement of improved and scientific methods of farming. We have the pessimistic farmer to deal with. He lives on such a low plane, and his mental capacities are so weak that he cannot see the wisdom of accepting the principles established by scientific men who have grown independent by following the methods which they are now offering to the farmers. Along side of the pessimist, is the farmer who has doped himself into believing that to be looked up to he must leave the farm. This class of farmers is more responsible for the stumbling blocks that are to be found in the way of agricultural progress than possibly any other class of people. Their sons are taught to follow trades and professions in the cities and towns, their farms are leased to irresponsible parties who allow dilapidation to take place, and they undertake to reflect upon all that is intended for rural uplift.

All the mighty forces that are at work to advance Southern agriculture will probably never be able to convince but a few of the older heads of their misconceptions. What then have we to look to to remove the hindrances of this vital science? Our hopes are resting upon the younger generations that are receiving agricultural instruction in the various schools and colleges of agriculture. The study of agriculture is becoming a requirement in the common schools throughout our Southland. Teachers are being required to stand satisfactory examinations on agriculture before receiving certificates. Thus we must trust to the proper education of our youths, the progressive farmers, and those who are striving to advance the science through experiments. With this co-operation in view, we should be able to greatly eliminate the banes to Southern agriculture and make its progress the progress of the nation.

R. W. F., '11.



An Unfortunate Joke.

It was the spring of the year. All the outside world was tingling with the new life, which had come on the departure of the old, bleak winter. The insects had begun to take an interest in life, as was shown by their gentle humming as they passed to and fro from flower to flower. Within, it was all different. Here a boy sat, not seeing all the beautiful outside world. The spring had no charms for him; he simply sat and stared out of the window, all unseeing, misery depicted in every line of his face.

Why should happy-go-lucky Jack Scranton be in this mood on such a beautiful day? But yesterday he was as happy and as cheerful as any other. For, although poor, he had many friends, he had a good record in scholarship, and he was the very life of the athletics of his college. But to-day

all is different. He feels that he is disgraced in the sight of all, yet he is innocent of any wrong.

It all happened in a few moments. The day before he had been standing talking to his friend, Henry Wilson. Boyce Jackson came up and asked of Wilson a small loan. Trusting the boy fully and not wanting to go to his room on the top floor, Wilson not having the money in his pocket, told the boy to go up to his room and look in the tray of his trunk and get the desired amount. All this time, Scranton had been standing, waiting for Wilson to carry on the conversation. When Jackson had gone on up to the room, the two walked off, thinking nothing more of the incident, as it was one of almost daily occurrence. That night, however, Wilson came down to Scranton's room and accused him of taking a large sum of money from his (Wilson's) room. Of course Jack denied the theft, but the circumstantial evidence against him was strong. Wilson based his accusation on the fact that Scranton was the only one who knew where the money was besides Jackson, who had borrowed the small sum from him that afternoon. Jackson having already been exonerated on his statement that he had not taken the money, naturally, Wilson suspected Jack. To make matters a shade darker, Jack had a good deal of money in his pocket that night, and though he explained where he got this money, still the circumstances looked badly for him.

Wanting to be as lenient to his friend as he could, Wilson simply said to Jack:

"If you will leave school, I will never say anything about the matter."

Seeing no other way out of the predicament, Jack decided to leave school the following day, for, if he had stayed, everyone in the school would have suspected him of being a rogue.

Thus we see him the following morning, in the depths of misery, facing, God alone knew, what.

* * * * *

Six years passed. Our friend, now known as Jack Morton, had gone to Mexico, where he worked hard, trying to forget that his life had been nearly wrecked. On a ranch he had developed a silver mine and was doing well. One day, a stranger, travelling in style, was, as every one else, welcomed at the home of our friend. He gave his name as Frederick Wilson, and informed Mr. Morton that he was there in the interest of some New York mining companies. As Morton caught the name of the visitor, he looked at Wilson closely and recognized in him the man who had driven him (Morton) from college. Having already offered his hospitality to Wilson, however, Morton could not withdraw it, and, besides, he wanted to see if Wilson would recognize him. So the two had supper in the garden, then took seats on the lawn for a smoke and a quiet chat on business and on the general news of the day.

In the course of the conversation, Wilson spoke of some of the incidents of his college days. "I shall never forget," he said, "the wrong I have done a boy who was one of my best friends at the college I attended. I had accused him of stealing (here he related the incident accounted above), and asked that he leave school. I found out, soon after, that the money I had lost had been taken by another, merely as a practical joke. You can imagine my chagrin and sorrow when I found that the boy I had driven from school was innocent. I have looked everywhere, have used all means in my power to find him, told my other friends and squared him with them, and they have endeavored to find him and tell him of the awful mistake; but all to no purpose. He has disappeared completely."

When he had finished his narrative, Morton said: "Do you remember ever having run up against a J. Morton Scranton? I remember—"

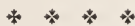
"Why he's the man I've been looking for so long. It was he whom I have just told you about. Do you know him? Do you know where I can find him?" eagerly asked Wilson, leaning toward him.

Jack Morton Scranton, for it was he, deliberately struck a light for his cigarette.

"You! you!" exclaimed Wilson. "Old boy, forgive me, will you? I didn't know. I've served my punishment, too, boy. If you can forget the past and forgive the great wrong I have done you, then I shall be the happiest man alive."

"Shake," said Scranton, and when they retired, several hours later, there were never two better friends.

J. A. D., '11.



Vive La Republique !

(Being the second of a series of adventures of one, Henri Kurtis).

Hagood, immaculate in conventional evening attire, paused in the lobby of the Hippodrome to light a cigar. The living stream of homeward-bound theatre-goers passed him unheeded. It had been a hard day on the 'Change, and Hagood's thoughts were far away from the laughing, chattering throng of well-dressed men and women. Suddenly, however, his roving eyes fell on a broad pair of shoulders and well-shaped head that towered over those about. Immediately his air of abstraction disappeared.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "that guy is strangely familiar—it could hardly be—," (the man made a laughing remark to a neighbor), "and that voice—ah! I have it!"

He moved quickly forward and touched the person—

"So we meet again, my jovial kidnapper?" he queried. The accosted one turned and surveyed him calmly.

"I'm afraid you've the best of me," he returned, apologetically. "A fancied resemblance, perhaps?"

"Fancied Fiddlesticks! The last time we met, the surroundings were slightly different and the opportunities for conversation were more limited (I remember that you monopolized it all), but I'm positive of you." He slipped his arm through the other's. "The last time, I was your guest; won't you return the compliment?"

His companion hesitated a moment, then with a laugh assented.

"I believe I place you now," he said, a twinkle coming into eyes of roguish Irish grey. "You headed that auto party to Newport that—"

"That turned to an aerial excursion and cost me a half million!" interrupted Hagood.

They selected a table in a quiet corner, and were soon discussing a well appointed dinner.

"I 'owe' you on several counts for that night," said Hagood, as, cigars lighted, they faced each other across the table. "Besides the hard cash you caused me to lose, I lost my 'rep' as an infallible pool manipulator; and came blamed near losing my nerve on that ride." He smiled at the recollection. "It was no joke, I tell you, to go hurling through the air on a couple of planks at about a hundred miles per!"

"Oh, g'wan, we didn't get above fifty," denied his listener.

"Maybe not, but I'm praying that kind Providence will let me off from any more such 'joy rides.' I'm ready to let by-gones be gone-bys, however, and I could forgive anything to a man of your colossal nerve."

"Say, you are one good loser," exclaimed Kurtis. "Would you mind shaking?"

Hagood wouldn't, and said so.

"I never worry over spilt milk," he said. "Besides, you are the very man I'm looking for. That is, if you're open to an offer, with your pockets lined from the proceeds of that 'hold up.' "

Kurtis ran his hand into his pocket, and, with a grimace, poured the contents on the table—a few bills, some small change and a few keys.

"'Lining,' thunder!" he returned. "That's my whole 'crop.' "

"What! Why man, my crowd lost a cool million, and I thought you got the lion's share."

"So I did, but some friends, sundry Secretaries for the Societies to Prevent—something or other and—the 'neither'—that's the remainder! Easy come, easy go, you know."

"Then you're open for an offer of say ten thousand for a day's work with that devilish machine of yours?" asked Hagood anxiously.

"Am I? Ask me again! That is, if it's not a hold up. I really don't make a practice of that game you fell into. It was for excitement more than anything else. But what's the 'lay?'"

"I'll give you the particulars, then if you wish, the job's yours. Ever hear of the Republique of Maquada? No? Well, it's a dinky little one-horse monarchy that hangs out on the coast of South America. There is little to it except a burlesque navy, a small army and a very much alive old robber, the president. The whole outfit wouldn't have brought thirty cents at auction, before some one found a lake of almost pure pitch on the island. The president, for a consideration, gave a development company, of which I

am head, the right to develop. This we proceeded to do, putting a large sum into machinery and improvements. Then the old goat says that the concession is illegal and revokes it. Catch the idea?"

"Can't say that I do," returned Kurtis. "Where do I and the 'Wasp' come in?"

"For another 'consideration' we can procure another concession," resumed Hagood. "But we've already sunk a large amount, and besides, he might stick us again. So, in preference to a new concession, we are going to procure a new president!"

"Perfectly simple. A few hundred loafers are always ready to scrap if paid a few thousand stacks of armor, and a steamer would be all that was necessary for a first-class revolution."

"But where do I come in? You don't catch me mixing into any international broil, I'll frankly promise that." A shrewd smile flashed over the grim lines in Hagood's face.

"The present president has a keen eye for business," he replied, "and has a really excellently equipped little army. Nothing short of a siege could stir him from that old fortress of a place. So I thought of shipping that aeroplane of yours to some point on the coast and, at the time when our army attacks, you will drop a few dynamite pellets into his front yard! Are you on?"

"Well, I am. Name the day."

"No need to hurry. The 'John Hopkins' sails Monday week, from 14 East Pier. We will settle details before then."

* * * * *

A hot, sunny day in July. Hot for even that most torrid of countries, South America. Hot, even for that hot-bed of a republic, Maquada. The hot, sultry plaza was heated

by the sun, and superheated by the smoke and dust of the besieging revolutionists. The bullets made but little impression on the stone walls of the palace. And the palace itself had a tantalizing atmosphere of a noonday siesta. The president, secure behind twenty-foot walls, sent numerous tubs of wine to his loyal body-guard, and wondered at the persistence of these foolish "Americanos." Billy Jones, a stoker on the Hopkins, pushed his rifle over the hastily made barricade, and, drawing a bead on a window, pulled the trigger of his business-like Krag.

"Say, Mike," he called to his croney, a brother stoker, "there ain't as much doing here as in a 'lection on the Bowery, is dere?"

"Man," returned the other, wiping his brow with a dirty handkerchief, "and gawd, ain't it hot? Why don't they let us kick a panel out of that durn gate and spank that crowd of niggers to death. What's the use of lying here broiling?"

"The old man has sumptin' up his sleeve. Maybe it's a field gun or—Joshua's Ghost, looky there!"

High over head, but coming nearer in gigantic circles, hovered a large aeroplane. At first glance, it appeared life-like to a startling degree. The popping of the motor sounded faintly in the ears of the besiegers. Lower and lower it dropped until at about five hundred feet. Then the engine stopped, the plane hovered, and a dark object fell from it into the courtyard of the palace. A dull roar sounded, the air was filled with debris and the island rocked. Excited yells from the natives gave evidence to their fear of this marvellous apparition in the heavens.

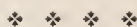
Another bomb and another roar. As the third struck, the gate of the palace swung open and a terrified crowd of panic-stricken soldiers stampeded the earth works of the besiegers

and took to the woods. Ten minutes later there was a new president in Maquada.

"I could very easily have dropped one of my visiting cards 'down the chimney,'" said Kurtis to Hagood, that night. "They were sitting on the portico of the palace, a couple of long, cold bottles before them. But I didn't like to murder the poor heathen."

"Oh, that was good enough," returned his companion. "Though I do wish we could have given that old robber an extra degree—say, a ride in your skyscraper, at a hundred miles per hour, as I had one memorable night."

"We didn't go much more than fifty," remonstrated Kurtis, as he folded a certified check so it could fit his card case.



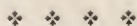
A Monotone.

Sing song, a sea song,
 Ringing all the night long;
 Night long, light long,
 Still sing a sea song.

Blue green, gray green,
 Dancing into white sheen;
 White sheen, bright sheen,
 Glancing into gray green.

High roll, low roll,
 Seeming so without soul;
 No soul but God's soul
 Dreamless o'er its vast roll.

—*Ex.*



An exchange says matches are cheaper than gas. This cannot mean the kind that are made under the parlor gas.—*Life*

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto
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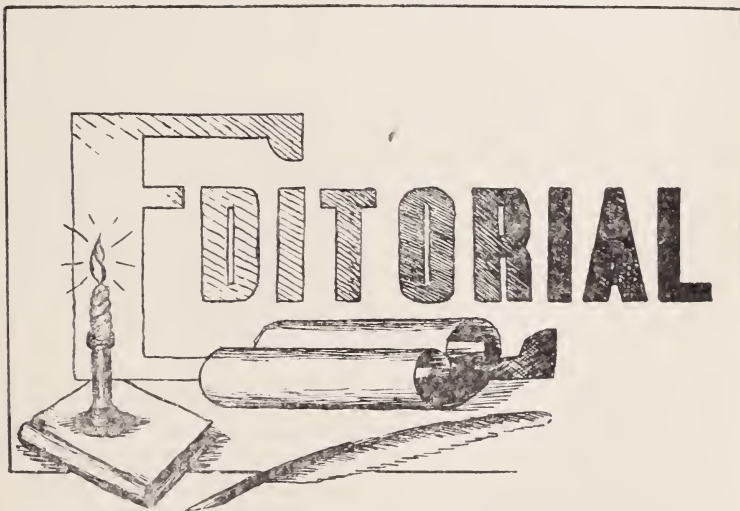
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All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

NEVER before, save in the period of the Renaissance, has the human race witnessed a more striking example of a great world unrest, than during the present generation. It seems

that the old order of things is changing, and
The Social that people are awakening to the many evils
Unrest. that are even now gnawing into the vitals of
 the social body. The recent revolution in
 Portugal, the unrest of Spain, the transformation now under
 way in China, and the insurgent movement in our own
 country, all give warning that arrogance and extravagance
 will no longer be tolerated. Democratic principles are gain-
 ing wider scope as people awake to the true meaning
 embodied in them. The insurgent movement is simply the
 expression of the disgust aroused by the extravagance and
 misrule of the Republican party. China, still half asleep,
 wants a new form of government, but is doubtful as to the
 best way to get it. Mexico, tho seemingly serene and pros-
 perous under the stern rule of Diaz, is throbbing with sup-
 pressed dissatisfaction. The different governments are
 beginning to feel this spirit of unrest, and, by adroit diplo-
 macy, are seeking to remedy the conditions. They realize
 that the money of the country cannot much longer belong
 to the chosen, grasping few; and that the reins of govern-
 ment cannot be held so as to deprive the great mass of people
 of their rightful legacy. Superior education and interest in
 humanity are rendering these conditions intolerable.



THE great industrial development of the South is, each
 year, calling for more of the South's young men to take
 charge of her resources. Along with this development, is
 the need of the new education, which is
The Industrial rapidly gaining favor and gradually grow-
Education. ing toward perfection under the new order
 of things. Only a few years ago, an indus-
 trial college was hardly known in the South. The men who
 were developing the resources of this section, depended for
 their aid on the colleges of the North; but, now, every State

has one or more of these colleges. Educators have begun to realize that "the gentleman planter" of the South no longer exists, save in history. The men who are successfully to compete in the struggle for existence, whether with man or with the forces of nature, must be trained; for the world is asking as never before, "what can you do?"



Just a word about the men who advertise in the college publications. It is our hope that the students will patronize these men; for it is by their aid that we are enabled to make

improvements in our magazine, and to

Advertisements. charge only a nominal price to our subscribers. There should be a fraternal spirit among us for them; and we should endeavor to repay in kind, the benefits they have given us. When we have shopping to do in the neighboring towns, we should patronize those who have aided us by advertising in the college publications.

This request should strike the underclassmen with especial force: for, some day, the management of these publications will be resigned to their care, and the patronage they now give to our advertisers will cause these men to look favorably on the Clemson publication of the future.



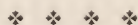
IN THIS issue of THE CHRONICLE, is published the Constitution of the South Carolina Press Association. This valuable organization has done much to strengthen the bond of

sympathy and friendship existing

The College Press between the different colleges, and
Association. every magazine in the organization
 has been greatly benefited.

This year, the Association holds its annual meeting at Clemson. The men of THE CHRONICLE staff are going to do all in their power to make this meeting one of the most

successful ever held by the Association. Already, do we extend to the other magazines a hearty invitation to come to the meeting, and assure them of a glad welcome.



Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The object of this Association shall be to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this State, to raise the literary standard, to bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another, and to hold annual meetings at such times and places as shall be decided upon by a vote of all the delegates of the Association present at the annual meeting.

SEC. 2. The annual convention shall be held on the third Thursday and Friday in April of each year.

SEC. 3. For the general improvement of college journalism in South Carolina, there shall be a press contest, in which one medal shall be given for the best story, one for the best poem and one for the best essay. Each of these medals shall not exceed \$10.00 in value. The secretary shall read before the Association the prize essay, poem and story.

ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: Charleston College, Clemson College, College for Women, Columbia College, Converse College, Erskine College, Greenville Female College, Newberry College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, University of South Carolina, Winthrop College, Wofford College, and other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of all members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association shall be: President, first vice president, second vice president, recording secretary, treasurer, and corresponding secretary. These officers shall be elected annually by the staff of the magazine which they represent.

SEC. 2. The executive committee shall be appointed by the president upon the recommendation of the magazine staff of each college.

SEC. 3. The new officers shall hold their offices for one calendar year.

SEC. 4. If any office of the Association or the position of executive committee becomes vacant, the college represented by the vacant officer shall have the power to elect his successor.

SEC. 5. The president of the Association shall be elected each year by the college that entertains the Association for that year; and no college shall have the presidency for two successive years.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings, to notify the editors-in-chief as to the time of publication of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association as provided under Article XIV, to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention; and he shall have power to call special meetings by the request of three of the colleges represented in the Association.

SEC. 2. The vice president in the absence of the president shall become active president. He shall act as chairman of the executive committee.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the recording secretary to keep an accurate copy of all the amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall keep a roll of the delegates according to colleges represented, and shall file the proceedings of the annual convention.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the corresponding secretary to notify each college one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him. It shall be his further duty to notify each college one week before the time designated by the Constitution in regard to submitting articles for the contest, calling special attention to such parts of the Constitution that govern said contest.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to collect all money due the Association, and to make an annual report to the Association of its financial condition.

SEC. 6. The officers of the Association, except that of president, shall rotate alphabetically, in blocks of five, and no college shall have one of the rotary officers two years successively.

ARTICLE VI.

SECTION 1. The executive committee shall consist of one member from each college, and shall be appointed by the president as provided in Article IV, Section 2, and shall assemble on the night preceding the annual convention.

SEC. 2. The executive committee shall have the power, through the chairman, to select medals.

SEC. 3. The executive committee shall have the power to decide all points under dispute during the convention.

SEC. 4. The executive committee shall have power to direct the use of the funds of the Association.

SEC. 5. Each editor-in-chief of the several college magazines shall submit to the vice president of the Association, not later than the fifteenth (15th) of February of each year, the name of one man for the committee on decision, who must be eligible under Article VII, Section 1, of this Constitution. The vice president shall then, in the presence of the magazine staff of his college, draw impartially from this number the names submitted, and submit these to each staff for its approval. If there be no objections to these names the first three in order drawn shall constitute the committee on decision.

SEC. 6. Provided any one of the first three men shall not be able to serve, the vice president shall continue using the names in order drawn.

ARTICLE VII.

SECTION 1. Three persons shall constitute the committee on decision. The members of this committee shall not at any time have been connected with the faculty of any contesting institution in South Carolina.

SEC. 2. This committee shall pass judgment upon all essays, poems and stories submitted, and shall consider the following points: Style, thought, rhetoric, giving one final grade on each paper.

SEC. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the committee on decision. Such objection shall be sent to the vice president six weeks before the annual convention.

SEC. 4. The corresponding secretary, one month before the annual convention, shall send a typewritten copy of one essay, one story, and one poem from each college in the Association to each member of the committee on decision, who shall grade them and return them to the corresponding secretary. Neither the names nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of the committee on decision.

ARTICLE VIII.

SECTION 1. No essay, story or poem shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contests are not eligible. Every article shall be written by the contestants themselves while members of the student body and shall be published during the college year to which each contest applies.

SEC. 2. The staffs submitting the essay, story and poem shall send three typewritten copies of each to the corresponding secretary one month before the annual convention.

ARTICLE IX.

The essays, stories and poems shall be selected by the several staffs of the magazines in the Association, and no staff shall submit more than one essay, one story and one poem.

ARTICLE XI.

SECTION 1. The annual convention shall consist of the executive committee, two delegates of the several colleges, of whom one shall have been a member of the magazine staff of the preceding year or an officer of the Association.

SEC. 2. The Association shall meet at such time and place as the convention may select. Each college is entitled to two votes. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, and shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the same.

ARTICLE XII.

Any college of the Association failing to send a delegate to the convention, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, without a satisfactory reason to the executive committee, shall be fined. Any college failing to comply with these requirements shall be expelled.

ARTICLE XIII.

An honor roll shall be kept by the secretary, the roll to contain the names of presidents and winners of medals.

ARTICLE XIV.

The Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall publish, in their October issue, the Constitution of the Association and a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XV.

Parliamentary rules not provided for by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

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ARTICLE XVI.

By a two-thirds vote of all delegates present at any annual convention the Constitution may be amended.

Copies of the Constitution may be obtained from the president of the College Press Association, Clemson College, S. C.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The Association submits the following recommendations to the editors of the college magazines of the Association:

1. That each college adopt a competitive system of electing the magazine staff, changing any minor detail of the system to suit the conditions at each college.

2. That a circulation manager, who is to be the third man in the business department, be elected.

3. That the colleges elect their magazine staff before the convention; also that the new editor-in-chief be sent as a delegate to the convention.



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. H. ALL, '11

The Wake Forest Student was one among the first to come to our table. The first impression it gives is a favorable one. On picking it up and examining it more closely, we are inclined to think there is a treat in store for us. However, we find that, out of twelve contributions, only two are in verse, and one of these is a reprint. Possibly, a poetic sentiment will take hold of the minds of the contributors when they have more time for reflection and meditation. On the other hand, the stories and essays occupy considerable space. Nor are they simply space fillers. The author of "Down the Cape Fear" shows considerable descriptive and narrative ability. His information on the origin of the names of places and things is very interesting. The author of "Don Quixote and Its Influence on Spanish Literature" shows careful preparation, and evidently has a good bit of knowledge of the biography of Miguel de Crevantes Saovedra. As our reading of foreign languages is limited, we cannot affirm or deny its influence, but we fully agree with the statement, "Surely the downfall of Spain may be traced to other causes." "Typhoid Fever" is interesting as well as instructive, giving briefly the history of the disease, its widespread

occurrence, its causes, and the methods of control. "A Jump at Conclusions" is based on the far-famed Kentucky feuds. Would a mother utter such words as is used in the opening paragraph? Not hardly, if she loved her daughter as most mothers. However, the other characters are portrayed remarkably. But how is it that with all the noise and commotion before the departure of the searching party, Nellie didn't wake up? Well, maybe she is a sound sleeper. "Rural Progress" is a good essay on a timely topic. In it the author has given a good account of the improved farm conditions of today, discussing the rural free delivery, educational facilities, and the Farmers' Union—forces which are bringing city conveniences to country homes. "The personal Traits of Character of the Homeric Heroes," as the title indicates, gives in brief recount the chief characteristic of the Greek heroes. Achilles is the central figure. The author has his subject well in hand. The departments are well represented. On the whole, we congratulate the new staff on its first issue.



We next take up a magazine having a very neat cover, and read *The Skirmisher*, V. P. I. Here we stop and ponder where this newcomer had its beginning. Turning over its opening piece, we find the evolutionary theory put in verse and applied to explain the appearance of the stranger. Evolved from what! Now, we have it. Glancing through its contents, we find we are entertaining our old friend, *The Gray Jacket*, put on a different footing, as the editor says. Well, we believe in the scriptural saying, Be courteous to strangers; for in so doing men have entertained angels unawares. We now begin a closer examination of its contents. However, we are brought up at a sharp halt in the literary division, almost before we had got under way, three contributions of verse and two of prose appearing. "An Acrostic"

—end line—gives the name, The Skirmisher. “The Charge of the Growley Brigade” has as its archetype Tennyson’s “Charge of the Light Brigade.” Instead of seeing in it a band of heroic soldiers, we see a crowd of pushing, crowding, jostling, hungry boys, eager to destroy whatever edibles are set before them. “The Passing of the Rat,” in the opening verse, pictures a college community when the hazer held sway. The latter verses picture the college community when the hazer has passed out forever. “A Fire at V. P. I.” illustrates very clearly the value of military discipline. We were somewhat puzzled at first by “Multiform Specialty.” We learn that he is speaking against narrow specialization. *More Man* may be considered a fitting text for his remarks. The German professor who, on his death-bed, lamented that he had spent his whole life on two Greek prepositions instead of one fitting represents the tendency toward specialization. What we want more is the well-rounded man. The subject is well handled. There are some beautiful thoughts embodied in “When I Remember and You Forget.” The editorial department is well handled. Also, the other departments—those that are present—are about up to the average. The exchange department was sought for with diligence, but found missing.



The most voluminous magazine that we have had the good fortune to read this month is the one from Davidson; and we are unable to see in this issue where quantity affected quality. We are in no position to say why “Life” does not deserve first place in the magazine, for it is short, condensed and well written, and shows the result of talent and good preparation. In it we are vividly reminded of life’s short duration. It is easy enough to watch the “wave roll toward the rocky shore,” but we are not sure that we see the picture when the “breeze blows out.” What? from where? We

find "Water" to be well planned and well written. In it is found a very good plot, although the doctor could have been more heedful after having been warned. "Unless you bring or send seven thousand dollars in gold . . . , your life is *forfeit*," will do for that class of Italian. "Edgar Allan Poe" was read with interest. That a genuine poet's life is secluded, and that the poet lives in a world of his own is made plain in this well prepared article. We do not wonder that "Islam" is a prize oration. The present state of Mohammedan religion and the possibility of Christianity's being allowed some consideration in becoming the worship of India is clear. This article was well handled and ranks high. "Her Letter" is a short poem which pictures the ideal lover, especially applicable to a college student, perhaps. We predict, however, that if the author is thus situated his college career shall soon end (unless he becomes a day student). The writer of the "Sea Island Sketches" evidently visited the sea islands of South Carolina and is now indulging in dreams of what might have been. The story is very interesting and attractive, and we may add historical. In the "Evils of Waste in Davidson College" we find an appeal to students that could be profitably used by, I dare say, any of our male colleges today, as the condition seems to prevail, more or less, in all our colleges. This frivolous expenditure is certainly to be condemned severely wherever found. Our interest is not allowed to sag once in the "Doctor's Story." It inclines to resemble the method of appealing to the emotions, of Augusta Wilson. We heartily endorse, and deem very appropriate, the "Resolution." The departments are well represented, the editorials being strong and forceful. We are pleased with this issue of *The Davidson Magazine*, and we feel assured that the magazine will continue to be interesting as heretofore. There seems to be a lack of verse in the October number, however, as only two short poems are

presented. The general appearance of the magazine is not as attractive as some we have seen, but poor "Sim" was overworked, perhaps.

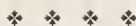


We find the *Gold Bug* to be attractive, both outwardly and inwardly; therefore, we are glad to have become acquainted with the *Gold Bug*. We lift the *Bug's* wings and peep underneath and the "Air Castle" presents itself first. The "Air Castle" contains good meter, good rhythm, and good thought. We are all prone to build air castles, only to see them tremble and topple and crumble, and then rebuilt. This idealism is a stimulus that causes man to reach higher by attempting the impossible. It is very appropriate as a starter. Of course, in "Misery Loves Company," we like the finish, but the story rather tends to drag, indicating a drawn-out tale. The sentences are too short to produce the best impression; and the author would have more support of grammar if he had not changed the tense in "Why have you still stayed . . . even after you know that they were," etc. The subject and story blend nicely. "The Evil Influence of Wealth" certainly exposes in unmistakable terms the danger of our union following the example of Rome. We read history to no advantage if we fail to profit by the misfortune of others. The writer of the article is well-informed, and treated the subject ably; however, a little more careful punctuation would have added clearness to a few clauses. We have all seen the picture painted in "The Kingdomless King," many times, and we are naturally pleased with this one that is so carefully and effectually painted. The easy and graceful flow of words and sentences in "Unromantic Love" impressed us favorably. Although the story is not above mediocrity, the gliding sentences make of it a very readable article. The editorials are full of good advice. We, as a whole, desire pure athletics, and if we but try, we

will have them. To resolve and to live up to the resolution are two distinct and alienated acts. Any one can resolve, but only a brave, manly man stands fast, having once resolved. The other departments are well printed. We notice the exchange was last, thought it may not be least, if its importance is measured by the amount of work required of that department.



It is with pleasure that we acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Palmetto*, *The Mountaineer*, *Orange and Blue*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Wofford College Journal*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *The Guilford Collegian*.



Clippings.

Teacher: "Willie, if you had five eggs in the basket and laid three on the table, how many would you then have?"

Willie: "Eight."—*Life*.



Professor: "What does C. O. D. mean?"

College Sport: "Call On Dad, sir."



Bridget: "An' did the docthor say yer had any pronounced dis'ase?"

Pat: "Shure, an' did; but, begorra, Oi couldn't pronounce it!"—*Judge*.



TROUBLE.

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble! Say, I couldn't have more if I were married to the blamed machine."—*Life*.



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

DR. HARMS.

Seldom do we have an address of such eloquence and learning, and practical suggestions as was delivered before the Y. M. C. A., at a recent meeting, by Dr. J. H. Harms, President of Newberry College. Dr. Harms chose as his subject, "Why I Should Study the Bible." "There are four important reasons why we should study the Bible," he said. "First, because it is helpful; second, because it is inspiring; third, because it is educational; and, fourth, the most important reason of all, because it enables us to know Jesus Christ as the Son of God. No man is too old, no man too young, to study the Bible, and it should be one of the chief studies of all men."

Every man who heard him was benefited; each came away with new inspiration—an inspiration which made him yearn to study the Holy Book more than he had ever done before.



MR. AND MRS. BARNETT.

The work for foreign missions at Clemson has received a new impetus. Last year five hundred dollars was raised at the College for the support of a foreign missionary—the subscriptions are being collected now. Mr. Barnett, who has been Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at the University of North Carolina for a number of years, has volunteered to become

our representative. He goes to Shanghai, China, to establish the methods of the Y. M. C. A. in that city, with the hope that other Chinese cities will follow Shanghai's example.

We were glad to receive a short visit from Mr. and Mrs. Barnett a few days ago. Although he was here only a day, many of us met him, and the more we saw of him, the better we liked him, and the more confidence we had that he would make a success of his work. Every student had a chance to hear him speak, and to see him, for he made a short, but "meaty" talk before us during the chapel service.

A very enjoyable reception was tendered the visitors at the home of Dr. R. W. Brackett, so that the faculty and their wives, and the Y. M. C. A. cabinet could meet them personally.

We feel fortunate in getting Mr. Barnett as our representative. We are sure that he is able to do a great deal of good in the foreign field, and we believe he will do it. We wish him the best of success in his work, and happiness in the home he is to make in the foreign land.



DR. BRACKETT.

Another of our best recent lectures was one given by Dr. Brackett, on the First, Eighth and Fifteenth Psalms. Dr. Brackett is one of the many professors here who is of great assistance in any work for the promotion of the Y. M. C. A. We are very fortunate in having such men on the faculty, and in being able to secure them as speakers at our devotional exercises. It is always a pleasure and a privilege to listen to a lecturer who is so enthusiastic and so well-informed on his subject as Dr. Brackett is with the Psalms. Were we all to put a great deal more work upon this part of the Bible, we would be more familiar with real life, and

much better prepared to live the life which it is our duty to live.



MR. LITTLE.

Something out of the ordinary was presented to us in an illustrated lecture last Monday night, by Rev. John Little, of Louisville, Kentucky. His subject was, "How the Other Half Lives." By "the other half" he meant the negro people of our own Southland.

Mr. Little is leader of a mission among the negroes of Louisville. He is admirably suited for this work, having been born and raised in the "black belt" of Alabama, one of the districts of the world most noted for the number of negroes in it. He saw the great need of work among the negroes, so he went to Louisville, and took up his studies at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary there. Upon his graduation, about ten years ago, he established a mission among the negroes of that city. This mission has done a great deal for the religious and technical uplift of the negroes of Louisville, and has had a marvelous success in training up the right kind of negroes. Within the last year he has been traveling around among the different colleges of the South, giving lectures such as he delivered to us.

Some of the slides exhibited at the lecture showed the unsanitary conditions in the homes where a large amount of laundering for white families was done. Some show the crowded and uncomfortable condition of the negro tenements; some, the miserable cabins of the lower class of negroes in the country; some, the work in Mr. Little's negro mission, including cooking, sewing, basketry, woodwork, etc. Comparative pictures showed the great improvement that had been made, and how much more help was needed.

This negro problem is one of the foremost before the

South today. For us to try to solve it without adequate study, is folly. We must get all the facts, study the why and wherefore, sift the matter thoroughly, before we can form a definite opinion about it, or suggest a solution for it. For this purpose, three home mission study classes are being organized. These are to be led by members of the faculty, and the text is one compiled by Dr. W. D. Weatherford, of Vanderbilt University, on "Negro Life in the South."

Every Southern man who has any patriotism, any love for his homeland and for his race, should study this problem. Economics, sociology, politics and religion are concerned; and it will be not only for the good of the man who studies it, but for the good of his fellow-men, if he can give a remedy, or suggest a solution.



At last the Y. M. C. A. is to have a place in the chapel services every morning. Through the activity of the Secretary, a few moments have been granted us, preceding the Scripture reading—these few moments being taken up with the singing of a hymn. A great need has been felt at chapel services, for all to join in worshipping the Lord in this manner, and we now have that need satisfied. We are glad to see the students enter so heartily into the singing; we know that all will feel better for it.



THE BLUE RIDGE ASSOCIATION.

Of course, everybody knows what the Southern Student Conference is. We pity the man who does not know it from having had the experience of attending it. It is the key-note of all the student Y. M. C. A. work for the following year.

Last year it was held about the middle of June, at Montreat, N. C.; the year before that at Montreat, N. C.; the year before that at Asheville; the year before that, at Bing-

ham School; and so it has been for several years past. This constant moving has been very inconvenient for the Conference, in that it has created trouble for the promoters, interfered with the delegations, and interfered with the time of meeting.

So the Southern Student Conference has decided to build a home of its own. For this, they have secured a fine estate two miles from Black Mountain, N. C., in the heart of the mountains, and from which the virgin timber has never been cut. The management has plans, and they are extensive plans, too, for one of the finest association grounds in the United States. They call for dormitories, class rooms, gymnasium, swimming pool, auditorium, track, and tennis courts. But they also call for money, and plenty of it. No less a sum than ninety-two thousand dollars, will be required to build it; and this takes into account the many free services which are rendered, the material on the place, etc.; which, of course, amounts to a great deal.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has donated a sum of \$50,000 to the work, upon condition that the colleges of the South raise the remaining \$32,000 before December 1, 1910. Now, the plan which we have for this is as follows: We are to raise, say \$200, which will furnish four rooms in the hotel. These four rooms are to be reserved for the Clemson delegation, and will be known as the Clemson rooms. We can get up this \$200 easily enough, if every student in Clemson College gives 25 cents, and the members of the faculty give as they are disposed. We must keep up old Clemson's reputation for being generous—and we know that the \$200 will be forthcoming. The Conference needs it, and must have it; and we owe it much more than that. Let us, who are students in Clemson College, "the" College of the South, let us have our share in this great work for the good of our sister colleges and ourselves.

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SECOND TERM BEGINS JANUARY 3, 1911

EXPENSES

The regular fees for the session, not including tuition, are as follows:

Incidental fee	\$ 5.00	PAYABLE QUARTERLY.
Medical fee	5.00	September 7, 1910
Uniforms	29.18	November 9, 1910
Breakage fee	3.00	January 25, 1911
Board, washing, heat, light, etc.	76.52	March 29, 1911
TOTAL	\$118.70	TOTAL
		\$118.70

Tuition students pay \$10.00 per quarter additional. Free tuition is allowed only to South Carolina students. Books and other necessary articles will be furnished by the College at an approximate cost of \$20.00. Each student must provide himself with four sheets, two blankets, one comfort, six towels, two pillow cases, one pillow and two single mattress covers. For Catalogue and further information, address

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XIV.

Clemson College, S. C., December, 1910.

No. 3.



Editors:

A. M. SALLEY, '11

W. N. HENDERSON, '11

J. H. KANGETER, '13

Christmas

The streets were white with drifted snow,
The wind was icy cold,
And mothers 'round each cheerful hearth
Old Santa's trip foretold.
And children gathered 'round to hear
Would clap their hands in glee
To hear how Santa would slip in
And leave a Christmas tree.

The dancing rays of moonlight
 Turned the snowy white to gold
 As the echoes from the old clock tower
 The midnight hour told.
 The children in each happy home
 Their little prayers had said;
 And Mama's and Papa's fond good-nights
 Had sent them off to bed.

* * * *

A banker from his task had turned
 Into the snowy street
 To wind his solitary way
 Home through the falling sleet.
 No little child to bless his home,
 No gentle wife was there;
 Few worldly pleasures fell upon
 The banker millionaire.

Passing a little cottage door,
 Where sighed the chilly breeze,
 He saw a care-worn little girl
 Drop down upon her knees,
 And with her feeble voice uplifted
 To Him that ever hears,
 She offered a little prayer that turned
 The banker into tears.

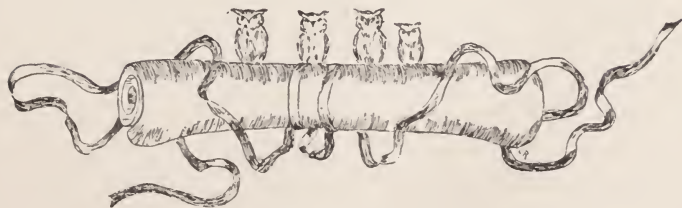
"A helpless little orphan child,
 No gentle parents' love,
 No one to give the little gifts
 Except her God above."
 These words he spoke in undertone,—
 The stricken millionaire,—
 "I will! before I say good-night,
 Answer the orphan's prayer."

The banker turned to face the blast
Of chilly sleet and snow,
A midnight mission to fulfill
Ere he to bed would go.
Each present asked for in her prayer
The banker bought in glee,
And when the joyous morning dawned
She found her Christmas tree.

The golden rays of Christmas morn
Smiled down on snowy spires,
While many were the gleeful hearts
Surrounding cheerful fires.
Never before had care worn frowns
Given place to merry smiles
On either the banker's hardened face
Or the little orphan child's.

"Happiness is all in life,
'Till now, I've lived in vain,
But never shall my sorrows fill
My happy heart again.
How glad I am 'tis Christmas time!
May darkness chase it neber!
May merry sleigh bells ever chime
And happiness reign forever!"

—W. N. H., '11.



A Gift From the Enemy.

It is doubtless true that there are many families in the State of Virginia who still abhor the name "Yankee," and everything pertaining thereto. Attributing to that extensive class their fallen fortunes, in most cases; in others, merely the hatred of loyal Southerners who have never admitted defeat. There is one family, however, who, though Rebels to the backbone, still remember one of their foes with a feeling of warm gratitude. The Wasdens, who reside just without the city of Lynchburg, is the one to which I refer. Col. James Wasden was a most ardent Secessionist; fought under Lee throughout the war, and suffered all that came with Reconstruction after Appomattox. Sylvia Wasden was as ardent a "Rebel" as her father, and backed her views by selling all the family silver to equip his company; nursing the wounded, who were quartered at their home, and by falling in love with a lieutenant in Stuart's command. It was this last achievement that caused the meeting with the only Yankee to whom she felt the least friendliness.

In December, 1863, after the fateful battle of Gettysburg, Lee recrossed from Pennsylvania. He established winter quarters, and many of his officers took advantage of the opportunity to visit their homes. Among these was Jack Wallace, Sylvia's fiancé. He dropped in one afternoon on a week's furlough, and strove to forget the horrors of the past campaign in the company of his promised bride.

Several days came and passed. The large mansion possessed an air of hearty good-will and geniality, despite the absence of the multitude of black faces usually associated with that type of home. The few neighbors came often to enjoy the noted hospitality of Colonel Wasden, and the equally famous parties of Miss Sylvia. On Christmas eve, quite a large party of young people were gathered about the dining table, discussing what was, in spite of the ravages of

war, a good dinner. The party included several officers, who, like Wallace, were home on furlough. It was, therefore, with no little trepidation that they heard the tramp of horses' hoofs in the front yard, and soon after the rap of the massive door-knob.

Wallace sprang to the window and glanced out.

"Great guns, fellows! It's a company of Yanks," he exclaimed; "they've surrounded the entire house!"

Immediately the gay company broke up, each lady flying to her escort.

"Oh, Jack! And to think that I caused you to come," sobbed Sylvia, as he clasped her close.

"Never mind, little girl; it's the fortunes of war; let's don't weep over it."

Another knock, heavier than before, bespoke the impatience of the unwelcome visitor.

"Can't you do something—hide somewhere? Quick, Jack—the garret!"

"Come on, boys; it's a chance." And the soldiers hurriedly withdrew upstairs.

Sylvia, hurriedly composing her features, opened the door. On the porch, stood a young man in the uniform of a captain of Federal artillery. Around the house stood a squadron of his men, while several others held the horses, in the road. As the door opened and disclosed the girl, the soldier swept off his cap and the look of impatience on his handsome face disappeared somewhat.

"Pardon me," he said, "I'm sorry I had to disturb you; we heard of some Reb—er—I mean Confederate officers, who had been seen in this vicinity, and I'm afraid we'll have to search the premises."

"Will—will it be necessary to search the house, also?" asked Sylvia, hiding the fear in her tones. "The yards and quarters are open to you—but—"

"I'm afraid so. Orders, you see."

There was evidently nothing to be gained by waiting, so she stepped aside and he entered the house.

A smile crossed his face as he viewed the disorder of the dining room.

"A party," he murmured to Sylvia, who followed him, tremblingly.

"Some of my friends—see!" She opened an adjoining room and brought into view several young ladies engaged in as many hastily selected occupations.

"Girls, this is Capt—"

"Wilson," he volunteered, bowing.

"Captain Wilson, who is in charge of the troop outside. Captain Wilson thinks we are hiding some of our officers here, and says he must search the house."

"Ah, no! I did not accuse; merely a rumor that there were a few seen near here; merely a form, you see. If you will give me your word, I'm sure further search would be needless."

It was a "poser." The girls looked at one another. A little "white lie" and their sweethearts, brothers or friends would be safe.

Sylvia broke the silence.

"Captain Wilson, there is none *here*."

He looked up quickly.

"And the rest of the house?" he inquired, almost gently.

"That Captain Wilson will have to find out for himself," she returned, and she turned away to hide the tears.

He bowed, apologetically, and began his search. From room to room, on the first floor, he went, and then, ascending the stairs, started a systematic search there. Finally, having completed the search of the entire floor, he turned to the girls, who followed, and said:

"Is there another story to the house? A garret, perhaps. Ah, these steps—"

As he put his foot on the first step, the clock in the hall below struck one time; and Sylvia, with a cry, rushed forward and stepped in front of him.

"Christmas gift, Captain Wilson!" she challenged him. "It's Christmas day, and you're fairly caught."

"But—er—what the deuce! I mean, pardon me, madam—"

"Oh, don't you think you've done enough for your honor—you've searched the house. In the memory of your childhood days—when 'Santa Claus' was real and 'Christmas gift' an oath most binding—don't destroy our Christmas!"

The look on the young man's face softened; he hesitated, then tightened his lips and started again to climb the steps.

"I'm sorry," he again averred, "but—"

"Don't say you won't! I merely ask a Christmas gift. In the name of her to whom you used to plead for gifts—"

He paused again, and then deliberately descended the stairs.

"Madam," he said, slowly, "I'm not sure but I'm committing treason to my country. But, God knows, I would grant you your 'Christmas gift' if Abe Lincoln himself stood there and ordered me to go up those stairs!"

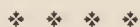
With a bow, he turned and left the room. A moment later, the clatter of the hoofs of the departing squadron came to the ears of the dinner party.

And this is the reason the younger members of the Wallace family find the words "Christmas gift" so potent in charming away desired luxuries from their mother; and why she sends, each Christmas, a package to a far Connecticut town, bearing, in addition to some gift, a card with the words "Christmas Gift, from a Rebel," and below her name a date.

Christmas.

When on the ancient verdant pastures grazed
The numerous flocks, and while the twinkling stars
Were grouped by the shepherds as they gazed
Into the vaulty realm, a sight that mars
Their records old they say appeared. A gem
They found—the new Star that o'er Bethlehem
Dwelt peacefully. With costly gifts and low—
Bowed heads they worshiped Him who died to save,
And is the sole mediator. To show
Our love we meekly all His blessings crave.
Prepare the yule and mistletoe; display
Great joy; for has returned a Christmas day.

ANONYMOUS.



The Legend of Lonely Bend.

In the southern part of Orangeburg county, just above where the North and South Edisto rivers unite to form the Edisto, there is a very pretty place called Lonely Bend. Here the clear water of the North Edisto plows sluggishly by, as if it were reluctant to leave such pleasant surroundings. The weeping-willows almost shut off one's view of the river, as they droop their branches around the flower-bedecked banks. This place is looked upon as sacred by the people of this section of the county. Hunters and other sportsmen are forbidden to visit its surroundings; so human sound rarely breaks the sacred silence of the spot. Here the chatter of the squirrels is blended into music by the songs of the birds, and now and then the roar of an alligator is heard, answered by the dismal hoot of the owl. Everything speaks of nature as ruling with all her power.

But why is this place looked upon as sacred? There is a legend connected with it. An old Indian told my grandfather the following story:

Before the white man ever set foot on this shore, there lived in the fork of the Edistos a small tribe of Indians called the Pendavees. They were unlike other Indians, in that they were very peaceable, and that the young men were trained to honor, respect, and protect the women. Among the young braves, was the son of a chief. This young brave was named Kawee. He was unmarried, but he was in love with the prettiest maiden in the tribe. One day, as they were wandering near Lonely Bend, Kawee told her of his love, and here their vows were plighted.

Not very long afterwards, a savage tribe in the northern part of our State came down upon the Pendavees, and carried away some of the Indian maidens. This was more than the warriors could stand. A council of war was immediately held, and it was decided that the small band of warriors should war with the hostile tribe until the maidens were given up. Of course Kawee volunteered to go. He and his betrothed met at Lonely Bend, for they had made this their trysting place, and plighted their vows anew. Kawee promised to visit the maiden once every two moons. If he failed to make this visit, then she was to know that he was dead.

* * * * *

The first moon had passed, and the second had almost gone, and yet no word had come from the band of warriors. The remaining Indians of the tribe never lost hope, but they were very anxious. The last night of the second moon had come, and all of the Indians had gathered to pray to their gods that the young braves might come back safely. All were taking part in the exercises but one young maiden. She was stealing softly away from the crowd. Let us follow her. She left the crowd and went in the direction of the North Edisto. She reached the bank at Lonely Bend, and stood looking into the waters. Her mind wandered

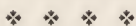
back over the time when she stood here with her lover, and, remembering the promise he made her, she felt sure that he was dead. If this is true, then what had she to live for? The water, flowing along so smoothly, seemed beckoning to her; so, folding her robes more closely about herself, she stepped bravely into the river. The waters silently closed over her, and when she rose to the surface, a few minutes later, her spirit had passed into the great beyond.

Hardly had this Indian maid left the company when a shout was heard in the distance, and soon the warriors, returning triumphant, were in the midst of the company. The warriors had started home a few days before, when they were met and delayed by another hostile tribe. The Pendavees were very proud of the victory, and immediately set about to have a great dance in honor of the warriors.

Kawee was eager to see his sweetheart, and searched among the Indian maids for her. Then, for the first time, it was learned that no one knew where she was. Kawee remembered his promise to her, and, with a heart filled with fear and foreboding, started in her search. He thought of their trysting place first, and made his way thither. Many thoughts rushed through his mind. Suppose in her despair she had killed herself. He quickened his pace into a run. When he finally burst through the bushes and came in sight of the place, the eager look on his face gave way to one of despair and disappointment. He rushed to the river's edge, and, peering into its depths, he saw the fair form of his sweetheart peacefully floating on the surface. He sank to the ground and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly he arose, with a look of determination, and, throwing aside his tomahawk, he flung himself into the water. He went down without a struggle, and soon his body was floating by that of the maiden. His spirit joined hers, and together they journeyed to the happy hunting ground.

This happened many, many years ago, but still the spirits of these two pure young Indians seem to exert a great influence on the surroundings. Nature seems to have surpassed herself in ornamenting the last resting place of these two Indians. The very waters ripple and moan as they slowly flow past. Nobody can come near the place without feeling the sacred influence which it exerts on every one.

H. C. J., '12.



The Unknown Heroes of History.

It is on account of the strenuous life which the people of America are living today that the unknown heroes of history do not get the credit they deserve.

As we read in our histories of the thrilling story of the discovery of America, we all think of Columbus as the man to whom all credit should be given for the discovery of this fair land of ours. But a second thought will bring us to those sixty brave, yet nameless, heroes who left their peaceful homes to brave the dangers of the unknown sea and man the ships of Columbus's expedition. Without these humble heroes, Columbus could have accomplished nothing; without them Columbus would have been helpless; without them America would not have been discovered, probably, for centuries. Then should we not credit them with, at least, a part of this wonderful discovery?

When we think of the wonderful invention of the steamboat, we think also of Robert Fulton as being the man who first successfully operated one; but, I wish to ask, should all the credit be given to him, when he merely perfected the work that was done by others? About twenty years before Fulton's steamboat, The Clearmont, sailed down the Hudson, James Rumsey and John Fitch had almost perfected a machine that could be used in navigation. Fulton came along, put on the finishing touch, and we give him all the

credit. But, remember, that without the work accomplished by those other men, Fulton could never have invented the steamboat. Then should we not give some credit to these unknown benefactors of the world?

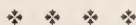
When we read of the magnificent achievements of Napoleon Bonaparte—how he, with that well trained French army, marched triumphantly over all Europe, even crossed the Mediterranean, and led his army to the foot of the grand pyramids of Egypt, we say to ourselves that certainly he is the grandest of all the world's heroes on the battlefield. But let us stop here for a moment, and think of the men who filled the rank and file of his army, who won his battles and performed deeds of bravery on many a battlefield. I say, let us think of the unknown heroes who made possible the glorious achievements of the world's greatest commander. Napoleon was a genius, but what would his genius have availed him if it had not been for the brave peasants who followed him? They were the real heroes, though unknown to fame and to fortune. As we turn the pages of history, we read of the brave deeds of the commanders and chieftains who fought on the field of honor; we read of our own Robert E. Lee and his matchless skill as a commander; of Stonewall Jackson and his unfailing courage; we see a full-page portrait of each commander, but, also, no mention of the brave and heroic Confederate soldier, who bore the brunt and burden of the battle. History fails to record his name; no likeness of him appears on its pages, and yet how many were the heroic deeds he performed, and how well he fought upon the battlefields of Virginia and elsewhere. I say, fellowmen, these unknown heroes should command more of our thought and attention than they do. The general knows, when he enters battle, that, if he meets death, his name and fame will be handed down to posterity. The private marches into battle, know-

ing that if he falls his name will be forgot; no stone shall mark his resting place; no kindly hands shall strew flowers o'er his mound; yet he goes forth bravely to meet death in defense of his country.

When we enter the literary world, we find the same true, that the men who make it possible to accomplish great things, and yet do not accomplish them, fail to get as much credit as they ought. We will take but one example. William Shakespere occupies the foremost place among the writers of the English language. Let us examine and see if there are not any small men, as they are termed, who aided the great genius in the accomplishment of his work. If we may credit history, he borrowed many of his plots and characters, in outline, from The Chronicle Histories of England, North's Translations, and various other sources. Furthermore, the blank verse which he used so well had already been worked well by Spencer. The form of the drama was already developed by Marlowe and various others of his predecessors. If Shakespere had not found these things ready to use, he could never have succeeded so well as a playwright, and English literature could not have boasted, today, so great a genius as Shakespere. Yet the men who made it possible for Shakespere to accomplish his great work are scarcely known to any, save close students of literature.

We might mention many others who have done much in various fields and have been given no credit, but these will suffice to show how much the world is indebted to its unknown heroes.

W. E. S., '11.



The Lemon.

"Hang it all," growled Aubrey, as he swung his right leg with unnecessary energy over the top rail of the pasture fence, "I almost wish that I had never met the angel child;

but, then, I have it, on the authority of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all; and Alfred, I believe, is the court of last resort on all matters pertaining to the human heart and its affections. However, I don't seem to feel much better than I did before the princess entered. Hey, there, Floss, get to work, and don't mind my soliloquizing a bit now and then."

Aubrey smiled whimsically, and waved his hand in the direction of the sedge-covered hillside. His little white-and-black setter, reassured by his voice and his smile, left off gazing soberly up into his face, and galloped away in the direction indicated. Floss was a daisy little dog. Aubrey thought, as he watched her working over the ground in her eager, business-like way; but she concerned herself too much with other people's business, and demanded that her master's affection for her be expressed at least once in every five minutes of the day's hunting.

"After all, she is not different from some individuals of the species *homo sapiens*," Aubrey remarked to himself, as he prepared to dismount from his exalted position astride the rail fence. He checked himself in the act of dropping off, however, and remained motionless, listening to some sound that seemed to come from some distance up the road, which lay before him, out of sight some three feet below the general level of the ground, about fifty yards away.

Aubrey Stewart was not usually looked upon as being a remarkably handsome young man; but, as he half-stood, half-clung, on the top of the fence, with his leg raised in the act of swinging it over the top rail, his gun grasped lightly in his hands, as a rope walker holds a balance-pole, his head poised, intently listening, he would have been a delight to an artist of outdoor life. His neck rose like a bronze column from the soft collar of his flannel shirt; and his hunting coat covered shoulders that were not broad, but muscular square.

Slowly his troubled face lighted with a smile, half pleasant, half grim.

"That's it," he muttered; "darned little Flanders." For the droning hum of a motor car was growing gradually more distinct. Soon the little black car came into view at the top of the hill, and coasted easily down the smooth slope. Its driver was a tall, fair-haired girl in a long motor coat, and its other occupant was a small boy, perhaps ten years old. Stewart watched the car until the thin growth of saplings hid it from view, before changing his position on the fence.

"I'd give my last red to be a ten-year-old boy again," he said, getting slowly to the ground; "provided, of course," he added, humorously, "I could be just the boy I want to be." He looked ruefully up the road in the direction of the departing car.

Aubrey Stewart was not in the most fortunate of situations. He had come home from college with a diploma, a medal, and a determination to work for a year in his father's office before laying claim to the hand of the only girl for whom he really cared. A month after his return, his enthusiasm had been somewhat dampened by an unsolicited remark of the small brother of Miss Virginia—a remark made innocently enough, but fraught with disheartening possibilities.

Aubrey and Master Clarence were perched on the veranda rail of the latter young man's home, prior to the appearance down stairs of Miss Virginia.

"That's a healthy looking plant over there," Stewart remarked, pointing to a ponderosa lemon growing in a tub. "Has it any fruit on it?"

"Yes, there's one," Clarence informed him. "Sister says she is going to give it to you when it gets ripe."

The opportune appearance of the young lady in question, relieved Aubrey of the necessity of making any compromising reply. He was inclined to treat the whole matter as merely one of Virginia's little fits of mischief. For some reason, which he himself seemed at a loss to explain, he forbore to mention the incident to Virginia.

Since that day his suit had not prospered. Several times, when he called up to "make a date" for an evening, or for a drive in the country, he had been informed that the young lady had made other arrangements. Virginia had been especially fond of their leisurely drives along country byways; but, to cap it all, her father had recently bought a little twenty-horse runabout; and Virginia became so attached to her toy that she spent the greater part of the day on the road, accompanied by a girl friend, an idle young man, or, if no one more promising was available, by ten-year-old Clarence, who was of value in cranking off, but who persisted in making original researches into all the accessible parts of motor and transmission, to the constant annoyance of his sister.

For a long time it had not occurred to Aubrey that there was any special significance attached to Virginia's increasing indifference toward him, for he mingled little with society, and the caprices of the weaker sex were in large measure a sealed book to him; but, of late, it had become apparent, even to his untrained vision, that another knight had entered the lists, and that if affairs did not soon take a turn, his future happiness would have to undergo a revision. Here it was nearly Christmas, the time of the year when peace and happiness and good-will should fill the hearts of all people; and he must be the only miserable creature under heaven. A bevy of twittering bluebirds were having a noisy meal on a cluster of mistletoe berries on a small tupelo tree almost over his head.

"Even these little waifs are having a big time," Aubrey mused. "They must know it's Christmas." He shouldered his gun savagely. "If this were only a few hundred years ago," he told himself, whimsically, "I could settle this thing very easily." He squinted down the barrel of his gun, speculatively. "As it is, I suppose we shall have to let *her* settle it. Well, here's to the lucky—"

His apostrophe was rudely interrupted by the thunderous burst from cover of a large covey of quail, which arose almost from beneath his feet, with such suddenness as almost to cause him, a hunter since he could carry a gun, to drop his weapon in surprise. Floss broke the "point" which she had been holding for the last ten minutes, and approached her master with such a reproachful look in her eyes that he had to smile in spite of his chagrin.

"Floss, old girl, I beg your pardon," he said. "Bird hunting and soliloquizing don't go well together, do they?"

Floss did not answer, but her parting look, as she trotted off after the birds, said plainly enough, "Don't let it happen again."

For perhaps half an hour, Aubrey followed up the single birds, but with little success. They had taken to the low, wet ground, where the undergrowth was tall, and it was growing too late to see the birds clearly. After several misses, he whistled to Floss, and set out in the direction of the road, intending to follow it for a part of his long tramp home.

Dusk was gathering as the tall young hunter gained the highway. He trudged nonchalantly along, whistling softly to himself; tired, little Floss followed at his heels. As he gained the bottom of the hill, near which we first saw him, he became conscious of the purring of a motor, far up the road behind him. Even before the car had come into view, however, his trained ear detected that the engine was not

running just right. The exhaust was not smooth and even, but gave evidence of occasional "skipping." As the car entered the sandy stretch at the bottom of the hill, the motor almost choked down, gave up all semblance of order in its manner of firing, and passes several charges out into the muffler, there to be exploded with noisy violence. The driver of the car, low-geared it in order to pull out of the sand, and the trouble was somewhat alleviated; but, as soon as the little motor felt the pull of the slope, even the low-gear failed to do its work. The engine slowed down, gave a few exhausted sputters, and was still.

Ever since the little car had come into view, Aubrey's senses had been on the alert. He was a new creature. His loving eyes dwelt eagerly on the fair driver, while his born engineer's ears took in every minute sound and vibration about the motor, and told him in an instant many things that the layman could not learn in an hour.

He strode up to the disabled car, his eyes twinkling. He doffed his hunting cap.

"Could I be of assistance, ma'am?" he drawled.

"Thank you, sir; perhaps you could," a demure little voice answered. But a pair of mischievous eyes gave it the lie.

Already Aubrey had removed the hood. He flung aside his hunting coat, turned up his sleeves, and bent over the motor as a surgeon bends over a still form on the operating table. "She isn't getting the juice. Now, why?" He opened the carburetter drain-cock. A few drops trickled out. He cut on the batteries and cranked off. One, two cylinders caught, then two more, and the hot motor became quiet again.

"I shall have to disturb you a bit, I'm afraid," he said to the fair driver. Up came the cushion, and off came the cap of the gasoline tank. With a clean straw he measured the depth of the fluid. There was a good three inches in the

tank. A puzzled frown stole over Aubrey's face; he blew into the tank, and picked up the cap to close the opening. As he inverted it to blow away any trash that it might have picked up, a light broke over his face. Inside the cap, lining its flat top, was a wad of chewing gum, neatly flattened out and completely closing the little air-vent, with which the caps of all gasoline tanks must be furnished, in order that the fluid may leave the tank freely.

Here was the secret of the trouble. As the quantity of the liquid was decreased, the air pressure became insufficient to force the gasoline into the carburetter. The explanation of it all was forthcoming.

"I just found that hole in there this morning, and I didn't have anything but chewing gum to stop it up with," Clarence explained.

The smile with which Aubrey regarded Clarence was enigmatic.

Aubrey cranked the motor, threw in the reverse, and backed the car a few rods down the slope. "I think she will carry you home now without any more trouble," he said, quietly. A slight flush passed over Virginia's face, and her eyelashes brushed her cheeks for an instant, as she murmured, "If you don't think that I'm asking too much of you—you have been so kind already—won't you get in and ride as far as your turning-off place, just to see that the motor doesn't misbehave; I know you must be tired. We can put up the top, and Clarence can ride on the deck."

Clarence knew the meanings of the various expressions on his sister's face well enough to know that any objection on his part would be unavailing.

It is hardly necessary to explain that Aubrey fell in heartily with the scheme proposed by this astute young lady; but it may seem a bit remarkable that, on the brisk six-mile run home in the chilly December evening, he proved to be

a most entertaining companion, fairly bubbling over with merriment, and talking about anything but the subject that was uppermost in his mind—and deepest in his heart. Before either of the merry pair fairly realized it, Aubrey was turning the nose of the little car into the drive leading to the home of Virginia's father.

The young lady insisted that her friend in need should at least stop long enough to warm his hands at the hall fire-place; and, after a little hesitation, he yielded. Almost the first object that met his eye as he entered the brightly lighted room was a large tub, containing a fine specimen of ponde-rosa lemon, brought indoors to save it from the frost. Aubrey examined the plant carefully, a slow smile playing about his good-natured mouth.

"What became of the solitary lemon?" he asked, abruptly.

"Oh, I gave it away," Virginia replied, averting her face, which the mirror on the opposite side of the hall showed to be in a state of unaccountable confusion.

"May I be so impudent as to ask who the recipient of your munificence—?"

"Oh, a friend of mine; just a friend of mine," Virginia hastened to explain. "He hasn't been to see me in a week." Her face changed at the pained look in Aubrey's eyes. She came closer to him. "Aubrey," she said "I've been awfully mean to you lately. I don't like to be mean to *anybody*, but sometimes one has to be." She gazed, meditatively, at the lemon bush. "We went out to Uncle Wade's this afternoon to get our Christmas turkey. You helped us to bring him home. Don't you think you deserve to have a part in the disposition of the plunder?"

Out on the cold front porch, faithful little Floss waited, and waited.

S., '11.

Unrestful Man.

Far back in ancient history,
As the race of man is known,
There's been in his immortal breast
A strange vague longing borne.

The Greeks of old, not yet content
With all that home could give,
Sailed forth, suppressed the tribes of men
That Greece might honored live.

That famed revolt, which made an end
Of the Noble's life in France,
Was caused by restlessness of men,
Who awaited fortune's chance.

This imperial race of ours today
Might slaves to Britain be
Had not those God-sent men of old
Yearned, longed to be free!

And now, with all this freedom,
And all that makes life blest,
There o'er our land arose
A great world-wide unrest.

A few more years—the crisis comes!
What shall be the ending?
The *sleeping spirit* shall awake
To cure the ills offending.

Condemn it not—this spirit bold—
Which rights the wrongs of man,
For a thing like this can only come
From our great Maker's hand!

C. B. F., '12.

Inventions and the Masses.

In the early days of invention, the progress and utilization of labor-saving machinery were hindered materially by ignorant and prejudiced workmen, who fancied they saw in the introductions of the new inventions the loss of their means of livelihood.

We can take, for example of this, the great obstruction workmen of the textile industries gave to the inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and their innumerable successors, who, instead of throwing a few hundred, or thousands, of workmen out of employment, paved the way for the employment of the millions of textile workers of today, thus establishing one of the greatest manufacturing industries of the world, and also increasing the pay, giving shorter hours, and conditions such as would not have been dreamed of by the textile workers of a century or more ago.

Take the Piedmont sections of North and South Carolina, with about four hundred textile mills, in which 25 per cent. of them have become electrified, thus eliminating the great line of shafts and numerous belts used in the steam driven mills. All of these shafts and belts meant added expenses, and increased dangers to the workers.

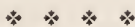
Then, again, there is in a section of Georgia, not over one hundred miles square, fifty cotton and yarn mills, each driven by electric power. All these electrifications being made possible by the harnessing of the water powers of Dixie. Truly, the Old South is not fully developed, for in these sections, alone, there is estimated to be 2,000,000 additional horse-power yet to be developed.

From the eighteenth century to this year of grace, 1910, is a long step, and the many developments and inventions have educated the masses. If one were to ask the question, "Does partisanship still exist hand and hand with the ignorant and prejudiced in the ranks of the industrial world,"

the answer would be, "No," as emphatic as it could be made; yet in the greatest city of this great republic there exists, at the present time, situations comparable only with the events of the eighteenth century. There is a fight in the legislature to compel a uniform rate for electric power. The customers, known as "small fries," are fighting against large organized companies, to try and save a few independent ones, thus destroying the development of electrical distribution from one great center. The people are receiving the support of the Steam Engineers' Union, who cannot see, while it may bring a few cases of individual hardships, how it will increase the character of the positions and the pay for the majority. On the whole, the workmen will greatly benefit by it, as well as the people, who are dissatisfied about their rates; for every one knows that the cost of production is greatly reduced, when a great quantity is taken in consideration.

In conclusion, we might consider how our farmers, who have adopted the many labor-saving tools and machines, have increased their production; and yet, with the increase in wages, it is nearly impossible to get labor enough to work and gather their crops. Have not the labor-saving machines and other inventions increased the number of workmen, as well as the pay, for the mass? It most assuredly has.

J. H. K., '13.



The Aftermath.

"Wake up, man! Good-gracious-alive, you not over the fair yet? What's the lesson for, Jo?"

"The first twenty pages about 'The Monetary System.' I'm not going to crack it."

"Aw, wake up, old fellow; call your thoughts from Columbia, and don't let the day dreams get the best of you."

"Shu! it is not that; I'm just sleepy."

"Ah, come on; don't try to find another name for the pip. Our time to be called on tomorrow, and I'm going to do a piece of boning tonight."

By that time, I had drawn my big armchair up in the corner of the radiator; and, after placing several nice cushions about me, I opened the book and started down the shadowed page.

The wind was whistling around the north corner of the old barracks; but the inner silence was broken only by the cheerful rumble of the steam radiator.

"An ideal night to study," I said, turning the first page. "I pity the poor boy who, in imagination, is still walking arm-in-arm with the prettiest girl in Columbia."

I glanced over my book just in time to see my roommate rub the sleep from his eyes, draw up to his desk, and start to studying. I laughed, then started down the next page.

Soon the lines seemed to grow longer, the words seemed to run together, and, finally, the page grew dark and disappeared.

I next found myself standing in the gateway of Camp Brodie, gazing eagerly over the moving mass of humanity that wound its way about the fair ground. The next moment found me strolling slowly down the "midway," searching for some one, of course, but for whom, I, myself, could not tell. Was it a cadet? Not much! not even a relative; but on through the crowd I wandered.

On either side of me stood a swarthy foreigner, with a never-ceasing cry inviting me into his show. The fakirs were making my ear-drums ring with the most alluring offers that ever dawned with the twentieth century.

"Throw the rings, boys." "Hit the babies." "Buy a whip." "Win a nice little poodle." All such haranguing

sounds blended in harmony with the bass tone of the bull-like bellow of the wax-cord alligator.

"I can tell your present, past, and future," shouted a dusky dame, from within the canopy. Seating myself upon her oriental couch and placing my left hand over a mirror, I thought that I would get to rest for a few minutes; but no, indeed, my host was thoughtful enough to have copies made for all; so, handing me a leaflet, she bade me good-evening.

I could then hear the weird notes of "Please Don't Take Me Home," as they issued from the music-box on the merry-go-round. But, turning from the alluring strains, I wandered around to the ferris wheel. Glancing around, I saw a beautiful young girl, with full brown eyes and flowing black hair, standing just across the rope from me.

"Let's take a ride," said I, tipping my cap to the vision before me. Looking up, she started to speak, but hesitated.

"Come, let's take a ride," I ventured a second time. No sooner said than done, and we were quickly barred in our seat and on our way up.

The sun was hanging lazily in the western skies, and it greeted us with a smile from behind its smoky veil while we made our first voyage. Soon I had learned my companion's name, and at every turn of the big wheel our hearts seemed to grow warmer for each other. Tender words and expressive smiles seemed to weave the yarn of love tighter around our ready hearts. I was looking for no one now; the object of my search had been found.

Our chariot swung slowly down and halted over the steps. We stepped out.

Enclosing Elsie's little hand within my own, and strolling out from the noisy midway, I was on the verge of telling her of the love which already stood so manifest in my heart for her; but the muffled notes of the bugle's call to parade chimed in.

"This is one time that I shall beat out," I said to the little lady who stood resting her arm upon my own.

"Why, aren't you going to be in the parade?" Elsie asked, with a sigh.

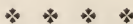
"Do you think that I am going to leave you here alone? Perhaps you will have gone when I return. Then what?"

"No; I shall be here, where I can see you when you pass, and so you can find me when you come again. Good-bye! Don't be late, and hurry back."

"Gracious, that's 'fall in,'" I said, bounding off toward camp; but—only to awake just in time to hear the dying notes of "taps." I rubbed my eyes for a moment, then leaned forward in my big chair. My foot struck something on the floor, and, glancing down, I saw the brown back of my "political economy."

And soon I was asleep in bed;
My prayer was dreamed instead of said.
'Twas short, but pointed, I declare,—
"God help *me* to forget the fair."

W. N. H., '11.



He and She.

He strolled into the yard at twilight,
And only she was there.
My, how her deep brown eyes did sparkle
Under her wreath of cold black hair!

How two devoted hearts did beat
Apart, but in accord,
When she ran out to meet him—
Her father's big bull dog.

H., '11.

The Engagement Ring.

"Pinckney," observed Mrs. Byrd, on her first visit to her son-in-law, "I am so glad to see you and Ruth so happy and so comfortably settled. I am also glad to see that she still wears her wedding ring."

Pinckney Ballenger looked up in questioning surprise.

"She never would wear her engagement ring," exclaimed Mrs. Byrd, "and such a beautiful solitaire as you gave her! The girls were all envious of her when they saw it. We teased her a great deal about wearing it so seldom. We pretended she had pawned it. But there is Ruth, waiting for me to drive with her."

After his mother-in-law had left the room, Pinckney stared, motionless, at the book he held. His face was never very expressive in repose; but its quiet strength, when lighted by the flashing keenness of his gray eyes, and hidden sweetness in his smile, had proved irresistible to Ruth. Now, reflecting on his mother-in-law's speech, his face was stern and troubled. He had not given Ruth an engagement ring. It had not occurred to him to do so. He knew little about the customs of such affairs. Ruth had been his first and only love. She was his ideal of everything charming and noble in women, and he could not conceive of her stooping to deceive her mother, or any one. There was some mistake about it, of course. Ruth would explain when he asked her. She was so shyly and sweetly frank with him.

He grew impatient, however, in waiting for his confident forecast to be verified. The little imperceptible germ of distrust was working against inaction. He went up to his wife's dressing-room. On her table was a little tray of ornaments, but no rings were among them. The drawer to the table was open, and he saw a jewel cabinet within. A tiny key lay beside it.

Pinckney turned, in self-disgust, from his longing to investigate the contents of the cabinet, and he left the room feeling, for the first time in his life, like a culprit. In the hall he met Ruth, radiant from her drive.

"I am having such a lovely time, Pinckney, showing mother about."

He decided to defer the discussion of unpleasant subjects until after the determination of her mother's visit.

"We met one of Ruth's former suitors," laughed Mrs. Byrd, "Clyde Roule. When Ruth's engagement to you was announced, he went moping about, and finally left for the West. He has just returned."

"If he felt any regret," said Ruth, "it must have been only a passing one, for he looks hale and hearty now."

She spoke lightly, but Pinckney's searching eyes noted the bright flush that overspread her face. It deepened as she spoke again.

"Clyde invited us all to his rooms tonight. He is going to have a few in for bridge. Would you like to go, Pinck?"

"It will be impossible," he replied. "I have a very important business engagement, but you and your mother must go, and I shall call by for you."

He thought he detected a look of relief in Ruth's face.

"All right! Mother is so fond of bridge."

"And of Clyde, too" asserted Mrs. Byrd. "I must confess, Pinckney, that before we had come to know you, our choice of a son-in-law lay in Clyde."

"Probably," mused Ruth, aloud, though speaking as to herself, "if I had not come to know Pinckney well, I should have married Clyde, for every one,—mother, Lalla, and all my young friends,—connived and contrived to throw us together, and propinquity often wins."

She met Pinckney's queer, searching glance, as she finished this remark, and she shrank from his continued

scrutiny. The little germ flourished throughout the day, although Pinckney conscientiously and restlessly did his best to destroy it. That evening, his business engagement terminated much sooner than he anticipated it would, and he telephoned Ruth, asking her if he should come for them with the touring car and take her mother for a moonlight ride.

"It would be pleasanter for you than bridge," he suggested.

Ruth's soft laugh came back over the phone.

"It would; but don't feel sorry for me, dear. Two of Clyde's friends disappointed him, so Clyde and I are not playing. Oh, Pinckney, Clyde wants to see that locket Henry gave me for a wedding present. It is in my jewel cabinet, in the drawer to my dressing table; the key is there somewhere.

He went up to her room. Ruth was not very orderly. The drawer was open, as was also the jewel cabinet. He found the locket, a most beautiful one, set with pearls. Some way he had never associated Ruth with jewels. His presents to her had been books, pictures, and curios. After all, it was natural for all women to like jewels. He ought to have asked her what she wanted.

Suddenly it struck him as rather odd that she should want to show Clyde this locket. He opened it. Within was a tiny, soft curl. He remembered when Ruth had shown him this locket she had said that some day he should see what was inside; that it was something of hers that Henry had put in there. He had pleaded to see it; but she had denied him, saying he would think it silly. Silly! As if every hair of her head were not dear to him!

In vain he looked for the ring. Back in a corner of the drawer, he espied a tiny box. He opened it. A ring with a huge diamond lay within. So this was her engagement

ring! Maybe it had been. He walked with uncertain steps toward the open window, and gave himself up to the maelstrom of forcing doubts that grew to convictions. Clyde and Ruth had been engaged. In a lover's quarrel they had broken the engagement, but he had made her keep the ring, and she had accounted for her possession by attributing the donation to him. Now Clyde had reappeared, and her old feeling for him had returned. He had returned at an opportune time. The honeymoon was over, and Ruth had doubtless found every one's prophecy true; she had discovered that her husband was prosy and old-fashioned. How enlivened she had been by the diversion of her mother's visit. He finally gathered himself together and went out to the car, which he drove himself.

Clyde's apartments were in the Jerome. He rang the bell, and ran the automatic elevator up to the third floor. Clyde admitted him, but, instead of taking him into his library, he opened the door that led into a cosy den, where Ruth was comfortably ensconced among some pillows.

"It wasn't much sport looking on at bridge," she exclaimed, "so Clyde and I have been talking over old days, and—other things. Did you bring the locket, Pinckney?"

He took it from his pocket, and handed it to her. She passed it on to Clyde, who was enthusiastic over the shape, size, setting of the pearls, and so forth.

"May I open it?" he asked.

She looked hesitatingly at Pinckney.

"No—o—not now!"

Mrs. Byrd appeared in the doorway. "I thought I heard your voice, Pinckney. Will you take my hand? I want to look at Clyde's old china."

He played cards mechanically. After the game, the little party broke up. Ruth asked the Folks to ride with them,

and they sat in the tonneau with Mrs. Byrd. Ruth took the seat beside him. Presently she broke the silence.

"Pinckney, I see you are getting the speed habit! I am glad; still I told mother you were such a careful driver!"

He slowed up.

"I didn't notice," he said.

His voice sounded oddly.

"Pinckney, you seem rather harassed tonight. Is there anything in your business that is worrying you?"

"No," he answered, brusquely.

"What is it, then?"

"Don't talk to me, please, when I am driving."

She lapsed into silence, and he was glad when they reached home. Early the next morning, Mrs. Byrd received a telegram from her daughter, Lalla, saying her baby had the measles. No grandmother could miss the opportunity to display her superior wisdom and experience at such an epoch, so she took her departure by the first train, to Ruth's regret and Pinckney's satisfaction. He felt that a crisis was developing, and it was much better that they should be alone.

After dinner that night, he came into the library, where Ruth was sitting.

"Where is your locket?" he asked, abruptly.

She looked up, startled.

"Why, Pinckney, didn't you bring it home?"

"No; I didn't see it again after I handed it to you and—Clyde."

"I forgot all about it. It must be at Clyde's; though, I should have thought he would have sent it to me. I'll telephone him now."

"Why did you wish to show it to him?" he asked, as she was looking up the telephone number.

"I was going to tell you on the way home, but you said not to talk to you," she said, a little resentfully. "Hello, Central, 400, Midway, please. Why, you see, Pinck, Clyde wants—Hello, Clyde, you know my voice? Well, you should—"

It seemed to Pinck that she talked for half an hour a string of nonsense over the phone. In reality, it was a few seconds over four minutes.

"Clyde says mother picked it up and put it in her bag," she said, finally, as she hung up the receiver and turned around.

"Write to her for it," he said, curtly.

"Why, Pinck, she will send it, of course;" her tone of voice showed hurt surprise. "She forgot she had it, likely, and she left in such haste and excitement."

Further conversation was prevented by the entrance of one of Pinckney's friends, and, when he left, Pinckney went with him for a stroll and a smoke—he said. When he returned, an hour later, Ruth was asleep.

At luncheon, the next day, she informed him that her mother had returned the locket, with a long lecture on carelessness. The lecture evidently did not make much impression, for, when Pinck came home to dinner, he saw the locket on the library table. An uncontrollable impulse moved him to gaze upon the little curl. He opened the locket. It was empty.

He went up to his wife's room, his face pale, his eyes gleaming.

"Ruth," he said, abruptly, "I want to know the truth about your diamond engagement ring!"

"Oh!" she gasped, her face stamped with guilt and confusion. "I—who told you, Pinckney?"

"Your mother told me."

"She didn't know. She thinks you gave it to me. You see, Pinck—"

But he had gone. He went to his deserted offices. He was choking, not so much with jealousy as with a wild longing for his old faith and trust in her. He felt that he must go away—anywhere. All the figments of his jealous fancy passed in quickly moving pictures. Her being alone in the den with Clyde, talking over old days; the curl from her locket, the locket that would have remained with Clyde had he not asked about it. The explanation about her mother's taking it was a falsehood, of course. Her confession and confusion about the ring showed there was something guilty behind it all.

Married only three months, and his heart and home wrecked! And he loved her! He always should love her. In all his wild accusing thoughts, he felt a tenderness for her. Her girlishness, her very guilelessness and failure at deceit appealed to his protection. She should have it, now more than ever. He braced himself to quick thinking and to action. He wrote her a letter, the thoughts coming faster than he could write them. He told her that he knew all about her engagement to Clyde, and that she still kept his ring; that she felt a return of her love for him, and that she had left the locket in his rooms that he might take her lock of hair.

"I can't bear to keep you from happiness," he wrote, "but be patient, Ruth, until I can arrange for your freedom in a quiet and legal way. Then you and Clyde can marry, but until that time, for your own sake, you must not see him. I see now that I was wrong to come to your young life."

He went home. It was only ten o'clock, but the house was dark. He slipped the letter under the door; then he went down to the library to quiet his agitation of heart and

mind. After a long time he heard a soft footfall, a gentle rustle, in the adjoining room.

"Pinckney!"

He looked up quickly. Her face was pale and her eyes wet, but they held the sweet look he loved, and there was a half smile in the tender curve of her lips.

The woman he loved stood beside him, and laid her hand on his shoulder. There was a little quiver of laughter in her voice.

"I can't marry Clyde, dear, even if you give me my freedom. He is going to be married to a girl he met out West."

He looked at her, unbelieving.

"We were never engaged. I think Clyde thought at one time that he cared for me, but when I knew that I loved you—even before you told me—I let him understand that I could never care for him. Mother was not in earnest about his moping for me. The night of his little party, he took me into his den to rave about the girl. We wanted to give her, for a wedding present, a locket like the one Henry gave me. And that lock of hair was my baby curl; Henry stole it from mother's treasure box. She didn't know it until she opened the locket, when she was at Lalla's. She took it out, and said it belonged to her as long as she lived, and then she would bequeath it to you. I love you, Pinckney, and—"

But she found herself clasped tight in his arms, and felt his penitent kisses upon her face, and her heart sang and cried with his.

Later, when, his arm about her, they were going up the stairs, she laughed softly.

"Oh, the ring! I've not told you."

"I am ashamed to ask, dear," he admitted.

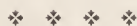
"I am not conventional, and I didn't mind that you omitted the engagement ring," she said: "but mother, Lalla

and the girls were all ready to criticise, as people always are at such times, and I didn't want them to find an opening wedge for flaw, so I just bought the biggest, brightest paste jewel I could find, and occasionally flashed it before their ignorant eyes. It was only too effectual, I see now. I wanted to tell you; it was such a good joke on them, but I was afraid you would think I was criticising you for not giving me a ring."

"I am thickheaded, Ruth, but to-morrow I shall buy the biggest, brightest diamond I can find, and you must wear it."

"All right, Pinckney, we will be engaged all over again."

R. C. R., '13.



The Fourth of July in "Beantown."

(A Letter from on Board the Cruiser North Dakota.)

To a Southern boy, fresh from a small town like Florence, all things "up North" seem strange. The manners, the mode of talk, and even the people themselves, are a distinct change from those to which he has been accustomed.

Perhaps in no other way is this brought home more forcibly to him than in the number and the mode of keeping the holidays.

There are more holidays in New England in three months than South Carolina can boast of in a year; and none of them, not even Christmas, is more religiously and joyously celebrated than the Fourth of July.

Perhaps the reason that we do not celebrate this day to any marked extent is that the war has left a little more bitterness in our hearts than we admit even to ourselves. Be that as it may, one would never recognize the day here by the way it is celebrated down South.

Every one, from mayor to policeman, from wealthy merchant to street vagrant, the moneyed aristocrats and the riff-

raff of humanity, forget all else and try to outdo themselves in celebrating this day.

There is no possibility of getting any sleep from 12 m. the night of the third, to the same time the night of the fourth. Every one makes as much noise as possible, and no one cares except, perhaps, some grumpy old fellow who never knew the joy of happiness anyway.

Parades and banquets are the order of the day, and, if you want to celebrate by imbibing a little, remember what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina about the lapse of time, and get your fire water on the third, for there is no dispensing to the thirsty on this glorious anniversary.

Everyone parades. Bands, fire companies, dancing schools, soldiers from the forts, and blue jackets and marines from the "war dogs" in port. And, perhaps, if you live in a large and popular city, a president, a governor, and perhaps a mayor or two will witness the parade from an elevated stand, and bow and smile and applaud, and perhaps look bored, but never fear, they are parading too.

After the parade, everyone adjourns to the banquets; the men who marched to please the patriotic public are feasted to their hearts' desire, and the ever present small boy, who amuses himself by throwing fire crackers at the cavalry horses, now nearly bursts himself to defeat a big alderman as trencherman.

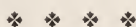
After dinner, rest (?); not on your life. But of a less hilarious system, the celebrations are carried on; in street fights, runaways and impromptu baths in the public fountains and ponds on the part of the small boy, who rejoices to make a hero of himself by rescuing a patriot's hat. He therefore receives a dime, which is immediately expended in more fireworks, and the general community groans.

As soon as it is dark, the real fun begins. The younger portion of the populace have worked for weeks, building bonfires, for which the merchants have contributed boxes and excelsior, and the railroad companies condemned timbers.

When it is dark enough for the light to be effective, these are lit up, and the surrounding country is illuminated. Every "gang" has its own bonfire—usually on the outskirts or in the suburbs of the city. Around these fires, the boys dance wild Indian and would-be Indian dances, while their fair ladies look on from a safe distance and applaud vigorously, sometimes breaking into songs, such as *The Star-spangled Banner*, *Columbia*, *Yankee Doodle*, and even *Dixie*, which is always loudly applauded.

No one goes home until twelve o'clock, and some even keep up the celebrations until far into the morning. No one gets angry at any little discomfort or misfortune, such as the loss of a hat or a couple of fingers; for it is all for the cause—the glorious cause of commemorating the deed of our ancestors in signing the Declaration of Independence which makes possible this national holiday.

T. W. JOHNSTON, U. S. N.



Her Taking Way.

She took a seat beside me

When she came into the car;

Then she took my breath away—

She was radiant like a star.

But when she took her leave,

To go out in the rain,

I found that she had taken

My brand new watch and chain.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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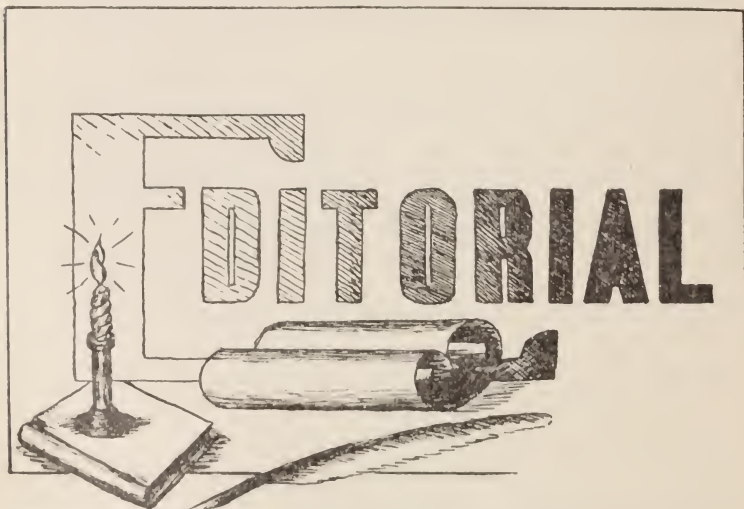
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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

SINCE the return of the corps from the State Fair, everyone has conceded that the trip was an undoubted success. True, the exhibits from Clemson were fine and were

admired by all; but, that spirit of fraternal fellowship and manliness which the student body, *The Fair Trip.* as a whole, exhibited during the week's stay, was the greatest attraction that Clemson had to offer. The people of South Carolina were given the best exhibition of college spirit that has been seen in many a day, and the courteous bearing of the* students to both friends and opponents, proved that this college spirit was the real, genuine article.



THE new dignity of being a senior is now beginning to lose a great deal of its glamour. It is now drawing near to the time when we shall be tested as to how well we have done the work of the first term, and we must get *Exams.* down to real, hard work. By this time, the class has learned how to shoulder its new responsibilities, and should be enabled to carry these along with the duties of class work without any conflict. Each member of the class should remember that we are now polishing up and broadening out the work of the past three years, and it is our duty to ourselves to meet the coming examination with more confidence than ever before felt.



A FEW more days and nearly the whole civilized world will be plunged into a round of festivity and praise. It should be borne in mind, however, that this period was not inaugurated for the sole purpose of festivity. *The Xmas Holidays.* The real significance of the Christmas holidays should not be lost sight of in the joys of rest from work and the reunion with friends and relatives. Everyone should feel in his heart the reverence for Him to whom all this tribute is being paid and should not permit himself to be lost for the moment in unwarranted

excesses. It is our hope that every member of the student body will enjoy himself as never before, and come back to college full of the determination for real work. THE CHRONICLE staff extends to all a most merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

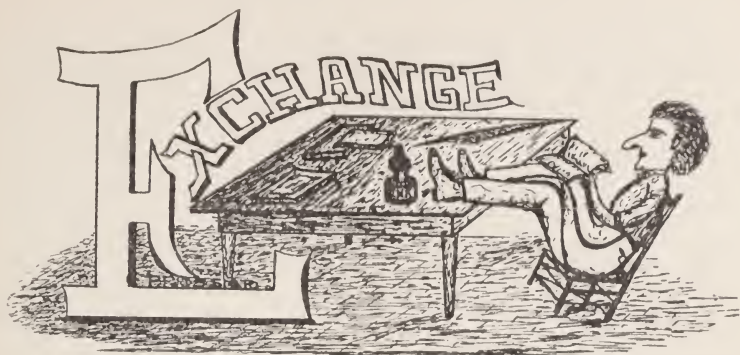


THIS is not directed at the other fellow, but to you. Are you supporting the college publications as you should? Is your name on the list of contributors kept by each editor?

This is not a literary college, we all know, but
A Personal Question. out of the three hundred men who are members of the different societies, it seems that there should be more who have the ability to write either an essay, story or poem. The majority of the students who make the different publications possible are men who belong to no society, but who have the welfare of the publications at heart. This should not be so, and we hope that the society men will wake up to their responsibility and get to work.



IT now seems that both the Dramatic Club and the Glee Club is a thing of the past at Clemson. The Glee Club has been one of Clemson's best attractions for many years past, and we regret to see so little interest displayed by the original members. Clemson
Organizations. has plenty of talent for both of these clubs and we see no reason why they should not be revived again this year. However, it is to be hoped that this indifference is only temporary because of the rush of the fall term, and that both clubs will be successfully reorganized after the Christmas holidays.



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. H. ALL, '11

We are glad to see that exchanges continue to arrive, and that we are not forgotten by our old acquaintances. Nearly all magazines seem to be late. Out of about thirty issues received, all are October numbers with the exception of a very few. It seems that we should strive equally as hard to have our publications appear on time as we strive to produce a well-balanced readable magazine. We are pleased with the general appearance of the copies received, most of which seem to have been carefully prepared. *The Wake Forest Student* and *The Davidson Magazine* are well-balanced indeed, each showing the result of careful preparation.



The Carolinian is one of the few November exchanges received; and although the literary department contains no extra fine pieces, we find a good number of readable articles well varied. Especially good are the editorials, the subjects of which are well chosen and equally as well treated. "The Hobo" is a short, first-class story, that holds the attention. The most striking features are the perseverance of the reporter and the opportune discovery of a hobo capable

of sending a message. We are not surprised that the editor should have some sympathy for the hoboes after having been assured of his present position by one of 'em. "A Mountain Maid's Revenge" rather tends to be drawn out, thus allowing the attention to lag at times. The principal character is very fickle, but such is sometimes found in nature. "Jefferson Davis and His History" is interesting, but we see in it nothing new. It's the same old patriotic "Jeff." The author of "At Evening" presents a beautiful picture that could have been very elegant had the brushes been more carefully guided over the canvas. Haste and carelessness seem to be present. The poems, as a whole, seem to contain more rhythm than poetry. The departments are good.



We are rather pleased with *The Emory and Henry Era* as the first issue, but we desire to see a much fuller table of contents in the future. In the literary department there are two poems, one debate, one story, and one essay. The better of the two poems is "The Hills of Emory." "I Offer Thee" is a good subject, but contains very little real poetry. By a little more exertion it should probably have been poetry. The negative side of the query, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished in the United States" is ably discussed, well expressed, and deserves credit. "The Menace of Privilege" is a very strong article, well written, exposing good, live thoughts and conditions. Parts of "After Many Years" are interesting and acceptable, but we would hardly find a lady hunting a book at such a time, or even entering a house that she supposes to be vacant. The author makes us believe that all this happened at night, which idea, I'm sure, he doesn't wish to convey. The departments are also deficient in bulk and

variety. The general appearance is pleasing and very presentable.



We cannot pass without mentioning *The Criterion* for October. Although a late arrival on our desk, yet it is a very welcome one. Like the first issues of many other magazines, its material seems to have come from the pens of its staff members. "The Complete College Magazine" was read with much interest, and, we hope, profit. Coming from the pen of an alumnus, it is well worth reading. "The Will and the Way" is a very readable love story. Its chief merit lies in the fact that the story is told by the characters in their conversations. "The Asheville Conference" gave a very clear idea of the Y. W. C. A.'s Summer Conference. In it the author showed considerable narrative and descriptive ability, never viewing a lovely landscape without drinking in the beauty thereof. The departments are well filled.



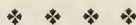
The Winthrop College Journal comes to us in a very simple, durable, yet attractive cover. On examination, we find all the departments represented, some more ably than others. Owing to the fact that the first issue did not appear till November, one would naturally expect the literary department filled to overflowing with beautiful poems, interesting stories and all-absorbing essays. As it is, we find two poems, three essays and two stories. Masterpieces of art always furnish inspiration to minds capable of being inspired, as we find in the piece, "On the Statue of Joan of Arc." "Kitty" is a passable love story. Of course, the little girl and little boy loved each other dearly, grew up together, fell out, made up, and—married. The author of Falstaff evidently has a good knowledge of Shakespeare's play, Henry IV. "The Peaceful Valley" is worthy of a place in

any literary publication. The more we read it, the more beauty we see in it. It seems to cast o'er us the spell of the "strange, still place" as we watch the "clouds creep softly 'cross the sky" and hear the "soft, low note of silvery music drift across the valley, speaking peace." Indeed, "peace reigns" supreme, and we are, for the time being, lost to the "rush and hurry," "the din of battles" and the "cold, hard, ruthless race for gain and honors."



It is with pleasure that we acknowledge the following:

The Hollins Magazine, The Carolinian, The Yellow Jacket, The Dahlonga Collegian, The Purple and Gold, The Erskinian, The Newberry Stylus, Lenoirian, The Buff and Blue, Emory Phoenix, The Collegian, The Bessie Tift Journal, The College of Charleston Magazine, Isaqueena, The Southern Co-Ed, The Mercerian, The Davidson College Magazine, The Furman Echo, The College Message, Wofford College Journal, The Winthrop College Journal, University of Texas Magazine.



Clippings.

A TRAGEDY (In four Acts.)

- I. Cram.
- II. Exam.
- III. Flunk.
- IV. Trunk. —Ex.



AN INSINUATION.

He: "I shouldn't marry a woman unless she was my exact opposite."

She: "You'll never find so perfect a being as that."—*Boston Transcript.*

OVERDOING IT.

"Dolan," said he, "what does them letters, MDCCCXCVII, mean?"

"They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-seven."

"Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they're overdoin' this spellin' reform a bit?"—*Ex.*



A NAUTICAL OSCULATION.

As they paddled along in a nook,
She said faintly, "Why, Algeron, look,
In that oak, I declare—
I see mistletoe there!"

* * * * *

And the crew fished them out with a hook.



WARNING.

It's best to clip gay folly's wings
And take this little hint,
Don't be the fool and do the things
That won't look well in print. —*Puck.*



BLASTED HOPES.

Uncle Gus: "So this is the baby, eh? I used to look like him at that age. What's he crying about now?"

Niece Susie: "Oh, Uncle Gus, he heard what you said."



ON THE LEVEL.

"Do you assimilate your food, Auntie?"

"No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open and honest, sah."



Most selfishness is just plain thoughtlessness.



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

THE FAIR TRIP.

Since the publication of the last issue of THE CHRONICLE, the corps has had quite a diversion from its usual routine. The Fair trip was the diversion, and was enjoyed by all. For the men who had never "roughed it out" it was quite a new and pleasant experience; and for those who had been there before, and who "knew the ropes," it was even more pleasant.

We are glad to hear the good opinions expressed by so many as to the behavior of the men. That part was better this year than ever before, and we sincerely hope it will continue to improve, if there is room for such.

Anyway, we think that the Clemson corps should have a permanent place in the State Fair, and should be ranked as one of the chief attractions. The trip is beyond the experimental stage now, and has proved itself a success in every way. We hope it will be put in the College Calendar next year as a part of the college course.

We are especially grateful to the Y. M. C. A.'s of the city of Columbia, and of the University of South Carolina, for the kindness and hospitality they showed us while we were at the Fair. We assure them that they added a great deal to the pleasure of our visit.

MR. KELLEY.

Two of the strongest addresses to which we have had the pleasure of listening this year were those by Rev. M. B. Kelley, pastor of the Methodist church. In the first of these, no subject was announced. The speaker took for his theme: "Our duty to God and to man because of the universal Fatherhood of God." If we have a right conception of God, the Father of us all, then our attitude towards our brother man will be settled as a matter of course. One noticeable and very pleasurable feature of this meeting was the goodly attendance. Despite the fact that the men had heard Mr. Kelley in the chapel service of that day, something more than the average number were out to hear him again at the evening service.

In his second address Mr. Kelley talked on the subject: "Friendship," and masterly indeed, was the manner of his handling it. Beginning with the time honored friendship of David and Jonathan, and Damon and Pythias, the speaker developed his theme, mentioning the friendship of Tennyson for Arthur Hallam, which led to the writing of "In Memoriam;" and the friendships of Mr. and Mrs. Brown-ing, shown in the writings of both. After dwelling on these for a short time, he came to his climax or major topic. "All these friendships," said he, "were worth while and highly desirable, but I bring you a friendship than which nothing is greater in all the world: a friendship which knows not the pangs of death, but goes on increasing throughout the ceaseless cycles of eternity." Eloquent and forceful was the presentation, and the closest attention was held from the beginning to the close.

R. L. SWEENEY.



We are glad to announce that Mr. DeWitt Miller, the noted lecturer, is to be with us on December 3d and 4th. It is understood that Mr. Miller is to address the regular

meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on the night of the 4th. All of us are looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure.



We have been notified by Dr. W. D. Weatherford, promoter of the movement, that the success of the Blue Ridge Association buildings is assured. This is especially good news. Next summer the Southern Student Conference will have a new home to go to—one that will eclipse anything in the South.



"I think you said, Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the west?"

"Yeh, boss, that's right."

"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"No, sah, none o' those; kalsomining."—*Everybody's*.



The "Freshies" are green,
The "Sophies" serene,
And the teachers are ever more stern;
The "Juniors" are shirking,
The "Seniors" are working—
Diplomas are what they will earn. —*Ex.*



Heads of Soph'mores all remind us,
If we dance the proper jig,
We will come back next September
With our own heads just as big.—*Ex.*



My heart's so full of love today
For all my fellow men,
I'd gladly knock somebody down
To help him up again.—*Ex.*

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EXPENSES

The regular fees for the session, not including tuition, are as follows:

Incidental fee	\$ 5.00	PAYABLE QUARTERLY.
Medical fee	5.00	September 7, 1910
Uniforms	29.18	November 9, 1910
Breakage fee	3.00	January 25, 1911
Board, washing, heat, light, etc.	76.52	March 29, 1911
TOTAL	\$118.70	TOTAL
		\$118.70

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XIV.

Clemson College, S. C., January, 1911.

No. 4.



Editors:

A. M. SALLEY, '11

W. N. HENDERSON, '11

J. H. KANGETER, '13

The Battle.

Just beyond the source of the Noatak River, and near the place where the Colville River begins to bend before heading straight away to the icy fastness of the most northern Alaskan plain, there lived a group of Eskimos known as the Kadiaks. These people, though living in a region vast, level and treeless, had in some way acquired a civilization quite superior to that of any of their kinsmen. From whom they descended is not known. Here, in the open icy plains, over which the northern wind swept cold

and merciless, they grew a stalwart, clean-limbed group of men and women who had successfully withstood the demoralizing influence of their weaker kinsmen, and of the low class of Russian and American adventurers who swarmed over the land. Over their whole country there were castles of ice, built in some of the most beautiful and original forms of architecture that ever attracted the eye of man. The only light which came to this country was the dull glare of the sun lying low on the horizon, and the flashing Aurora Borealis when the sun's three months' stay was ended. The only food with which to maintain the stalwart bodies of these people was obtained from the bears, reindeer, and migratory Arctic birds which sometimes came to feed on the tender lichens and mosses that covered the lowlying plains.

* * * * *

"So you, too, have failed? Have prepared for me, at once, fifty of the strongest and fleetest dogs these Eskimo swine have. Also prepare five sleds, and send Baranof to me immediately." While giving these directions, the Russian governor of Alaska was staring savagely at the young lieutenant before him. This was the third man he had sent to the land of the Kadiaks for their tribute of furs and skins. His failure had decided the governor himself to go; but not alone, for the preparation of the five sleds meant that twenty-five of the most savage and ferocious men under command of the demon, Baranof, were to be his companions.

In a few minutes the sleds were ready and on their way to the land of the Kadiaks. The inmates of the sleds were half drunk with vodka, and never gave the matter of their reception a single thought. They did not even dream of the spectacle which was then awaiting their eyes.

Since early morning the warriors of the Eskimos had been preparing for the coming of their foes. The fleetest team in the tribe had already brought in the news of the coming of the enemy. The head men of the tribe had called a meeting of the warriors, and in the strange, weird speech of the Northland had exhorted them to die in defense of their homes. All knew that superior arms and ingenuity in warfare were to be against them; but one look into the face of their beloved chieftain, as he strode around, peering from beneath his skins to see if all were well within the icy fortifications, made them know that a struggle unto death awaited the coming of the Russian tyrants.

Faint specks, becoming larger and larger as the sleds grew nearer, showed that the scouts were hurrying in with news. Soon the people were crowding around to hear the story of the coming Russians. Breathless, the scouts told of the five sleds loaded full of men, guns, and ammunition. Even as they finished speaking, excited, guttural shouts announced the appearance of five sleds in the far distance. Nearer and nearer they came, and the flashing Aurora Borealis seemed to thrust tongues of liquid fire in their hate of the invasion.

The band of Eskimos had not long to wait, for across the plains could be heard blasphemous commands to surrender. However, Baranof had sense enough to halt his teams far enough away to prepare for any attack from the village. He then shouted to the village for an unconditional surrender; and, as certain and sure, came back an indignant refusal. Full of rage at such an audacious resistance, which they had never before experienced, the Russians came on to the attack.

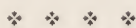
The Eskimos lay securely behind their thick ice walls, and waited until they could close in to a hand-to-hand conflict.

With every muscle taut and trembling, they lay ready to spring like a tiger on their oncoming foes. Bullets rained around them and sang over their heads, but they made no move. Then, as the Russians drew close and began to use their pistols, the band of warriors hurled themselves across the walls. Never before was there such a conflict. Howls and curses intermingled. The sound of shots was deadened by soft bone crunching beneath the blows of heavy stone hammers. The women of the tribe took up the weapons of their fallen masters, and fought with desperate courage. The weird gloom seemed to resound with a carnival of the furies. The chieftain of the Eskimos was shielded by the living bodies of his warriors, but soon the deadly pistols began to show their effect. Step by step, backward, was the fighting mass of humanity forced, until their own walls were at their backs. Then it was that the battle became a slaughter. The maddened Russians, no longer human, fired shot after shot into the fast falling band. The chieftain they tried to spare for a worse fate; but, when he saw all was lost, with a wild laugh, he leaped the wall and was gone. The Russians made short work of the remaining warriors, and still thirsting for blood, they entered the nearly emptied village. All upon whom they came were killed like dogs, until only the temple remained to be searched.

Here the demons paused. They had heard of this massive building of ice, which was so constructed that the displacement of a single secret block would cause the whole mass to tumble, and little did they care to be trapped. But as they stopped, a ringing war cry resounded from the topmost terrace. Looking upward, they saw the chief of the Kadiaks—not the last of his race, however, for beside him was a beautiful Eskimo girl, the one who was to have been his bride had not the battle occurred. Even as the shout

was heard, the massive building began to crumble. The lovers began to chant together the death wail, and, with a final rumbling roar the temple resolved itself into their sepulchre. The Aurora stopped, for the moment, its weird playing, and from that place the Russians fled as if accursed.

'11.



"Eyes."

We had enjoyed the Christmas holidays, and were returning to our respective colleges. The train was crowded with laughing boys and girls. I was sitting near a window, dreaming of those I had left behind, when suddenly I was pounced upon by my cousin, and soon found myself in the midst of a crowd of college girls. Very soon I had met them all, and was thoroughly enjoying their chatter, when my attention was attracted elsewhere. A graceful girl was entering the rear door of the car. She came forward, and very soon the introduction was over: "Miss Dean; Mr. James." Then one of the girls said, "She has such beautiful eyes, we girls call her "Eyes." Instantly I looked at her eyes. Never shall I forget their first impression. Large, clear, brown eyes, full of mischief, yet with a large amount of tenderness and sympathy for their background. Very soon, too soon, our ways parted, and the cruel train bore the laughing girls from my sight. I pursued my way to M—— College, and resumed my studies with a light heart. I heard from Miss Dean once or twice, and then I must have been forgotten; for I never heard from her any more.

Ten years had passed. I had completed my college course, and had been working for the government in the Philippines for eight years, when somehow I was filled with a

desire to return home once more. Preparations were speedily made, and in less than a week I was on my way.

My trip was uneventful, and very soon I alighted from my train at B——. I found that an old negro, Uncle Mose, was there to meet me. On my way from the station to my home, I began to question the old fellow about the changes which had taken place during my absence. There were a great many, but the one which impressed me most was the arrival of a strange family in the neighborhood. They had come down to spend the winter. The old negro then began to tell me about this family. "Boss," he said, "dey got de purtist little gal over dere I ever seed, an' ef you don't fall in love wid her, den I'm de biggest liar in de State."

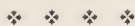
I soon reached home, and was so tired I retired very soon; but not without a few questions concerning this new family.

The next morning I decided to take a hunt; so, shouldering my gun, I started off. Fate, or rather fortune, directed my steps toward the home of the new neighbor. Scarcely had I gone a half mile when I heard rapid shooting in the woods near by. Thinking it was some sportsman who was having better luck than I was, I decided to intrude. Imagine my surprise when I came in view of a young lady dressed in a hunting suit, calmly picking up an unfortunate bird. I would have retreated, but it was too late, for she had seen me; so, summoning up my courage, I advanced and began to apologize. I stopped before I had finished, however, for I felt that I had seen this girl before. I glanced at her eyes, and instantly recognized them. Oh, those eyes! They had grown more beautiful, if such a thing could be possible. I explained my presence, and told her my name. She stretched forth a tiny gloved hand and said: "I recognized you, Mr.

James, for I had heard that you were coming home, and was expecting you."

That evening when I came out where Uncle Mose was hitching up my horse, he grinned at me and said: "I tole you so, Boss."

H. J. C., '12.



"A Posteriori."

Will thou tell me, cunning moon,
Is it lest thou rise too soon,
Or unwilling to be late,
That thou ling'rest at the gate,
Where the sunbeam has its birth,
And the heavens kiss the earth?

Nay, methinks on peeping out
O'er the world, and round about;
Timid of admiring eyes,
Thou art half ashamed to rise,
Till the clouds join hands to veil
Thy path across the skies.

Oh, moon, thou need'st not shy,
For you, I can reply:
It's in your mellow, dreamy rays
That the boys and girls have ways
Of sitting and chatting and loving,
All the while you are recovering.

H. T. P., '12.



On New Year's Morn.

Four years of his existence James Mauney had spent in Beaumont prison. Tomorrow would make the fifth year that had come and flitted away only to remind him of his remorse; and now, with his face hidden in his hands, even

though a convict, he sobbed aloud as he thought of the fifth new year that his aged parents in gloom and despair had sorrowfully spent.

The clink of the cell door aroused him; slowly lifting his head, he saw the jailer pass him a box, while the door swung back in its place, and the jailer's retreating footsteps sounded along the corridor.

Tenderly, he unloosed the string, and there, as a New Year's gift, a tempting sight before his eyes, lay some of the fruit cake that his mother had so often made. How many times, when a boy, had he playfully begged for another slice. Now, each mouthful only served to choke him; and, with a sting of remorse, he flung his emaciated body upon the hard iron cot, and gave vent to his feelings.

How well he remembered that night, when, five years ago, he, Dick and Harry (his two bosom friends) had yielded to temptation. It was a matter of only one drink, but it had sent their young blood careering through their veins until they were dare-devils.

It was a death-like night; all the elements had combined, and had completely covered mother earth. The only light available was that which the blanket of snow, in its purity, reflected back to the heavens. At intervals, the soft crunch of the snow revealed the fact that some lone passerby was plodding his way homeward.

A muffled explosion had revealed to the three riotous young men the gleaming contents of the safe of the National Bank. The clink of coin made a ghastly noise; but the deed was soon consummated, and he remembered how he was just picking up his share of the booty when the clasp of a pair of hand-cuffs held him powerless. Poor Dick and Harry had escaped—but to what? A life of shame and

sin now pursued them, and in what part of the world their poor bodies lay tonight, no one knew.

Again, the ignominious trial loomed up before him; how his father and mother, with implicit trust in their eyes, beamed on him as he sat in the prisoner's box. The speeches of the lawyers dully thudded in his ears; now, he could see the jurors file in to render their verdict; once more he could hear the stern voice of the judge pronounce the sentence which made him a doomed man for life.

The trial ended, but his aged parents found themselves penniless. They were forced to give up the pleasures and comforts of city life, and seek an humble home in the country. Here, in their little cabin, they were sorrowfully weeping their lives away, and their only child was a curse to their fast-falling gray hairs, rather than a blessing. Now, he could realize the wages of sin, and truly feel "the biting of the serpent and the stinging of the adder."

"O, God!" he groaned, "can it be possible, can it be?" as he fell back unconscious.

"James, my son, are you sick?" cheerfully asked his mother, as she knocked on his door; "we are waiting our New Year's breakfast on you."

James awoke with a start; he was not peering through steel bars, but the sun's rays were peacefully flitting across his own room, and the bright sunshine which now beamed upon him showed the breaking of another day in the cycle of years. He hurriedly dressed and passed down to breakfast. As he entered the dining room, he tenderly kissed his mother and father, and fervently gave thanks to God that on this day a new year and a new life had dawned for him.

"JABO," '11.

Electricity's Song.

Harness me down with copper coil,
Close to the driving wheel;
I boast of quick and tireless toil;
Help me my strength reveal.
On tracks of wire around the world—
Or wireless, I care naught—
Like missiles from a meteor hurled,
I race with time and thought.

Long have I lived unknown to man,
Asleep the centuries past;
But now I rest the blistered hand
That woke me up at last.
My days of rest are ending;
I had my last sweet dream,
For now my hum is blending
With lazy puffs of steam.

I look and laugh at weary arms
Tug at the sluggish boat;
I look with pity and alarm
On teams with galling yoke.
Each wheel that steam at last doth turn,
I could make faster go;
To shame I put all lamps that burn,
With my electric glow.

My reign has come and come to stay;
The world bows down to me.
My toil goes on from day to day,
Though still I'm wild and free.

So harness me down with copper coil,
Close to the driving wheel;
I boast of quick and tireless toil,
Help me my strength reveal.—*Anon.*

* * * *

Some Needed Rural Improvement.

The last decade of American history is marked by an ever-increasing stride in the field of agriculture, especially in the South, where the greatest of our people are reared in the rural districts. With the increased knowledge and interest in rural achievements, has come prosperity into the homes of our millions of farmers. This prosperity has been a blessing to our country, in that it has brought the great mass of people who formerly lived a life "from hand to mouth" to a state of independence. Indeed, some of those who were only a few years ago upon the verge of pauperism are today the moral, social, and political leaders of their communities.

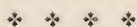
Everyone is fully aware of the prosperity of our rural population, but many are not willing to concede the fact that there goes hand-in-hand with this prosperity an uncalled for, but self-evident, extravagance. There is some question as to whether we should criticise the manner in which honestly earned money is disposed of; but, could our farmers be brought to see the need of home improvement in and around the farms, it is needless to say that the money spent in thoughtless extravagance would make manifold improvements. To put this portion of the farmer's finances to such use, would mean the enhancing of his property to, in some cases, many times its original value.

There are few so-called progressive farmers during this period of prosperity who have not built for themselves comfortable homes, and, in some instances, barns and stalls of modern conveniences; but the great scar upon the beauti-

ful face of the rural district is the unsanitary, half-fallen and decayed tenant houses which stand along the public highways as monuments to the extravagance and negligence of some of our farmers. In addition to these shameful tenant houses, many farms have upon them old buildings that cannot be, or are not, used for any purpose. Much beauty could be added by clearing away these old buildings and extending the farm crops to cover the now ugly spots.

Of equal significance is the neglect manifested by the failure to devote time and space to the growing of beautiful flowers, shrubs and trees for the beautifying of the homes. It is frequently the condition that the farmer crops his land almost to the door of his own home. Even when a portion of the land is intended for attraction, knotty and crudely kept trees and shrubs are the usual growths. The time is ripe for the farmer to learn the methods of beautifying his home by the proper planting and care of trees and shrubs.

We may safely conclude that the prosperity of our farming people will be checked if such adverse conditions as extravagance and negligence are not halted, and in their stead, a campaign for home improvement and beautifying be waged among our rural populace. So long as country environment is no more attractive than at present, there can be but little hope that the young men who should remain on the farm can be kept from the cities. R. W. F., '11.



A Runaway Story.

There have been many runaways in our great cities, some of them ending fatally, and some merely serving to excite or to amuse the bystanders; but, perhaps, there has never occurred another which came so near being serious in its results, and yet ended so ludicrously as this one. The inci-

dent I shall relate occurred in the city of Roanoke, Virginia, on December 24, 1907.

The city council had employed a large number of men in converting into a sewer a natural branch which flowed through the business part of the city. This branch ran straight down Campbelle avenue, for several miles. It had been arched over with stone and pavement laid over it, but it was now necessary to tear up this arch and enlarge the conduit, for it was to drain a large part of the city. The construction force had torn up the street for several hundred yards, and had dammed up the branch about half a block above the intersection of Campbelle avenue and Jefferson street. The excavation was about fifteen feet deep and twenty-five feet wide, extending down the middle of the street for about a hundred yards on both sides of the Jefferson crossing. This left only a narrow driveway on one side of the street, while what little room there was on the other side was taken up with large piles of stone and cement to be used in the construction of the conduit.

The street cars were running above the heads of the workmen, on a temporary track laid on heavy beams extending across the excavation. A large pipe was laid in the bottom of the ditch, and a great rotary pump kept the water above the dam from overflowing on the workmen. Down the center of the ditch was laid a track on which operated a huge traveling crane for hoisting the blocks of stone. At the intersection of Jefferson street, about one-third of the crossing was floored over, serving as a bridge for both pedestrains and vehicles.

One of the corner buildings here was used as a transfer station by the Electric Railway Company, and thus many passengers, while waiting for their respective cars, would stand about the excavation and watch the great traveling

crane lower the huge blocks of stone into place. On this particular afternoon, there was an unusually large number of onlookers, many of them ladies and children who had been doing Christmas shopping, and were, as a rule, laden with packages. Many passengers had crowded on the improvised crossing, hoping to be the first to secure seats on the several cars which would soon be due. Among these people, I was standing with a girl friend.

A short distance up Jefferson street was located the offices of a large retail coal dealer, and directly opposite was Fire Station Number Four. In front of the office of the coal dealer, a heavy truck loaded with fine powdered coal for a forge shop had stopped, while the driver went into the office for orders. The horses drawing the wagon were very heavy bays, which had until a short time before been used by the fire department. The driver, expecting to be gone but a moment, had left the team unhitched.

Suddenly, there rang out that sound so much to be dreaded on a crowded street. Clang! Clang!! Clang!!! A pause—two single strokes—another pause—and one more stroke. This told me that the fire was not near us, but it also attracted my attention to another danger. Instinctively, I looked up the street toward the fire station. I looked just in time to see those big bay horses hitched to the coal truck, true to their training, spring forward. The driver had just reached his seat and barely secured the lines. He was using all his strength to stop the horses, but could do nothing more than guide them. They were almost at the crossing, half of it crowded with people, half of it a deep excavation. The driver took in the situation. He braced himself and threw all his weight and strength on the lines. The one next to us snapped. The horses swerved, no doubt thinking that they were to turn into the next street; but they were

too near the excavation. They tried to stop, but too late. They plunged into the soft mud in the ditch beneath us, carrying the front wheels of the truck with them. The driver had jumped when the rein broke. The front of the truck, striking the ground, stopped so suddenly that the fine coal it held was thrown all over us, making us as black as itself.

But this was not all we were to suffer. It seemed that everyone was determined to reach our vantage point, and see what had become of the horses. The press was so great that we could not possibly retreat, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we maintained our footing on the edge of the bridge.

The horses proved to be only slightly bruised, and fortunately none of the workmen were near where they fell. The traveling crane was brought up, strong bands put around the horses, and they were lifted, kicking and struggling, above the level of the street, and swung around over the firm ground. The police had all they could do to clear enough space for landing them. The second horse lifted, was so much frightened, and began kicking so wildly as he was being swung over the street, that he caused somewhat of a panic among those near by. The result was that even more people crowded on the bridge in their effort to get out of the way. The bridge, not intended for such a strain, began to sink in the middle, at first slowly, and then more rapidly, until when about half way down, it struck a brace and stopped. At the first sinking, everyone made an effort to get off, but those of us nearest the edge had not been able to move when the bridge struck the brace and came to such a sudden stop. The shock was so great that it precipitated five of us nearest the edge into the soft mud beneath. My companion and I both fell flat on our faces, and though

covered with mud, we were not hurt. Indeed, it was only the soft mud that saved us from injury.

I picked myself up and managed to wipe enough mud from my eyes to open them and look for my friend. It was not an easy matter to recognize her, covered as she was with coal dust and mud, and drenched with dirty water. The crowd, seeing that we were not hurt, began to laugh, much to our chagrin, for at first we thought only of ourselves as the object of their mirth. But, on looking around, we concluded that we were mistaken; it certainly was the tall young man who was using his white handkerchief to wipe the mud from his silk hat, totally oblivious of the fact that his back was covered with mud, that he was standing knee deep in it, and that the coal dust had made his face closely resemble that of a negro minstrel; or it was the stout lady who was wading about in the mud, gathering up her numerous packages which had been scattered in every direction, and declaring in not the sweetest tones, that she "didn't see what a'body seed to laugh at in folks gettin' their bes' clothes ruint."

But soon the tall young man and the stout lady caught sight of each other and of us, and both began to laugh, thinking that it was the others and not themselves after all that were exciting so much laughter. A ladder was lowered, and one by one, we climbed out, the heroes of the day; but we all felt that we would rather not win fame again,—at least not in that way. J. M. W., '12.



My First Night at the Phosphate Mines.

(Apologies.)

Several years ago, I accepted a position as storekeeper at the phosphate mines, near Mount Pleasant, Tennessee. At that time, the stores at phosphate works were largely sup-

ported by the negro trade, and it was seldom that white people lived nearer to the stores than a mile or even a mile and a half.

The negro laborers at such mines were of a very low class, and such things as stealing, drinking, house-burning, and even killing, were common among them.

I arrived at these mines to take charge of my business about twelve o'clock one morning. Upon my arrival, I met the superintendent of the phosphate works, Mr. Haskel, who was also proprietor of the store which I was to take charge of. Mr. Haskel and I had quite a little business chat in regard to the safety of the keeping of the store. Then, after showing me around the place, he departed for his home in Mount Pleasant, which was about three miles from the mines.

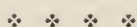
The store in which I found myself was a large one. It was situated on a small hill at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from any buildings at all, except an old stable and an old log cabin in which a negro, who attended to duties around the store, lived. Adjoining the store, was a small room which was to be my bedroom.

Being somewhat tired, I decided that I should retire early. However, it was about eleven o'clock before I got to bed.

Shortly after I retired, and just as I was nearly asleep, I heard someone knock at the door. At first, I was scarcely sure I heard the knocking, so I listened again. This time, I heard the noise very plainly, but still, I did not answer. After I had heard the rapping the third time, I asked: "Who's there?" but got no reply. Suddenly I heard the knock again. "Who's there?" I asked, but still got no answer. I now suspected that someone was waiting for me to open the door, and as soon as I should do so, he would rush in upon me, tie me, and rob the store. I now got my

revolver and sat on the side of the bed wondering what I should do. The knock came again and again, but I could get no answer from the outside. Finally, I became disgusted, and in a very rough tone of voice, I exclaimed: "Who is that out there?" But still I got no answer.

Being unable to have my call replied to, I tip-toed up behind the door, slipped the iron latch back, cracked the door open and fired, at which moment about forty goats began running in every direction out of the piazza. Some ran into an old buggy, while others ran over barrels and boxes that were stacked on the outside. After I had fired three times, I became aware of the fact that the noise I heard was nothing more than the knocking of the goats' feet against the piazza floor while they were scratching fleas, but I fired twice more anyhow; and then, after having a good laugh at myself, I went back to bed.



"For All Eternity."

Joy Willard was rightly named, being one of those rare types that we often dream about as our ideal, but very seldom meet face to face. Her whole being seemed to emanate good cheer, and eternal youth and joy.

She was spending the summer in the mountains of north-western South Carolina, on the border line of North Carolina, as a companion and trained nurse to Mrs. James Young, a gentle, white-haired old lady, whose sole pleasure in life consisted in doing charitable deeds.

Her deceased husband had left her very comfortable in this world's goods.

God had indeed tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, when he brought Mrs. Young and Joy Willard together.

Joy's lot in life, up to the time that she met Mrs. Young, was anything but enviable, as the niece of her rich uncle.

It made a very nice sounding paragraph in the Atlanta Journal society column for other folks to read, when it said:

"Col. and Mrs. George Simonds have as their permanent guest Miss Joy Willard, of Fort Worth, Texas, the orphan niece of Col. Simonds, at their residence on Peachtree street. Miss Willard will prove quite a charming addition to the social set of the city, and is being warmly welcomed by her uncle's friends."

Such a state of affairs should have proved delightful, but since Joy was not the niece of her aunt, and was so superior in every way to her cousins, the Misses Simonds' life became almost unbearable, for they were extremely jealous of her beauty and charm, and did not hesitate to make her feel that she was living on her uncle's bounty.

All this called for swift action to such a nature as Joy Willard's. She determined to get away, and that as soon as possible. She had always had a great aptitude for nursing the sick, and caring for any suffering thing, so that her thoughts immediately turned to the City Hospital. She gained admittance, and at once began to learn the art. It was while she was here in training that Mrs. Young was brought to the hospital with an almost incurable form of asthma. Joy was so tender and attentive to her patient that it became a fond whim of Mrs. Young to offer Joy a position as companion to her, thinking that it would be congenial for both, as neither had kith nor kin to care for her. This seemed the very opportunity that Joy Willard was looking for; so, upon receiving her diploma as a trained nurse, she was very glad to be able to thank her uncle for his kindness in befriending her when in need, but assuring him now that she was self-supporting, and would henceforth make her home with Mrs. Young, wherever that might be.

The nature of Mrs. Young's disease required a constant change of climate, especially in the spring time of the year.

A little farm house quite near the famous Lake Toxaway, had been recommended to them as a quiet, restful boarding place; so it was at old Farmer Winchester's log cabin that Joy and Mrs. Young were ensconced for the summer. Both loved nature and nature's creatures, so that life to them at such a place was interesting and soul-satisfying.

There was nothing that pleased Joy more than running down the pasture lane and catching Frank (Mr. Winchester's faithful old saddle horse), and saddling him herself; she having learned this art when a little child on her father's ranch in Texas. She had a way with dogs and horses that claimed them as her slaves for life. In fact, everything and everyone that came within the radius of her personality was almost invariably caught and held in sheer admiration, for what was it that she could not do, and do charmingly, from feeding little baby pigs, making delicious biscuits and binding up the bruises of the Winchester twins (David and Jonathan), to playing her guitar on the steps of the cabin door at nightfall, accompanied by the most dulcet and musical of voices.

'Tis no wonder that Hayne Williams, when he was riding horseback one Wednesday evening, just about dusk, on his way to Farmer Winchester's, or Uncle Si's, as he was fond of calling him, to buy some specially fine young Berkshire pigs, stopped "Dixie," his faithful little pony, within a few hundred steps of the cabin to listen to such strains of melody as was borne to him on the still mountain air. Never in his life had he heard anything that had so stirred his soul. He was at a loss to know what to make of it. He listened, and as he did so, these words were wafted to him: "Think-

ing I hear thee, thinking I hear thee call." He waited until the last echo of the song died on the distant hills.

He thought he would answer the "call," and at once spurred "Dixie" forward. Old Si and all the family were scattered around the door steps and the little stoop that served as a porch to the cabin, when Hayne Williams, on his little "Dixie," reined up. "Why, howdy, Hayne; won't you light and come in?" was the familiar greeting that old Si gave him—an invitation, under the circumstances, that he was not slow to accept.

"Miss Joy, this is Mr. Hayne Williams; Hayne, this is Miss Joy Willard, and over there in this rockin' chair is Mrs. Young—now, I reckon yourn'ses know each other."

Hayne Williams bowed to each of the ladies in turn. He was very much concerned, however, with the soft light in the brown eyes of Miss Joy Willard, as with a captivating smile, she extended her small white hand to him; the little hand that had a moment ago struck out such sweet chords of harmony. He was just thinking about how delightful it would be to crush such a dainty little hand within his own strong palm and keep it there forever, when old Si spoke up: "How you comin' on with your plowin', Hayne?"

This remark recalled him to his senses, whereupon he remarked that his tenants were about up with their work, and that he had ridden over to see some Berkshire pigs, that he heard old Si had for sale.

Both men went into the lot, then, to look at and price the pigs.

Joy took advantage of their absence to inquire of Mrs. Winchester who the good looking young stranger was, for it was a revelation to her that such a man as she perceived him to be should be found in those parts, and this is what she learned.

Hayne Williams was a native of Florida, but two years ago he had bought a mountain tract of land about four miles from their place, and he and his widowed mother lived in a picturesque little bungalow on the side of the mountain.

He had bought the place for its lumber, as an investment; but he also did some farming and cattle raising.

As for the rest, Joy could see for herself that he was six feet tall in his boots, of commanding looking figure, with clear, blue eyes that had a quiet way of taking one in from head to foot and then smiling approval (a trick that Joy in no way resented, since Hayne was Hayne and Joy was Joy).

After this first meeting, Hayne found many little business transactions that could be made with old Si better than at any other place in the mountains.

Joy found that it was of no use to go horsebacking all alone, when Hayne so kindly offered to be her bodyguard on all such jaunts.

Thus it happened that about half past six one summer morning, you might have seen the two riders slowly winding their way up the mountain en route to an all-day singing and picnic, the greatest of all country social events, to be held fifteen miles distant at Mt. Zion church.

Hayne had amused Joy very much by his description of the event, so that she was keyed up to the highest pitch of enjoyment in anticipation of the day's outing; for, really, such a thing meant an experience to her, a side of life that she had never before seen.

Hayne had stuck one of the ferns that grew by the wayside in Joy's rush hat, while she returned the compliment by add-

ing quite a jaunty touch to his sombrero by sticking a fern in, like the feather in Macaroni's cap, as she laughingly said.

Joy was always in such a gleeful spirit that it was Hayne's chief delight to meet it half way with his own. Consequently, our young friends had been riding along in such a festive humor that neither one had noticed, until it burst upon them in all the fury of a mountain storm, the cloud that had slowly been gathering above their heads. If you have never been caught in the fury of a mountain storm, you cannot realize what it means.

The lightning came in such vivid flashes that both riders were fairly blinded and dazed, while the thunder rolled and reverberated from hill to hill, and the trees about them swayed and moaned in the rising wind. The rain was now falling in terrific torrents. "My darling;" and, with a sudden movement, Hayne grasped Joy from her saddle and spurred "Dixie" to a full gallop just in time to escape a huge poplar that at that moment fell across the road, bearing poor old "Frank" to the ground with it.

O, such a moment! Would the two ever forget it—when any minute seemed to be their last, as down they rushed over rocks and mountain streams, the brave and wearied "Dixie" struggling under his double burden.

"Thank God! We are saved," murmured Hayne, as they emerged from the rocky fastness to find themselves on the main road; the clouds above them parted, the blue showing between the rifts.

He leaned down and whispered to Joy, who had lain like a frightened bird in his strong clasp: "Darling, since we have ridden through the valley of the shadow of Death together, may we not, likewise, climb the hill of Life together?"

And what did Joy Willard say?

The glistening raindrops and the tender mountain breeze will both tell you that she looked up into the face of her preserver and faintly and timidly whispered, "For all Eternity."

L. C. HARRISON, '11.



DETERRENTS.

"George," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday."

"That's right, my dear," replied his wife's husband; "I'm going to keep them until our Willie wants to learn to smoke."—*Chicago News*.



AFTERMATH.

'Twas the month after Christmas
And Santa had flit;
Came there tidings for father
Which read: "Please remit."



REGARDING CHICKENS.

Senator Money, of Mississippi, asked an old colored man what breed of chickens he considered best; and he replied:

"All kinds has merits. De w'ite ones is de easiest to find; but de black ones is de easiest to hide aftah you gits 'em."



ALTITUDE RECORDS.

Butcher: "Twenty-eight cents a pound."

Mrs. Murphy: "That's awful high. I guess that's the aviation meat Oi've been reading so much about."

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto
Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

COMPETITION and friendly rivalry, either between individuals or organizations, always acts as a spur to greater efforts and more perfect work. Loyalty and interest, both,

would be stimulated if the three literary societies at Clemson would adopt the plan of having inter-society debates. A joint meeting of any two of the organizations, with a team of picked debaters from each, would arouse more interest than any two meetings the individual society could hold. Especially would this be true were a small prize offered for the winning team. A trial of this plan could do no harm, and a successful outcome would be a great benefit in common.



To OUR alma mater who has nurtured and cared for us during the time spent within her walls, there is some appreciation due. Most of us came with only a limited experience and a primary education. Now *Appreciation.* we can soon go forth confident in the power which knowledge has given us. Does not our alma mater deserve some marked show of appreciation? Of course, the greatest gift we can offer is the living of a life which can only cause her to be proud that we are her sons; yet, some gift should be left by each class as it passes from within her walls to show the world that, though we are not present, we are ever a living part—rejoicing in her success and sorrowing in her mistakes.



AGAIN has the time for making new year resolutions rolled around. It is to be hoped that every student in the institution has resolved to make this term his most successful one, and will not allow idleness and indifference to his work to conquer his will. If one *The New Year.* would but pause a moment and see in how many ways the college might be benefited by a proper interest of the student in the numerous activities going on

around him, a resolution for the better and more thorough work would force itself upon him with such intensity that its influence could not be disregarded. Let us make a few good resolutions; and, when they have been made, stick to them.



THE different classes are now trying out men for their teams. Every man in college, whose physical condition will permit, should go out and try for a place *Class* on these teams. It is here that material for the *Football*. 'Varsity football team is found, and unexpected talent is uncovered. A beautiful silver trophy cup is annually awarded to the successful class team, by the Athletic Association.

* * * * *

An encouraging word from those who are interested is always a source of inspiration and delight to THE CHRONICLE staff.

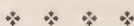
Such a word was received a few days ago from our former president, Dr. P. H. Mell, of Atlanta, commending the staff on the Christmas issue of THE CHRONICLE. The letter, which is published in part below, should be thoroughly appreciated by every man in college, and the future which he has wished for THE CHRONICLE should be striven after by every man connected therewith.

"This is a beautiful number of THE CHRONICLE, and I have read it with considerable pleasure. I have felt during my entire time as president of the college that THE CHRONICLE reflected great credit on the institution, and I considered it as one of the most important factors engaged in the building and developing of the Clemson Agricultural College. I have carefully preserved all the numbers issued

during my administration, and they have found a conspicuous place on the shelves of my library.

"Please convey to the editorial staff my expression of a happy new year, and the hope that THE CHRONICLE may continue, as in the past, the important position it has always held in the welfare of the college.

"I wish for Clemson College and for the individual members of the student body a prosperous year, and a future bright with happiness and success. I shall always retain a warm attachment for the college and the boys who were associated with me during my administration, and I shall rejoice in the future growth of the institution into the splendid magnitude which the college so richly deserves. It will be a source of great delight to me to learn of the success attending the efforts of the boys who attended Clemson College during my term of service, and it will at all times be a pleasure to me to be of service to any of them whenever the opportunity presents itself to me."



AMBIGUOUS.

He: "I wish I had money enough to travel; I wouldn't be here."

She: "Wouldn't that be delightful?"



"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is so hopeful of wakin' up an findin' deirse'fs famous dat dey puts in mos' o' deir time going to sleep."—*Exchange*.

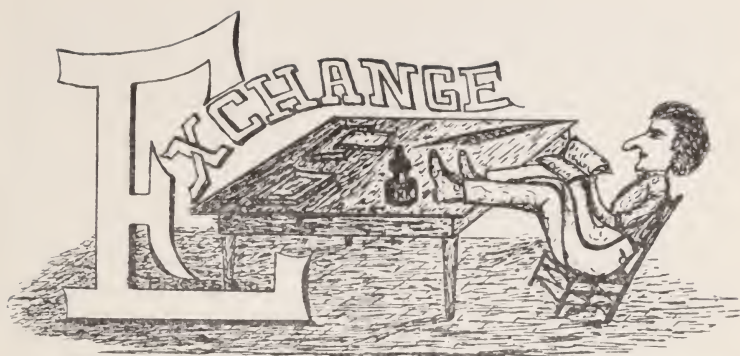


He stood on the bridge at midnight,

Disturbing my sweet repose;

For he was a big mosquito,

And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.—*Exchange*.



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. H. ALL, '11

The Christmas issue of the *Palmetto* came to our table bound in a very attractive and, in our opinion, a very appropriate cover. We think that all magazines should get up a special design for the Christmas issue. The opening piece, "At Twilight," is a poem of considerable merit. "A Criticism of Samuel Johnson" shows considerable thought. "Carolo; or, A Christmas in the Snows" relates an instance of the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog. The dog discovers his master's son covered with snow. "Grandmother's Story" gives a very vivid account of the harsh treatment endured by a Southern family during the war. The author should be a little more careful in the use of some sentences and phrases. Hardly would one speak of the railroads being torn up or destroyed as the "railroads were derailed." The departments were well represented in this issue. We heartily agree with the editor in the editorial on the "Support of the College Magazine," in that "the magazine belongs to the student body, and, therefore, ought to represent the work of that whole organization."

The Lenorian for December made its appearance in an attractive Christmas frock of an original design. The three poems, one story and three essays found in this issue are, on the whole, above the average. However, when we note that there are only three contributors to the literary department, and that three poems and two essays are by the same author, we fear that the students, as a whole, are not doing their duty to the magazine. Possibly it is a case of "circumstantial monopoly." "International Peace" shows that the author is wide-awake on a subject of vital importance. Existing evils, which prevent peace, are outlined. A clear distinction is made between "things" and the "show of things." But we beg to differ with the author when he says the "Hague" is a "fake." Is it not "narrowing the chances of conflict by opening wider the doors of arbitration?" "The Fall of Rome" is historically interesting. "Reflection on Man" shows how base a slave man is to his passions, how vacillating his nature, and how easily led astray by selfishness. Every college student should read and be greatly benefited by "The Value of Careful Reading."



Better late than never. Not alone, however, even though the staff is doing most of the writing, *The Davidson Magazine* for December is good, although better issues have probably appeared in the past. The poems are good, except it appears the meter is slightly neglected. "To an Anemone" is a pretty thought, but isn't it a little too poetic to say "to me each flower that blows declares * * * etc.?" "The Losing Fight" and "Mosquitoes," though differing so greatly in character, are indeed very singular and interesting. "The Honor System in Colleges" is a live topic and worth reading, but its author should refer to the Novem-

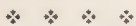
ber number of the *Carolinian* and read of its origin. The departments are full. We would like to thank the exchange for its kind remarks upon at least two articles in our pages.



Among the still tardier is the *Wofford Journal*. Its appearance is pleasing and attractive, and is in fine accord with the time. "The Christ Child" presents a picture that is old, and yet ever new. "The Pathos of a Broken Leg" holds attention because of its oddity. There is nothing extraordinary or above mediocrity in "The Police Inspector's Death." Its aim seemed to have been a detective story. We would not discourage the author, however, as a start had to be made. "The Early Settlement of South Carolina" should be interesting to all who dwell within her borders, though we have read the same thing time and again. It shows preparation, however, and is well presented. "The Once Beloved Hand" is a very good poem, well written, and contains a good thought. "Christmas" seems to be an attempt to fit thought to words. The editorials are rather short but live, and the exchange is up to the standard.



We acknowledge receipt of *The Mercerian*, *The College Message*, *The Collegian*, *The Carolinian*, *Trinity Archive*, *The Buff and Blue*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *Bessie Tift Journal*, *Florida Pennant*, *Newberry Stylus*, *Lenoirian*, *The Columbian*, *The Dahlonga Collegian*, *The Chisel*, *The Erskinian*, *The Skirmisher*, *The Criterion*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, and *William Wood's College Record*.



"Generally speaking, women are—"

"Yes, they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."—*Exchange*.



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

Prof. Riggs.

Acting President Riggs addressed us on the 27th of November at the regular meeting. He also took one of the chapters from the book on the negro problem, "The Education of the Negro," as his subject.

He said in part: "I suppose everyone of us here (I know I do) feel that we owe the negro a debt of gratitude which we will never be able to pay. The negro was most productive before the war in forming the conditions for the world-renowned chivalry of the South. And then, most of us here can look back upon the time when an old negro "mamma" held us in her spacious lap and told us folklore and kept us from getting into mischief. Who does not remember how kind old Uncle Tom was when we wanted to "ride the hay" or take the horses to water. Therefore, we should study how we can uplift the negro, so that the younger generation may be worthy of the good name their fathers have left them.

"The trouble with the negro's education today is that he hasn't enough, and what he has is not of the right kind. About all that is taught in the negro school is the old-time 'three R's, readin' ritin' and rithmetic.' Practically no industrial education has been given him in the past; but

the foremost negro schools, such as Tuskegee, are awaking to the fact that that education is the proper one for the race.

"As little has been done for the negroes according to the work they have done for us as for any people since the dawn of time, and it is much to our discredit when we say it.

"Just what will become of the negro laborer when the Labor Unions come into the South is not known; the negro is more than apt to be pushed out of the way by the more skillful men of the unions. The negro laborer is already becoming scarce in the South; he is moving to other parts rapidly. But the South wants to keep the negro for his cheap labor; so the only thing to do is to teach him to be the right kind of a laborer. It is suicidal for the South to say they should not be educated, for the development of the South depends so much on the negro.

"We should give him some trade, so that he will not become a parasite. He should be educated to do the work which the white man does not want to do, and is not in condition to do.

"Just as a college education makes a fool of some white people, so it does of the negro, so we ought not to blame the whole system of negro education if it turns out a few fools. Without an education, there is no telling how low that very same fool would have been."

As shown above, Prof. Riggs' address was a most meaty and interesting one, and those of us who heard him consider ourselves fortunate.



Prof. Daniel.

Mr. DeWitt Miller, who was here on December 3d to give a Lyceum lecture, and who was expected to give a lecture to the Y. M. C. A. Sunday night, was unable to stay

over until that time. Of course all were very sorry not to hear Dr. Miller Sunday night, but Prof. Daniel consented to take his place, so we were not disappointed after all.

Prof. Daniel took as his subject one of the chapters of Dr. Weatherford's "Negro Life in the South"—the one on the religious life of the negro. The crudeness and superstition of the negro's religion were described. He said in part:

"There is no feeling of obligation in the religion of the negro. He goes to his church, worships with all his might, but when he gets out, he does not feel that he is under any obligation to the Lord—he proceeds to steal a chicken or some other thing equally as bad. Only two per cent. of the negro ministers are above reproach.

"The best definition of Christianity is 'humanity uplifted and glorified.' If we are true Christians, we will try to uplift and glorify humanity, and the negro is human.

"If we can get the negro to see what real religion is, there is some hope for him. Most of us do not try to show the negro this, on account of the prejudice against him. But, in my opinion, the ones who hate the negro most come from the lowest classes, and most shiftless.

"The broadminded men of the South say it is the duty of the South to do all it can to uplift the negro, since by lifting them we will also lift ourselves proportionally. I have just as little respect for the white man who will cheat a negro out of a nickel, as I have for the negro who steals a chicken.

"There is no danger of the negro ever getting the upper hand—the white race is superior to the black, and will continue to be, for the white is made out of better stuff than the black, and that difference will never be brought to the zero mark."

The Business Meeting.

The regular semi-annual business meeting of the association was held on December 11th. Reports from each committee were handed in, showing the work each had done, and the success each had had in that work. These reports indicated a very flourishing association. Every one was agreeably surprised to find that, contrary to all expectations, that it was in better shape than last year.

In addition to this, Prof. Keitt made us a short talk, taking as his subject the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, laying particular stress on the thirteenth verse: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

He said: "The greatest commandment is 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' The true test of the Christian is his love for his fellow-men." Enlarging upon this, he told us many interesting and beneficial things, which we would all do well to abide by.

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South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.

Clemson College Chronicle—F. H. Jeter, Editor-in-Chief; L. D. Boone, Business Manager.

Calhoun Literary Society—R. W. Freeman, President; J. R. Crawford, Secretary.

Columbian Literary Society—F. H. All, President; J. F. Ezell, Secretary.

Palmetto Literary Society—W. N. Henderson, President; C. B. Faris, Secretary.

The Clemson College Annual of 1911—A. M. Salley, Editor-in-Chief; J. B. Keith, Business Manager.

Clemson College Sunday School—Hale Houston, Superintendent; F. H. All, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association—E. N. Sitton, President; A. G. Small, Secretary; R. L. Sweeney, General Secretary.

Clemson Biological Club—....., President; A. F. Conradi, Secretary.

Clemson College Science Club—T. G. Poats, President; S. T. Howard, Secretary.

Athletic Association—W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.

Football Association—M. W. Arthur, Manager; W. H. Hancel, Captain.

Track Team—....., Manager; R. G. Stevens, Captain.

Baseball Association—J. B. Keith, Manager; W. R. Connelly, Captain.

Clemson College Glee Club—P. L. Bissell, Manager; E. A. McCreary, Secretary.

Cotillion Club—Joseph E. Jenkins, President; A. P. Fant, Secretary.

German Club—R. H. Walker, President; J. W. Blackwell, Secretary.

The Tiger—R. W. Freeman, Editor-in-Chief; E. S. Jenkins, Business Manager.

Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.

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Medical fee	5.00	September 7, 1910
Uniforms	29.18	November 9, 1910
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Board, washing, heat, light, etc.	76.52	March 29, 1911
TOTAL	\$118.70	TOTAL
		\$118.70

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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Editors:

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The Intrusion of Lady B—.

"And they lived happily ever after." They do in fairy tales, at least; and every one who had the dubious pleasure of ignorance on the subject, mentally added it to the little romance which culminated in *The-Little-Church-Around-the-Corner*, with Braddon and Esther Wasden as principals.

After the ceremony, Braddon led his wife to the previously selected flat on —th street, and his club fellows sorrowfully drew a line through the name of one more "good fellow" who had "gone wrong." For two weeks, Mrs. Braddon and

personified happiness were synonymous. Then fate, with a malicious chuckle, stuck a finger into their domestic pie; and, figuratively speaking, "turned the world awry." 'Twas thus:

Braddon occupied a fairly lucrative position as junior member of a firm of street brokers. His hours were short, his work easy, his wife extremely lovely—and everything tended to make him view with disfavor the thought of the inevitable change for either one of the two totally different "ultimate destinations." One morning, after a fortnight of domestic felicity, Mrs. Braddon dutifully kissed her lord and master good-bye on the landing, and sent him forth to chase the elusive dollar amid the barbarians of Wall street. After seeing his stalwart form safely aboard a car, Mrs. Braddon turned, with many feminine thrills, to her manifold household duties. In the course of these, she came on a business suit of Braddon's, which he had, man-like, thrown carelessly on a chair. The instinct of a sweetheart led her to hug them tightly; the instinct of a good housekeeper led her to carefully fold them; and the instinct of the d—l led her to glance cautiously around, and then run an inquisitive hand through the pockets. The immediate results were commonplace—a broken cigar; a dilapidated meal ticket; some old letters; and then—oh, shades of blissful benedicts!—a business card, with some writing on the back. Mrs. Braddon hugged herself at the prospective unearthing of a business secret. Taking the card to a window, she carefully spelled out the lines:

"Nothing doing with Lady B. today; will try tomorrow.
J. B."

Mrs. Braddon gasped—turned white—and read it again; and then she took refuge in that nepenthe of all human ills—tears.

"The b—brute!" she sobbed, "and he had the face to kiss me good-bye! Oh, I hate him—I hate him!" (Sundry female imprecations and multitudinous tears.) "I shall go back to mother—"

So, when Billy Braddon came whistling home that afternoon, he missed the flyng footsteps and the muchly desirable osculation with which his wife was wont to greet him. The entire flat bore evidence of a hurried departure, presumably of his wife, since she was nowhere to be found. Braddon, who was ninety per cent. lover and ten business, allowed his lover's part to have full sway for several minutes. It found voice in loudly calling her name, and in vague and terrible fears. Then the nature of the New Yorker, who has spent rather more than a score of years dodging automobiles and wheat "corners," came to his rescue. A swift review of possible explanations terminated in a hurried phone call and a conversation with Mrs. Wasden.

"Yes, this is Billy—Is Eck there? She is! Well—what's that? She'll *stay*! (The devil!) But—Yes, I'm coming right around—She won't! Well, we'll see—Thanks, 'amma; I think I can explain; though it beats me! Good-bye!"

It was, without a doubt, perplexing to discover that one's wife, so devoted in the morning, should suddenly decide that one was decidedly *de trop* in her scheme of happiness, and should leave for the maternal home. It did not help matters to learn that she solemnly and sobbingly swore not to see her erstwhile lord and master.

Billy strode into the house, pushed past the maid, and went up the steps, three at a time, straight into his mother-in-law's room, and confronted his wife, who was lying on a couch, sobbing bitterly and vehemently.

"Eck!" he began, stretching out his arms, but she turned her back.

"Go away—oh, go away! I don't want to hear any of your lies—"

"Eck!"

"—— I know you think you could explain—you men are always anxious to 'explain,' but my—heart—is—broken—and—"

Billy, with a decision that would have done credit to a more experienced head, took her in his arms, and forcibly removing her hands from her tear-stained face, said:

"Come, dear, this isn't sportsmanlike. Give a fell'a a showing—what's the matter?"

"Y—you know very well"—and the dark head made an ineffectual attempt to escape from his shoulder.

"But I don't! I haven't the least idea. Tell me, sweetheart."

"That w—woman—;" sobs shook the form in his arms and tears ruined his collar.

"Woman? For heaven's sake what woman?"

"L—Lady B—"

"Lady B? Who the deuce? Oh, I see! Ha! ha! ha!" Mrs. Braddon raised her head to gaze in utter astonishment at her stalwart husband, who was laughing uproariously.

"I don't see anything funny," she said resentfully.

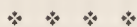
"B—but, dear, there isn't any Lady B,—that's just a nickname for a road;" and her "perfect brute" of a husband went off into another spasm.

"But I found a note, that said you couldn't see 'her' that day, and—"

"That was in reference to some stock we were after. A friend who was tracing it wrote me of his failure to get any, and—"

But the storm was over. A repentant wife returned to her serpentless Eden. And they lived happily ever after—that is, till fate again happened to glance their way.

. B.



A Dream.

I had a dream the other night,
That dream was wondrous fair.
I dreamed about a blue-eyed girl
With lots of golden hair.

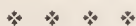
I dreamed I saw her standing by
The mill pond, dark and deep,
And her beauty overspread
The lilies in their sleep.

She was graceful as the lily,
And with heart so full of love.
I thought she'd join the angels
In the heavens up above.

As she waved her little hand
In a gesture of farewell,
I thought I'd never seen
Such a flower of the dell.

But dreaming cannot last
Beyond the bounds of night;
And I woke at early morning,
When my dreams took wings in flight.

H., '14.



Ambition.

Since man has existed upon this magnificent earth, there has been foremost in his mind the one principal desire—ambition. Idleness may overshadow a man's ambition, or

with an attempt at meekness, it may come in frail, fickle visions; yet, one may be sure it will come. Before any one is wholly aware of it, the venturesome goddess of ambition has stolen away the heart of the weakest to the very strongest. And she pushes her plans with untiring zeal; she makes the slothful alert; she makes weakness strength. Under the rule of this undefinable power are held the young men who are passing through the crisis of their lives from youth to manhood, from inaction to action.

It is not the purpose of us Americans to praise the young men of our country for their dreams, or for their high ideals, which probably are never converted into energy; but to our citizens who are shouldering the burdens and responsibilities of life, we should give undying praise; for, truly, these men are the real men and not the ideal men of our country. Who could utter words that would praise too highly the citizens of our country who are following in the straight paths, and who have the greatest desire in their hearts to make this progressive country of ours what it should be?

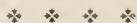
This is an age in which we are accused of taking the wrong views of the purposes of life. Many a young man's highest and supreme ambition is to be a great money-maker. When we see a man who makes money-making his soul's ambition, we cannot picture a very bright future for him. Men who have no purpose except the amassing of great riches are sure, sooner or later, to go down to destruction. Now, let us turn to the other class. For every one of these heartless wretches we have hundreds of young men who have more noble ambitions. These men are the sign-posts that point the liberty-loving Americans in the paths of right in which our forefathers started them.

The power of America exists largely in the business world. It is this vigor and intensity of ambition that has

ever been the distinguishing character of our people. With all these vast opportunities of material gain before us, it is hard to keep our eyes upon the true goal, but losing sight of this true goal means failure. Take a young man starting out in life with reverence for truth and honesty, and we can see before him masterful achievements; but he may allow vice, greed and wickedness to drag him down from his high standard of living. He begins to yield to evil forces—here a little and there a little—until he finally finds himself a slave of his own selfish motives. An opportunity for good presents itself to him, but, as one may expect, he finds that he is so bound by these evil “doings” that he is utterly unable to free himself.

Thus, it is ambition that makes a man; not a feeble resolution, nor frail determination, but a resolute will that will overcome dangers and difficulties that seem impossible. What is it that makes giants of men? It is simply will power. It made Napoleon the terror of Europe, Washington the father of his country, Shakespeare one of the greatest writers of English literature; and, above all, it made this dear old Southland of ours one of the noblest portions of the earth that was ever created. With a purpose we can be powerful in defeat. Did Robert E. Lee fail? No. There is no man that can say he did. This man had a great ambition as a soldier, as a citizen, and as a man; and in following out his ambition, he has won an immortal name for himself, and a never-fading crown of glory. Then let our ambition be great and noble, as did King Philip of Macedon and his son, Alexander the Great, away back in ancient times. These great men had ambitions that seemed almost unlimited. It was their great aim to bring the entire world under their supremacy, and had they lived long enough, who knows but that their ambitions would have been carried out. Then, men, let our ambitions be noble and great, and

when the curtain of life is drawn aside, we will not look back upon an aimless, starless way; but upon a path made straight by a definite aim, which has been pursued upward and onward to crowning success. G. W. B., '12.



One Way Out.

The little town of Swinton still lay cuddled up, as it were, among the mountains; where for forty years it had meted out justice within the doors of the little brick courthouse. Strange to say, people could come and go; and meet elsewhere at any time in this wide world, and describe the little town to you, until you would actually feel homesick, provided it should happen to be your native town. From this you would infer that Swinton was not very progressive, which is correct. The town was happily blessed with one train a day. As this was the terminus, the train was either forced to stop, or proceed on into a pile of cross-ties.

Yet the people were blessed with prosperity—especially so was James Mason. He was not rich in this world's goods; neither was he the proud possessor of any wife or great family, for he had never been unfortunate enough to become entangled in the bonds of matrimony; but for thirty years, he had stoutly maintained that he was Mr. James Mason, and was always going to be his own "boss." Thus we find that to him his reputation would ever be the pride of his life.

No one knew whence he had come; but they soon learned that he had graduated from a law university, and was now doing what no other man had dared to do—practice law in Swinton!

Soon after his arrival, he selected a little office on Main street, and tacked up his shingle with the word "Lawyer" scrawled across it. Every passer-by stopped and commented

upon such an unusual circumstance. Some poor man had gone wrong; to practice law in Swinton, impossible! It was true that this was a county seat, but no lawyer had ever attempted to eke out an existence in such a place; yet, with the mountains near by, illicit whiskey often wrought havoc with peace, and the jail was generally filled; so, surely, here was a fit place for law—at least, one man seemed to think so; and thus we find the unexpected had happened—a lawyer had come to abide in Swinton.

With one night's work some of the mischievous boys of the town had smeared out the "w" on his sign, and he was left with "Layer;" and it really looked as if he would have to "lay" quite a while before his practice began; but perseverance must and did win out.

Court had convened for the November term, and the first case on the docket was "The State v. Holmes," illicit distillery. It soon became known that the "new" lawyer was to argue his first case; and, for that reason, when the Judge rapped for Court to convene, there was hardly standing room available. The prosecuting attorney soon finished his strong appeal; and, thus, it was thought, one more poor man would languish a year in the little jail—all because he chose illicit means to feed his little family. But not so, for the Hon. James Mason was making his audience "dream dreams and see visions." This continued for one hour, when there was a death-like silence; for the foreman of the jury arose and announced his verdict, "Not Guilty." From that time on James Mason was "our lawyer." He steadily climbed, and soon became proficient in law; and, as a criminal lawyer of repute, he was known over the entire State.

James Mason was not a man to be lauded; therefore, it was quite a surprise to his friends when, on urging him to enter politics, he had stoutly maintained that he preferred to be "Plain James Mason." Naturally, his practice became

lucrative, and placed him where he would defend friend or foe without any recompense. Thus it was that he often had some bad murder cases; but records show that Swinton never had a hanging, for so well could Mason handle the law, that his client often believed himself guiltless. Consequently, his friends made the wager that the day any one of his clients should be hanged, they would expect James Mason to be their governor. Shaking hands, he accepted the wager; and, with a smile on his face, he began his usual routine of business for the day.

The lone brick store that the town possessed was the scene of the largest business. It was Saturday night, and the saw-mill hands were laying in their week's supply of goods. Passers-by made no comment as they saw the proud owner collecting his cash, preparatory to closing; but riot was in the air when it was learned that he had been felled and killed while locking his door, and the money had disappeared.

Immediate capture of the murderer was effected, and he was lodged in jail. Naturally, his only hope lay in James Mason; and then it was that we find James Mason debating whether to defend this man. Politics he hated, and, clearly, the murderer did not stand a ghost of a show; he loved the little town and its people, and did not desire their enmity; yet, hearken to the call of this man, he would; for never had he failed to defend friend or foe, white or black.

Naturally, he was criticised freely for such an act by some of his fellow townsmen; while others only smiled, and said that it was the only way they could ever get James Mason to be their governor. Already some were patting him on the back and calling him "governor," but he bore it all cheerfully.

A special term of Court was called to try the case. It took only one hour for the jury to return a verdict of

"Guilty." The Judge immediately sentenced the man to hang. A yell rent the courtroom, for, now, James Mason would be the people's candidate for governor. Mason, being made of sterner stuff, did not admit defeat; but, at once, made motion for a new trial, which was promptly refused. Nothing daunted, he appealed to the Supreme Court, and for ten days argued his case before it, only to receive the same verdict of the lower Court.

It was only four days until the Spring term of Court, when his client was to die. Therefore, in one last desperate effort, we find James Mason pleading his case before the governor of the State, only to receive disappointment and defeat. So, this was the end of his career; his reputation was lost, and he must now acknowledge defeat, and go forth into politics.

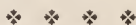
On returning, James Mason visited his client and told him of his fate. Many were the eager eyes that saw him as he came from the jail, every feature betraying the fact that he was disheartened and defeated.

It soon became known that the hanging was to take place from the courthouse, as the prisoner was to be carried there for re-sentence. A great crowd soon assembled to witness the first hanging Swinton had ever had. At fifteen minutes of ten, just before Court convened, James Mason proudly stepped up the aisle, as cries of "Hurrah! for the next governor," rent the air.

As the town clock pealed out ten the Judge rapped for order, and asked James Mason that if he had any cause why the hanging should not proceed at once to so state it to the Court. James Mason quickly arose, and said: "Your Honor, I have. My client committed suicide in his cell last night."

Once again justice has been wronged, and the gallows cheated. Swinton is still the same little hamlet it was forty

years ago. They still have the same governor; while James Mason, ever ready to serve friend or foe, is still at home to his many friends in his little office with the weather-beaten shingle reading, "*Lawyer.*" JABO, '11.



Why the United States Should Not Restrict Immigrants From Her Shores.

It has long been our boast that America offers an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, and liberty enlightening the world stands beckoning such to our shores. It is time that this sentiment shall be relegated to the limbo of things to be forgotten, and give place to the more practical sentiment that our country must be developed.

Are we going to allow the waste places of South Carolina and our arid lands of the West to lie undeveloped just for the want of labor? Are the coal mines of Pennsylvania and the mills of New England not in operation on account of lack of laborers? No. Thousands of Italian immigrants are employed in the mines of Pennsylvania, and the hands that guide the spindles of the New England mills are those of immigrants.

Look at the progressive records of the several States, and you will find that the commonwealths having the greater number of foreign-born are the most progressive. We have in the State of South Carolina over nineteen million acres of land, only five million of which is under cultivation. And of this acreage, only a small portion is in a high state of cultivation. If the farming lands of South Carolina were properly developed and cultivated, she could supply the world's demand for cotton. As it is now, the entire United States furnishes only two-thirds of the world's supply.

Some may say, "This country for our heritage;" but I say, this country for the best people we can get, the people

that will upbuild and develop our waste places. Let's not have the proper kind of immigrants restricted from our shores, but let's have the immigration laws enforced. These laws exclude all those who are socially undesirable. They exclude idiots, the insane, paupers, those likely to become a public charge, diseased and immoral persons, anarchists, criminals, polygamists and assisted persons.

It is probably true that for the past few years America has been a dumping ground for the very scum of southern Europe; but these immigrants, in most cases, are artificial immigrants; they did not leave home of their own accord. Probably the two most serious obstacles we have to encounter in the effort to secure proper regulation of immigration to our shores arise; first, from the detrimental opposition of foreign steamship lines, who have no interest whatever in the matter, save to increase the returns on their capital by bringing masses of immigrants hither in the steerage of their ships; second, the violator and evader of the contract features of the law. Prohibit solicitation by steamship agents and others, and give us better distribution of immigrants; then the evils arising from having undesirable people and crowded city centers will be remedied.

The United States owes its civilization to immigration. We owe our strength to the fact that we are a nation of consolidated races. There is no reason to fear that the different races of immigrants will remain separate and discordant, thereby causing internal strife; for they, like the immigrants of the past, will coalesce to form ultimately a type of American citizenship far superior to any now in existence. Among the factors tending to favor intermixture are the extreme and ever-increasing mobility of our American population and the ever-present inequality of the sexes among the foreigners. Statistics prove that there is a preponderance of male immigrants over female immi-

grants. The male immigrants will naturally seek American wives. The Anglo-Saxon blood of America will absorb the best traits from the immigrants, thereby enriching our present civilization.

To restrict immigration would be harmful. It injures good feeling between the nations. It is founded on race prejudice. The exclusion of immigrants from our shores is at variance with fundamental American principles. It is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. It violates our treaty obligations and good faith between nations. How can the United States seek the open door in foreign countries and at the same time shut her gates against immigrants. Such a law would be contrary to American principles and ideals; to the belief that all men are endowed equally by the Creator.

According to the report of the New York Commissioner of Immigration, there have landed in the United States in the years between '02 and '08 over one million immigrants, who have been farmers or farm laborers in their European homes. A very small percentage of these people took up agricultural pursuits after coming to this country. Why? Simply because of the lack of proper distribution. How can the agricultural people of the South expect to reach their highest development in agriculture when we let such vast numbers of good farm laborers go unemployed just on account of race prejudice and improper distribution. Ninety-four per cent. of the foreign-born population is resident in the Northern States, and six per cent. in the Southern States. Why not have the immigrants more uniformly distributed? Let immigrants come to this country and settle on the farms of the South, which are being rapidly deserted by the natives, who are flocking to the larger cities. Besides this, agricultural distribution of immigrants, who are farmers and farm laborers, would have an influence upon the

solution of other important problems, such as the price of farm products, the cost of living, rate of wages, and congested city centers.

Congressman Labath, of Illinois, who is from Chicago, says: "Chicago without its foreign element would have no place among the cities of the earth. Take from it today its foreigners, and tomorrow the wheels of its factories would cease to run; its mills would be forced to close, and it would realize a condition of industrial stagnancy the like of which it never knew before." In '07 the State of Iowa was clamoring for labor to move its crops, and this labor was not available. Also in the State of Alabama thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of cotton remained unpicked in the field because there was no labor. It is time for us to wake up to the realization of the fact that our own interests are at stake. It is not right for men to make speeches against the proper kind of immigration, which means labor, when their own States have more work to do than can be done by the present population. What immigrants have done for Chicago they have done for the West and the Northwest generally. Go out along our railroad lines, which extend as the very arteries of our national life, into the great granaries of the West and Northwest, and you will find there, working everywhere, building railroads, working in the forests and on the farms, and in the mines and factories, engaged in every kind of enterprise and industry that help to develop and increase the great wealth of our country, those very foreigners to whom some allude as undesirable citizens. Practically all of the hardest and most wearisome, yet withal the most constructive and valuable, work that is being done in America today is being done by immigrants. The largest per cent. of the men employed in our mines today are foreigners. We read in the newspapers of terrible mine accidents, where great loss of life and property,

is involved. Thus do these citizens, who are classed as undesirable by some, sacrifice their very lives that the United States may rank as the head of industrial nations. Can we afford to restrict such people from our shores?

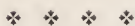
Some may say that the immigrant is forcing wages down in this country. That kind of argument is not well founded though, for it is a well known economic principle that demand increases with production; and when the immigrant by his labor increases the American product, he raises rather than lowers not only his own condition, but that of the American laborer as well. The story of increased wealth is the story of increased labor that preceded it. It is exactly for this reason that the South, lying dormant and inactive under the burden of her undeveloped national wealth, is clamoring for the immigration of Europe.

Immigration has been politically beneficial to us. Many immigrants of the past have made good soldiers. A number of our Congressmen today are men that were born across the sea. A great many of them are sons of immigrants.

In conclusion, if we restrict the right kind of immigrants from our shores, we debar our country from future development. The past records show that the most progressive States are the ones with the largest number of foreigners. To bring the matter nearer home, take South Carolina. We have untold wealth yet to be developed, and without the proper kind of labor this cannot be done. To remedy the evils now arising from immigration, we must prohibit solicitation by steamship agents, enforce the immigration laws, and distribute immigrants according to the needs of the country. How can we, who are a nation of consolidated races, afford to say restrict immigrants from our shores? Some of our best men politically are immigrants, and we are all descendants of the original immigrants to this country. Let us not restrict good immigrants from our shores, but

let's show to them that our country ever extends the warm hand of sympathy and fellowship to the oppressed peoples of the earth.

W. E. S., '11.



A Debt of Love.

It was midnight; distant peals of thunder heralded an approaching storm. Beside a camp fire, on top of Strump-house Mountain, sat a man and a youth; while, near by, beneath a great oak, three other youths reclined on a wagon cover. Farther back was a house tent, with one of the flaps thrown back. Through this opening, the light of a lantern revealed three girls bending anxiously over a fourth lying on a cot. To the left were a hack and a wagon, near which were tied three horses well blanketed.

The party was a bunch of pleasure seekers from a town in the lower part of South Carolina, who, tired of dusty streets, had decided on a camping trip through the Blue Ridge Mountains. They were now camped in that wild region frequented by moonshiners, and just below the North Carolina line. The girl on the cot had been taken ill on the previous night, and for the last twenty-four hours had grown steadily worse. The youth before the fire had a short time before returned from a village, seven miles below, with medicine for the sick girl; and anxiously they awaited the results.

Presently one of the girls came out of the tent; the youth arose from before the fire and hastened to meet her.

"Helen, is she better?" he asked eagerly.

The girl, with a burst of tears, replied, "No, Frank; she is getting worse; I fear that she is dying. Oh! what shall we do! We have given her everything and done all for her that we could think of."

With faces drawn with fear and dread, they turned to the others, who had gathered around the camp fire; then Frank said:

"Boys, some of us must ride down the mountain for a doctor. The way is rough; there is no saddle in camp; the horses are unbroken to ride; and to drive a hack over this mountain road on a night like this would be hazardous; but some one must go."

He paused, but no one volunteered; for well they knew the danger of such a ride.

"I suppose that one of the horses is as good as another to ride," he continued, as he turned aside to pick up his raincoat, "but I believe that I shall take the grey."

With alarm, Helen rushed to him, exclaiming: "Frank, you shall not go; you are just back from a long ride! Besides, the storm will soon be upon us. Wait a while; perhaps she will be better."

But, putting the girl gently aside, Frank stepped to the wagon, picked up a bridle and put it on the big grey; then, spreading his raincoat across the horse's back, he vaulted lightly on. All of the others then gathered around the horse and begged Frank not to go, but he answered them—

"Fellows, as I have said, some one must go. I am the only one of us that knows how to manage a horse; so I am the one to go." Then he urged the horse forward. At first the big grey refused to leave his mates; but he was conquered by firm but gentle management, and the perilous ride was begun.

The others, crouched around the fire, listened to the hoof beats on the rocky road below, and, shuddering, pictured horse and rider tumbling over some precipice.

But Frank was at home on horseback, for he was bred on a farm; and, after he became accustomed to the dark, he could see the way fairly well. Urging the big grey into a

gallop, he plunged recklessly onward down the mountain side. He had gone, perhaps, two miles, when, with a snort, the horse came to a sudden stop, almost pitching his saddleless rider off. Frank peered forward into the darkness, but could see nothing to cause the action of the horse; so he tried to urge the animal forward; but the big grey only trembled with fright, and would not budge from his tracks. Gathering his reins tighter, Frank then struck the horse a sharp blow; but, with another snort, the grey reared, then plunged into a thicket beside the road. Again and again, using every means that he knew, he tried to make the horse go forward; but, each time, the grey became the more unmanageable. What was to be done? Frank's was not a nature that gave up easily; and, besides, thoughts of the suffering girl, who was very dear to him, urged him on. Glancing down the road again, Frank gave a sudden start, for he thought that he could distinguish a man's head partly concealed by a boulder, and peering over a gun barrel pointed in his direction. He looked again; and the figure moved, confirming his first impression. But, why should any one hold him up, unless it was through mistake? So, with a firm voice, though his heart was fluttering, Frank demanded:

"Who are you? and what do you want?"

"Yer'll find that out quick enough," a gruff voice answered. "Whar do yea think yer goin' this time onight, Jim White?"

"I do not know that it is any of your business; but I am going for a doctor; and my name is not White. It is Langdon; and I am with a camping party above here."

"Yer kaint work that on me, Jim, for I know yer; and yer'd better say yer prayers, yer bloming sp—"

"Hold on, Bill, yer mout be wrong," broke in another voice. "Less make shore."

"Wall yer can mosey out there an take a look at him if yer want to. I'll jist keep him kivered fer fear he wants to raise a rough house. Youngster, yer'd better set perticly still."

A figure emerged from behind the rock and came cautiously forward, striking a match when within a few feet of Frank.

"Wall, I'll be derned if we haint got ther wrong man, shore nuff, Bill! Say, kid, whoever yer be, yer'd better be oncommonly keerful how yer side around in these parts at night, fer yer shorely cum nigh to riding on ter glory on a revenue officer's ticket." Then he turned, and both men disappeared behind the rock.

Frank then rode on down the mountain, but often his heart jumped to his throat, for, in his imagination, every bush concealed a moonshiner. The horse was uneasy, too, giving sudden stops when a lightning bug flashed before him, and having to be coaxed across bridges, all of which was trying on the saddleless rider. To make matters worse, the storm broke forth in all of its fury, tearing branches from the trees and throwing them across the way, while the hailstones beat both horse and rider unmercifully. But, happily, it was soon over with, and Frank started on again. The road, too, became a little smother, and the horse more docile; so, Frank put the big grey to full speed, drawing rein, in a short time, in front of a drug store in the village below.

After finding a doctor and hurrying him off for the camp, Frank purchased a saddle and followed.

The ride back was comparatively easy, and without mishap, save a little trouble in fording a swoolen stream. He reached camp after three in the morning; and, when a few minutes later, the doctor came out and told him that the girl was resting easy, he threw himself down before the camp fire and fell asleep, exhausted. Helen covered him up with a

blanket, and he slept until awakened by the sunbeams and the happy singing of birds.

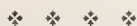
A few days later, as he stood on an overhanging rock with the girl, whose strength was fully recovered, and as, together, they traced the winding road down to the tiny village below, he told her of the ride, making light of the difficulties and vowing that it was a picnic.

When he had finished, a timid hand stole to his arm and a sweet voice said:

"I am sure, Frank, that you are jesting about the difficulties, for the ride must have been very trying and dangerous. Oh! what if you had been killed," and the quivering of her little frame revealed to him how much would have been her regret. "I feel that I owe my life to you," she finished.

Then he began collecting interest on the debt, and a few months later, a legal transfer of the property was made.

C. K. D., '13.



Lest We Forget.

While reading of the plan for uncovering the Maine, the American battleship which was sunk in Havana harbor, and which brought on the Spanish-American War, one cannot but remember a few years back and draw in the mind's eye, a picture of the Battle of Santiago. It was in this battle that the Spanish fleet was literally cut to pieces, their ships being sunk or run ashore to prevent their sinking.

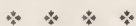
It was shortly after sunrise on the hot Sunday morning of July third, 1898, that the Spanish fleet, under the command of Admiral Cervera, tried to escape from the harbor of Santiago. Cervera had made this harbor his naval base of operations, and the American fleet now had it blockaded. First, came the long, thin trail of smoke from the harbor's mouth, then the leading ship of the Spanish fleet made its appearance, which was a signal for the American squadron to close

in upon the fugitives. This they did, and, with a hot fire, which was returned with spirit, but without material effect, by the Spaniards. The superior marksmanship of the American gunners told in a short while. There is the trim little cruiser, Gloucester, firing her little shots at the great Spanish cruisers, and then turning to grapple with the torpedo boats, as they came darting in and out among the larger Spanish ships. The torpedo boats were sunk or disabled, one after the other, by the deadly fire from the Gloucester's rapid firing guns; there are the larger Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, shattered and breaking down under the fire of the Indiana, the Iowa, and the Texas; there is the Brooklyn, racing by to head off the fugitives, and the Oregon, dealing death-blows as she rushes forward, forging to the front, and leaving the deadly mark of her fire in her wake, when, all of a sudden, she turns about to catch the ship, which by running close inshore, and evading the squadron, was fleeing down the coast. On the ships went, firing faster than ever, and with more effect, until presently, the whole Spanish fleet presented a burning, helpless, and twisted mass of wrecked iron, which lined the shore or blocked the harbor channel. The American sailors begin to cheer, but soon the cheers were silenced by the impressive words of Commander Phillips, "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying." Then we see the victorious ships periling their lives to save their beaten enemies; the young officers as eager to rescue as they were swift in the fight.

When the enemy lowered his flag, the American sailors who had fought like fiends, were as meek and gentle as American women, and they stand out to us, these gallant figures, from admiral down to the ordinary seaman, simple, straightforward, fearless, brave and merciful in the hour of victory—so unlike most victors. No wonder the Ameri-

can Navy, composed of men of this character, so completely swept the Spanish Navy out of existence.

J. H. K., '13.



A Storm.

The calm, clear morning had given but little sign of what came in the afternoon. A tiny cloud grew with almost magical quickness, getting darker and darker. It threw itself upon the sun, in a determined attempt to blot out its glowing opponent, and in a few moments, with a last wan smile, "Old Sol" disappeared behind his rapidly growing enemy.

The thunder began to boom among the cloud-peaks, like the echo of the mythical Dutchman's ninepins among the vales of the Catskills. Peal followed peal, punctuated by blinding, zigzag flashes of lightning, which seemed to rend the heavens from zenith to horizon.

The black banks of cloud, moving slowly and majestically, were suddenly attacked by the wind and whipped to a greater speed. In front of the huge sable mass, as if fleeing from impending calamity, sped gray cloudlets.

Now, the sighing of the wind in the trees strengthened to a distant growl, becoming louder and louder. The sky overhead assumed a leaden hue, which gradually changed to a gloomy, almost inky blackness.

Yonder, in the distance, the cloud seemed to have dropped a gray veil toward the earth, and to our ears, like the roar of an oncoming train, came the sound of the falling rain.

Nearer and nearer it came, heralding its approach by a few large drops. These steadily increased, then, with a mighty din, the storm was upon us.

T. F. D., '13.

Elizabeth Francis.

Within the classic shades of one of the foremost colleges in the Tar Heel State, there lies a flower garden, so artistically arranged, and so abundant in the sweet aroma of blooming flowers, that it is often called the "Eden without a serpent." Indeed, it was on this fairy spot that scores of romances are known to have begun.

One April afternoon following a gala day, in which the boys of this college played the parts of heroes on the grid-iron, and in which fair maids from M—— College composed a part of the multitude of spectators, John Fort was noticed to lead one of these fair guests into this enchanted garden, and there to lose himself and her among the thick evergreens.

"Did I see you from my place on the field, did you ask? I am sure I did! Were you not on the second row in the left end of the grandstand?"

This settled it! From the beginning to the end of that game these two had seen none in the great multitude other than *each other*. During the game, he gathered inspiration from the face leaning over toward him, to pull off every play with more vigor than he had ever been capable of before. She learned more and more to admire his strength and skill as the game progressed.

At noon his dream (and more than likely hers, too) came true. They met each other at the noon meal, and continued together throughout the afternoon, coming, as we saw them last, into the flower garden. When once seated on the green lawn, John broke in—

"Did I understand correctly? Your name is Miss Jones?"

"Yes, Mary Jones."

"Gee, Gosh!" thought he to himself. "How under heaven can such a queenly girl, with such angel face, possess such a commonplace, everyday name as *Mary Jones*!" The *name*

itself blasted the fond hopes he had for the future. Only a week before, a comedy, *Mary Jones*, designed throughout to teach in its humerous yet impressive way the significance of names, had been played on his college stage. The name had thus become a byword with them.

He gazed again into the lovely face, after this moment of thought, and soon forgot completely about the name.

"Will you allow me to visit you? I shall be terribly lonesome unless you write to me!" With the barrier thus broken down, he continued: "You are the sweetest girl I have ever met! Won't you love me? Can't you? I am sure I love no other girl as fondly as I love you! Mary"—but just here the matron, who had made an honest attempt throughout the afternoon to chaperon the entire band of girls, came upon the scene and hurried "Mary" back to the "round-up."

During the following weeks, John became even more heretical concerning names. He not only waxed eloquent among his fellows, but even contributed an article to his college publication containing some bold assertions as to his contempt for the encroachment upon society of such "upstarts." This issue of the publication happened to be widely read by the students at M—— College.

A few weeks later, invitations to the annual students' banquet at M—— College appeared. John's invitation came just at the last moment, leaving him hardly time enough to join his fellows at the train. Upon reaching M——, they found the reception room fairly buzzing with the voices and laughter of the guests. As John followed the crowd, shaking hands with acquaintances, both old and new, suddenly he confronted "his Mary." She extended her hand cordially, and greeted him with a good natured, "How do you do." Just at this point, all turned in the direction from which rang a mellow masculine voice—

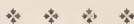
"Elizabeth, my daughter, I have been seeking you everywhere. May I speak to you a second?" All recognized the face of Dr. Francis, president of the famous M—— College. He came up, greeted all cordially, and before the astonished, half-cowed John could get control of himself, she had turned and followed her father into the next room. During the remainder of the evening, she avoided conversing with him; while on the other hand, he sought continually for her among the crowd.

Just as the guests began to disperse, he met her at the foot of a stairway.

"Oh, Miss Elizabeth! Miss Francis!" he called until she stopped and turned to him. "Do let me explain to—"

"Oh, no," she protested, good naturedly, "I'm just *Mary Jones*," and she disappeared down the hallway.

C. B. F., '12.



Value of Perseverance.

Perseverance is one of the principal elements of success. Most lives are filled with half-finished tasks, which were begun with enthusiasm, but which have been dropped because the enthusiastic beginner had not enough grit to carry them to conclusion. But it is the things that are finished that count, not those that are only well begun.

How easy it is to start a thing when the mind is aglow with zeal, before disappointment has lulled ambition. It does not require much ability to begin a thing; we cannot estimate a man by the number of things he commences. We do not judge him by the speed at the beginning of the race. An old fable illustrates this fact. A tortoise ran a race with a hare. The hare left the tortoise behind at a few bounds. So sure was the hare of winning the race that he stopped and took a nap. When the hare awoke, the tortoise had passed him and reached the goal. This teaches us that

the slow but steady often win in the battle of life, where the brilliant fail. This fact was recently called to my attention by a professional man. He said that some of his most brilliant schoolmates had made the worst failures in life. Why is this? Simply because if a man gets through college easily he will find the battle of life harder than he expected. On the other hand, the man who has to study day and night to keep up with his classes will expect hard work in life. He has the proper conception of life, and is more likely to succeed than the brilliant fellow.

The test of character is in a man's ability to persist in what he undertakes until he adds the finishing stroke. The ability to hold on is one of the rarest of human virtues. The story is told of a man who wanted diamonds. He searched his farm for them, but finding none, he sold all that he had and set out in quest of fortune. After visiting many countries without finding his diamonds, he grew old, became discouraged, and died a stranger in a foreign land. Meanwhile, the man who had bought his farm tore the cabin down. On digging in the ground a flash caught his eye. He picked up a black object, which, on examination, proved to be a diamond. This was the beginning of the celebrated mines of Golconda. Had the poor man who sold his farm persevered a little longer, he might have become a millionaire instead of a pauper.

On the other hand, let's think of Demosthenes, the Greek philosopher, for a moment. During his early days he had a serious impediment of speech. His first attempt to speak in public was a complete failure. The people laughed and jeered him. With a shameful countenance, Demosthenes left the place. As he passed out, however, one of his friends spoke encouraging words to him. These words inspired Demosthenes to become an orator. He practiced speaking with pebbles in his mouth until he could speak every word

distinctly. He would stroll along the seashore and speak to the roaring billows. This was done so that the noise of the populace should not awe him. At his next appearance as a public speaker the people were glad to hear him. Every student knows that Demosthenes became the greatest orator of all time. He won his fame by having an object in life, and striving to reach that object, in spite of all difficulties, by his dogged persistence.

Had Christopher Columbus not been a man of iron will, it is possible that America would have remained undiscovered for centuries. In his boyhood days, Columbus liked to visit the docks at Genoa, and hear the sailors tell stories of what they had seen in strange lands. He was fond of geography. He had some wise friends who shared his belief that the earth was round instead of flat. Few people believed this, however. These youthful impressions filled Columbus with a desire to travel. He wanted to explore the great Atlantic. He tried to interest the rulers of many countries in his projects. For eight long years he kept trying to get help. At last Ferdinand and Isabella fitted him up with a small fleet of vessels. One morning Columbus set sail from the little port of Palos. It was a bold undertaking to venture out into the great unknown. For two months not a foot of land was seen. His crew became mutinous and threatened to throw him overboard. At last land was discovered, and Columbus had won success and undying fame. His difficulties were the stepping-stones that led to this success.

The ability to stick is one of the rarest virtues. How many of us would have won fame under the same circumstances that Abraham Lincoln won it. He belonged to a poor family, was born in log cabin, reared in the forest, and had almost no chance to get an education. Still, he made the best use of his meagre opportunities. He studied arith-

metic by the light of a pine-knot fire. He borrowed books and read them through again and again. When asked why he studied and read so much, he replied: "I will study and get ready, and maybe the chance will come." The chance did come, and Lincoln was elected to the highest office in the land. He was a believer in the gospel of perseverance and of preparation. He realized the fact that for prepared men there are prepared places.

Difficulties are the things that show what we are made of. What would life amount to if there were no battles to fight? If there were no battles to fight, there would certainly be no victories to win. We may compare a man under difficulties to steam in a boiler. So long as that steam is confined in the boiler it is going to do work; but release the pressure and work ceases. Surround a man with difficulties and he will try to break the shackles. Surround him with ease and he will have no shackles to break. There are plenty who will go along with the crowd, and who will work hard as long as they can hear the music; but when the majority have dropped out, it takes a very different order of ability to persist. This requires grit and stamina.

Look out for the time in your life when you are tempted to turn back. There is the danger point, the decisive period. All the great things of history have been accomplished after the great majority of men would have turned back.

More young men have achieved success in life with grit as capital than those who have had money as a capital. Grit has overcome the direst poverty, has brought success in the face of tremendous difficulties.

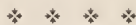
No matter how disagreeable your work, or how much trouble you may have this year, resolve that, whatever comes to you or does not come to you, you will keep sweet, that you will not allow your disposition to sour, that you will face the sunlight, no matter how dark the shadows. Remember

that every cloud has its silver lining. It is not circumstances, so much as attitude of mind, that gives happiness.

Who can estimate the influence of one persistent man? Others are sure to follow his example. The lives of men who have risen from obscurity to eminent position is a fountain of inspiration. Who can read the lives of our great Americans without feeling a greater incentive to success? Always remember that you can do what others have done, and remember these lines:

“If the day looks kinder gloomy
An’ your chances kinder slim,
If the situation’s puzzlin’
An’ the prospects awful grim,
An’ perplexities keep pressin’
’Till all hope is nearly gone,—
Just bristle up and grit your teeth,
An’ keep on keepin’ on.”

O. F. McCrARY, '12.



The Anonymous Letter.

In another home, the silence was occasionally broken by the gentle coos of a living angel mingled with the soft rythmical purring of brindled tabby stretched comfortably before the warm, cracking, oak fire. An occasional smile of love and peace passed between a happy pair, as the conclusions of stories in old college magazines were reached, reminding them vividly of a happy past. As the sonorous tones of the clock had almost melted, and the eyes of the reader began to suggest the late hour, “The Anonymous Letter” fell beneath the tiring gaze, and at once his attention returned and his eyes swelled and glistened as he told her all—and smiled at the conclusion:

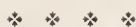
"For of all fool men who write with pen
The fooliest of these are anonymous men."

She drew nearer,—and knew his love she owned.

His only answer to this railing rebuff was

"O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't,
For I am nothing, if not critical."

(Contributed.)



SHE MIGHT.

Recently two small boys were playing near the country road. A young lady approached them.

"Little boy," said she, "can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the pike?"

"Yes'm, I think so. A load of hay went through five minutes ago."—*Woman's National Daily*.



FEMININE FINANCIERING.

He: "I've won our bet on the football game, and you owe me ten kisses."

She (a commercial school graduate): "Very well, I'll give you a draft on mamma."



AN ABLE INFANT.

The Old Guy: "Hugh! Driving an automobile, eh? Young man, when I started in life I had to walk."

The Young Chap: "You were smarter than most, sir. When I first started in life I couldn't walk."—*Cleveland Leader*.



When you can, use discretion: when you can't, use a club.—*Life*.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

Long visits, long stories, long essays, and long examinations seldom profit those who have to do with them. Both time and life, with all its different phases, are short. The very

moments are here for the time and are gone. It behooves us, then, to learn to condense and to intensify. We can listen to that which is dull if it is only short, we can endure that which is painful if it is soon passed over; but, even pleasure grows insipid and pain intolerable if they are not both limited. Learn to be short. All needless facts should be eliminated, and the most important considerations brought into view. When speaking, tell the simple message so that all may understand; when writing, boil down every sentence and phrase so that only the clear meaning may be vivid and distinct.



BE ENTHUSIASTIC! This is the keynote of all achievement and the result of a soul glowing with earnestness and concentrated purpose. In every branch of work into which one

may enter, the enthusiasm which is exhibited *Enthusiasm.* measures the success which is to be attained.

This does not mean that one must plunge rashly forward regardless of all consequences, for patience and steadiness are always essential factors. Purpose and inspiration are the direct results of a foundation securely laid by an enthusiastic beginning. Earnestness, whether it be in class work, in athletics, or in college publications, is the greatest need of college men today and the factor least present in a majority of cases.



For the purpose of encouraging and interesting the underclassmen along the lines of literary work, THE CHRONICLE publishes, from time to time, certain productions which are

really not up to the desired standard. However, the writers of these pieces show some *To Our Exchanges.* marked ability, and because of this, their productions are given a place. For doing this, there is offered no excuse, for the future success of the

magazine depends on the talent that is now developed. It is hoped that our exchanges will take this same view and will not be unjust or harsh in their criticisms; but, by pointing out defects, will show where an improvement can be made. Failure, in some cases, only nerves him who failed to put forth greater efforts; but, in others, it kills all ambition. This latter class needs every encouragement and to it does this editorial apply.



THE PROOF.

"You're very contradictory, my son."

"No, I'm not, pa."—*Lippincott's*.

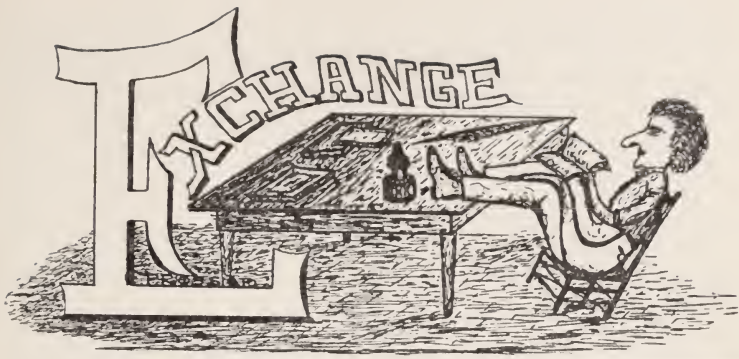


O'Toole: "An' why are yez wearin' mournin', Muldoon?"

Muldoon: "Shure, an' Oi hav' to. The iditor ov a magazine Oi've been takin' wrote me yisterd'y an' sed that me subscription had expired."—*Judge*.



Many a man thinks he has become famous when he has merely happened to meet an editor who was hard up for material.



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. H. ALL, '11

Among the very few January exchanges is *The Southern Co.-Ed.* It is attractive because of its early appearance—compared with the nonappearance of so many exchanges—and its brilliant red cover. But, alas, in the literary department only two articles are found, in addition to some Y. M. & W. C. A. notes. “The Asheville Conference” is a commendable article, and the author does not fail to see the ultimate aim of the conference. Had this piece appeared later, probably its influence would have been more evident. But as this is a Christian Association number, its appearance is permissible. “The Fairies Council” is a nice bit of verse, except that there is a slight variation of the meter in a few lines. The Y. M. & W. C. A. notes are good, but out of place. They should never have been put in the literary department. If they are considered out of place in the Campus and Classroom Department, an association department is suggested as an addition to the magazine. Nearly all magazines have this department, and if these associations are considered important enough to be granted a number, it seems but natural to suggest the addition of this new

section. The editorials constitute the best part of the magazine. The Exchange Department could be improved upon; the editor of which seems to forget the primary purpose. He gives echoes of the article under consideration, and seemingly views only one side. As a whole, this issue is very unsatisfactory, being found guilty of the sin of omission rather than commission. We will look for improvements in the future, because we feel these can be easily made.



The University of Texas Magazine. The January issue of this magazine is one among the few that have, so far, reached us. The size and general "get up" commands our attention at the very outset. On looking through the table of contents we are impressed by the title of some of the selections. "The Last Lover" pictures the perfect bliss of two lovers, till cold, cruel death claims the radiant maiden as his own, leaving her lover forlorn, hopeless and heart-broken. When we learn from the editor's note that the author of this poem was drowned last spring, the interest is deeper than that "aroused by the mere beauty of the words." "An Age of the Seven" is the biography of a boy. We first see him as a care-for-nothing, harum-scarum youngster, who forgets to wash his face, tears his clothing, abhors clean linen, frets when his mother combs his hair, and thinks it awful to have to go to parties with his little sister. Another side is presented when the little fellow has his heart wounded by the "winged archer." He is altogether changed. He mows the lawn to get money to buy a hair brush of his own, asks his mother to put on his collar and tie every morning before he starts to school, and behaves like a little gentleman. He is in love with little Aggie, the sweetest, smartest, bluest-eyed, nongiggling girl in school. "The Transformation of Billy Malone" is fiction

of a high order, far surpassing, in our opinion, the "sickening" love stories too often found in our college magazines. The erratic judgment of a young girl in distinguishing between the "real" and the "make believe" is brought out with intensity. She is about to elope with a young man of questionable habits, who has, without her knowledge, been discharged from a great university. Just before the train arrives, up comes her true lover, who "shows up" the traitor in his true light. Seeing that all his plans are undone, the "make believe" acknowledges his insincerity, adding that his desire to fool her was prompted by revenge, as her father was the head of the university. "Almer Mater" is a song which has been given a place in the University Song Book. Loyalty to the "Almer Mater" is the chief burden of the song. We find many of the departments wanting. Especially do we miss the Exchange Department, which, owing to editor's illness, compassed only one short paragraph.



We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the *Mercerian* and the *Winthrop College Journal*.



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

MR. GEORGE B. CROMER ADDRESSES THE Y. M. C. A.

On January 8, the work of the Association for the new term was most auspiciously begun by an address from the Hon. Geo. B. Cromer, of Newberry. From his experience as president of Newberry College, and from his contact with young men in other phases of the life of this State, Mr. Cromer is pre-eminently well fitted to discuss the temptations peculiar to this class. His subject was: "The Way of a Young Man," the text being taken from the One Hundred Nineteenth Psalm: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." First he spoke of the Bible, its marvelous spread of power and influence; and then he discussed why and how a young man should cleanse his way. One of the illustrations used by the speaker is especially noteworthy. Referring to the danger of a young man's losing the power of self-control, he told the story of Frankenstein, who, by his study of the sciences, was at length enabled to create a human being; and to call down the spirit of life into it. But after he had created this remarkable being, he was unable to control its actions; and before he was able to undo the work of his own hand, the creature brought all manner of woe and evil to him. This and, indeed, all the speaker's illustrations were most apt. In a word, the whole address was one of

the most forceful, and the manner of presentation one of the most eloquent, of all the addresses we have had.



MR. HOGUE.

By the time this comes from the press, we shall have heard, from the lips of one of the foremost Episcopal ministers in the Southland, a series of addresses the like of which have never been heard at Clemson before.

The Rev. Mr. Hogue, of Chapel Hill, N. C., and chaplain of the University of North Carolina, will be here to hold a series of meetings, beginning Sunday, January 22d, and lasting through the 24th. The writer had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hogue at the Montreat Conference last summer, and of being in a Bible class led by him, and he can vouch for the inspiration, interest and benefit that come along with his sermons.

R. W. Hogue is a graduate of the University of the South. While there, he was known as one of the best quarterbacks in the South. Although he does not look very athletic (being rather diminutive in size), he will surprise any one who may challenge him for a bout in the ring, gymnasium, walk, or in a game of tennis.

This man knows men, and he has a message for every one. We hope his short stay among us will be a great benefit to all, as we know it will be if we but hear him in the right manner, and let his life and his works be lessons to us.



DR. CALHOUN.

Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun gave us an illustrated lecture Sunday night, January 15th, on some of his foreign travels, principally through Ireland and Norway. This lecture had

been looked forward to for a long time, and, as Dr. Calhoun has such a good reputation as a lecturer, the house was crowded to overflowing. And those who were there to hear and see it were not disappointed—it was one of the most entertaining and instructive lectures we've ever had in Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Some of his slides showed beautiful views to be seen in Ireland and among the fiords of the Norwegian Peninsula; others the peculiar geological formations there, and the peculiar customs of the natives. Dr. Calhoun kept the interest and attention of his audience to a high pitch by explaining each view, and by telling many laughable jokes which occurred on his travels. Those who heard him truly have a right to be glad, for every one came away much benefited.



PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR THE FIRST HALF OF THE ASSOCIATION YEAR.

The first half of the Association year is over, and we have every reason to thank the Almighty Father for the success and prosperity of our Association during this time. Although the reports may not show as large as the ones last year, we can safely say that the men who are in the work are showing greater interest in it than ever before.

The Association at the end of last year's session was in very bad straits. We should be thankful that we have pulled out, and not only have as good an Association as last year, but a better one, is nothing short of a miracle.

We were especially fortunate in securing Mr. Sweeney as our general secretary. To him is due much of the credit of making the Association what it is. He has introduced two customs in the college which have had a good effect on the moral and spiritual life of the students, viz.: The singing at the chapel services every morning, and the returning

thanks at every meal. His activity will in time put the Association on an equal with any in the South.

The committeemen, too, have shown great interest in their work for the Association. Their reports will be handed you herewith, so there is no need for a discussion of each department here.

While we have reason to be satisfied with the success of the Association so far, we should not lose sight of the fact that there is still room for improvement. A larger percentage of the men should be interested in the work and should take an active part. We should be constantly on the lookout for men, and use every effort to get them into the work.

One of the greatest needs of the Association is a building. We have found that it is very hard to interest men in the work without some material inducements. The tennis courts are inadequate for this. If we had a building, equipped with gymnasium, swimming pool, basketball court, track and auditorium, I sincerely believe every man in the college would take a great deal more interest, and the majority become active workers, in the Association.

Let us continue to thank the Lord for this blessing on the work, and pray that He will direct us, for the rest of our term, in making the Association the greatest in the history of Clemson College.



ON THE CAMPUS.

Many a new man comes to college, falls in with the wrong set, and is led off by his fellows from the ways of doing right. Even though he comes from a pure and upright home, and has been taught aright from his birth up, yet he will allow men, who he thinks are good men, persuade him that when he enters college it is time to throw off all forms of "childishness," as they call it, but which in reality is the goodness and purity of the strong man and the gentleman.

Then they persuade him to make a "real devil" of himself; to make of himself a "hero" in the eyes of his fellow students; and they tell him the only way of doing this is to cast aside all convention, to break the rules, defy authority, and become a dare-devil. And the pity of it all is that so many innocent men fall!

Unless the real men become his friends; unless he is educated otherwise, he begins to look down on the Association as an organization composed of molly-coddles, sissies, men who still say their prayers, and who do not know the hilarity and the joyousness of real life! The men of the Association should take hold of this young man before he falls in with that set, and set him aright—show him what a real, true friend and man is. He ought to be shown the scope of the Association work and the caliber of the men interested. He ought to know that among the finest students and all-round college men are fellows of moral and religious earnestness, sincere in purpose, banded together for the promotion of Christian ideals of faith and service.

In this way many a man may be led to withstand the temptation to go the downward path, many a pain and heart-ache spared mother, father, or sweetheart, and many a great man might be made.



Along the line of the preceding article the *Intercollegian*, the organ of the Student Volunteer Movement, has an article which seems to fit the case exceptionally well, and which is published below.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

These are three big words: they are sure to raise a round of applause whenever mentioned. They are the battle-cry of democracy. We always maintain that our college social life is founded upon democracy. The charge that some of

our institutions are undemocratic has always called forth from us a vigorous protest.

There are many different forms of organizations among students for so-called "social purposes." The very term "social" means in its implication "companionable." Yet many of the social organizations of college are simply monumental exhibitions of the most refined selfishness. A group of men gathered together into a society, trying to appear better than those unfortunate ones who are left outside, trying by fair means or foul to secure special college distinctions for themselves, trying to get men on committees and editorial boards and athletic teams in the face of competitive tests, hiving themselves off from the life of the rest of their fellows—such a group may be described by many adjectives, but it cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called either social or brotherly! It makes no difference how the society cares for its members, how the members swear to stand by each other till death, how it attempts to inculcate general principles of high living, it will always be anti-social and undemocratic.

There is another aspect of this brotherliness. To be a brother to a man surely demands that we shall not only encourage him in his best, but discourage him in his worst. There are three types of violation of the true brotherly spirit in many organizations today. When a man is ruining his life by continuance in a wrong course, there is frequently held toward him an attitude of indifference. He is simply left to go his own way. Whatever else we may say against such an action, it is a direct violation of the principle of brotherhood. Again, there is a habit of laughing over evil and taking moral depravity in another man lightly, recognizing it in him, yet, while abstaining ourselves on moral grounds, encouraging by a wide and humorous tolerance. Is this not a deeper betrayal of our brother? How many

men have failed just through the offhand jokes of their friends? No one dare be pharisaical here, because the sin is too much at every door! Then, how can we describe that utter travesty of fraternity that in certain extreme cases through its traditions demands sins against purity and honor?

Brotherhood is a tremendous word, and yet how lightly we take it up. You cannot limit its scope and remain true to its spirit. It demands that we seek the good of every man in the world, not because he is in our society or in our college, but because he is a *man*; all this, not one iota less! We are not required to flaunt this banner aloft; and some who do so have forgotten that in their hands, by the mystical power of the spirit of nature of things, the letters spell only "Hypocrite."

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SECOND TERM BEGINS JANUARY 3, 1911

EXPENSES

The regular fees for the session, not including tuition, are as follows:

Incidental fee	\$ 5.00	PAYABLE QUARTERLY.	
Medical fee	5.00	September 7, 1910	\$ 61.31
Uniforms	29.18	November 9, 1910	19.13
Breakage fee	3.00	January 25, 1911	19.13
Board, washing, heat, light, etc.	76.52	March 29, 1911	19.13
TOTAL	\$118.70	TOTAL	\$118.70

Tuition students pay \$10.00 per quarter additional. Free tuition is allowed only to South Carolina students. Books and other necessary articles will be furnished by the College at an approximate cost of \$20.00. Each student must provide himself with four sheets, two blankets, one comfort, six towels, two pillow cases, one pillow and two single mattress covers. For Catalogue and further information, address

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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Clemson College, S. C., March, 1911.

No. 6.



Editors:

A. M. SALLEY, '11

W. N. HENDERSON, '11

J. H. KANGETER, '13

Tattoo.

Oh, welcome! welcome! call of rest—

How sweet thy accents fall!

To wearied mind and troubled breast

You bring peace, sleep to all!

The same on all men do thy notes

Ascend with equal shrill.

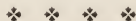
They float upon the wings of night

To every dale and hill.

Yet not to all men does thy voice
Speak love and peace alike;
For some have slothful kept the day,
And have not earned by strife
The sweet repose which nature knows
When duty's cares are done—
When of the day he cannot say:
"I've every victory won."

In different language speaks the voice
To those of nobler living,
And those who've filled the hours with deeds
Of kindness and truth giving.
Throughout the day they've honored God
By industry and right—
They justly claim the gift of sleep
He has promised them at night.

C. B. F., '12.



The Dreams of Pierre.

The silence of the woods fell over our camp. A silence which was not silence. From the surrounding woods came the night-muffled voices of the wood-people; the twittering of sleepy birds; the frantic shriek of some smaller animal; the mournful call of an owl; and, from afar off up the river, the plaintive cry of a loon.

"You love the woods, Pierre?" I asked, stooping to light my pipe from the crackling fire.

My guide straightened up from his squatting posture:

"Oui, M'sieur," he answered quietly. "Here I have everything—my traps, my boat, my rifle; the canoe-making in spring, fish in summer, and the hunt in winter; no man could ask more."

"And you have no desire for Quebec or the large cities, where one can find men to tell the tales of the trail, or some black-eyed maid to quicken the heart?"

"They do not know the language of the trail," he answered.

"And the maid—" I persisted.

"Now, M'sieur, Pierre is a lonely man and wants no cabin to hold him." His voice was still steady, but there was an underlying note of sadness that made me regret the question.

"I had no right to ask," I apologized, lamely. "It was mere curiosity, and if it brought sad memories I'm sorry—"

"No, M'sieur," he replied quickly. "Your heart is good, and I know you meant no harm. Once I dreamed of a cabin, but—dreams are for the weak, M'sieur! Still, if M'sieur desires, he shall hear the tale.

"It has not been many years since the dream came to Pierre; but the time since has been lonely, and, therefore, long. It was at Massibeau, the year after the big snow, that she came, she and her father, with a large camp of servants. Ah, but she was glorious, M'sieur! As slim as the pine, but with all the pretty graces of a deer. Her eyes were as blue as the lake in middle summer, and her hair the color of the tassels of the myrtle flower. I can see her now, as on the morning we broke camp for the moose grounds; she was in the first canoe, with her father and me paddling. Her eyes were big at the things I told her and at the ease of the work—I have been a good canoer, one time. 'Is it hard?' she asked. No, Mam'selle. See, this way you put the paddle and pull— 'Oh, do let me try,' she begged; and we laughed as she splashed the water.

"Each day Pierre must take her fishing, when not hunting; and when the rains came and we were shut in the tents, Pierre must tell her of the woods, the Indian tales, and of

the killing of the big moose, and the trapping; and each day Pierre laughed more happily—and dreamed. And because of the dreams the world was better and bigger and brighter, and everything was good.

“We stayed in the woods two months, M’sieur. Pierre is forty years old, but he has *lived* two months. After a time another party came. There were three men, all known to Mam’selle and her father. One, a tall young man, with the shoulders of the bull-moose and a face good to look on, she seemed very happy to see. ‘This is my good friend, Pierre,’ she said; ‘please teach him to paddle like you. Tom, Pierre has been an angel to me.’ Something broke in Pierre’s heart when she smiled up at him. She had often smiled at Pierre, but never that way; and he smiled back. Then the dreams began to go, M’sieur.

“Afterward we went out together—he, Mam’selle and I—and each time I saw more that the smile was from her heart—she loved the stranger. It was hard, M’sieur, to sit and watch him win her heart; but Pierre sat and laughed with them, and took the stranger after deer and moose, and trapping.

“We stayed till spring, till the ice went, and the end came. One day he took the canoe and went for muscolonge. When night came and he did not return, Pierre went to search. Mam’selle begged him, her eyes big like the frightened doe, ‘Find him, Pierre; I’m so afraid that something’s happened.’ So I went and searched all night. In the morning I came on the canoe below the falls, broken beyond repair, and my heart gave a big jump. Perhaps if he were drowned, Mam’selle might smile again on Pierre. Perhaps the dreams might return. I walked on up the river to the falls, and above them I found him. He had caught a rock in the middle of the river, and still hung there. I called and he raised his head. ‘Courage, M’sieur, I come.’ I

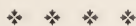
called, and ran to a cache nearby for a rope. And every step with me ran a devil, saying, 'do not try; do not try; a few minutes and he will let go, and perhaps Mam'selle—' I cried in my heart for courage, and got the rope. God knows what made me tie it to a tree and swim out and down to the rock. There was a swift bend in the current, and with a hard struggle we got back to the shore; and each moment the devil in me tried to make me let him go over the falls. I carried him to camp and placed him in Mam'selle's arms. And Pierre's dreams ended. She kissed me when they left, and he, with an understanding in his eye, grasped my hand. But the dreams are gone, M'sieur, and the world is lonely. Pierre stays always in the woods, with the memory of her laugh in his ears, and an ache that is of the heart in the breast."

His voice ceased and the silence of the woods fell on our camp. Little by little the shadows of the surrounding forest pushed nearer, conquering the small circle of light from the fire. A stick snapped and fell in two, with a shower of sparks. From afar off came the muffled call of the bull-moose for his mate.

Pierre stooped and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Tomorrow we hunt the moose, M'sieur," he said quietly.

B.



My Awakening.

On the night of January 1, 1911, I was on my way home from a distant town. There is a deep woods through which I had to pass before I reached home, and naturally I was not enjoying the prospect of this part of my journey very much. However, as I had passed through these woods many times, I tried to dismiss my fears; but could not suppress a frightened feeling as I entered these woods. I allowed my horse to slow down to a walk, the roads being

so heavy. The moon was shining brightly, causing the crooked trees to cast shadows of various shapes. I thought I could see figures flitting here and there among the trees, but, as I could hear no sound, I concluded that this was all imagination.

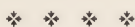
Suddenly the mournful hoot of an owl sounded so near that my horse stopped, threw up his head and began to snort. Scarcely had the hoot of the owl died away when it was answered by another, more mournful and deeper in the woods. My horse was thoroughly frightened now, and I got out in order to quiet him. As soon as I touched the ground a figure of a man emerged from his covering behind a giant oak, and came toward me. Before I could recover from my surprise, he beckoned to me and started off. I know not why, but I followed him. When I recovered from my surprise, I began to take note of my companion. He was a feeble, bent, old man, with gray beard, which almost touched his knees, and there was a look of sadness and disappointment on his face. We had gone a short distance when we were joined by another man. He was a strong, straight, young man, with a light and active step, and there was a look of determination and hopefulness on his face. The young man followed silently, and all the while the woods was getting more dismal and the shadows more ghostlike.

Presently the old man halted and beckoned to us. We came forward, and to my surprise and horror, I saw an open grave at our feet. Then for the first time the old man addressed me: "Young man, I am your Resolutions of 1910. You see I am old, broken and cast away. My time on earth is short, but before I go I have a message for you. See that young man at your side; he is your Resolutions of 1911. He is, as I once was, young, hopeful and earnest.

Would you send him to his grave as you have sent me? I have fulfilled my duty; may God help you to do yours!"

The old man spoke these words, and with a cry fell back into the open grave. I sprang forward to catch him as he fell, but I was seized kindly, but firmly, by the young man. "It is no use for he is dead, and you have killed him," he said. "Let us perform our last duty." Then he seized one of the spades, which were lying near, and began filling the grave. I took the other, and with a heavy heart helped him with his task. When it was finished he said, "Come, I will show you the way out." Without a word we retraced our footsteps, and soon he showed me my horse, still standing where I had left him. I turned to tell the young man good-bye, but he was gone. I resumed my journey, but with a new determination to live up to my 1911 resolutions, come what may.

H. C. J., '12.



Our Heroes.

Throughout this great commonwealth of ours there are patriots. Every citizen who loves his country, whether he lives in the North or in the South, is a patriot; therefore, every man who honorably wore the blue, and every man who honestly wore the gray, in that great struggle between the States which tried the souls of men, was a true patriot. The boldness of the Blue and the gallantry of the Gray placed us in history as a nation of heroes. The days are over when we shouted "Traitor!" Criminations and recriminations have been very poor balms for old sores, and the elimination of sectional prejudice and sectional animosity has made this a union of hearts, a union of hands, of heroes to perpetuate the republic forever. Fraternal relations and feelings must exist between the States, the sections, and the colleges, if we would preserve the institutions founded by our fathers. These relations of brother-

hood between the North and the South are being strengthened more rapidly and thoroughly than ever before, thus making the Union—the home of the world's greatest and truest heroes.

When the proclamation was issued, a little more than twelve years ago, calling for volunteers to do their duty under a tropical sun, South Carolinians toed the mark side by side with the boys of other States, ready and willing to follow their flag—to fight and die. What better proof of her loyalty to the Union could the South give than when she sent her sons into its armies and navies to suffer and shed their blood for its triumph and its glory?

It is not the number of people that make nations great, else China would be the greatest country on the face of the earth today; it is not prowess that preserves empires from decay, else Rome would have lived forever; it is not genius, else the dust of Parthenon would not now mingle with the dust of Grecian art, and we might still be enchanted with the songs of some dark-eyed Sappho, and charmed with the iliad of some modern Homer. It is the virtue and patriotism of the people and their faith in Almighty God which upholds governments and lengthen the paths of their glory.

We have the numbers, and the prowess, and the genius; and if we only continue to fraternize and cherish the spirit of national patriotism, as our forefathers, the great heroes, did, the Union will realize that the dreams of liberty enlightening the world and the mighty deeds of the past can never be drowned in the light of any future glory, as the stars are drowned in the light of the morning.

The Blues visited the South once uninvited. How were they greeted? The Southerners showed them some of our mineral resources, in the shape of muskets and cannon. Now the South invites the North to come hither and see our mountains of crude metal, which we are manufacturing into

pig-iron to be converted into plowshares, cultivators and reapers, instead of muskets and bayonets. What we want is co-operation; co-operation is the keynote of success. The Gray boys once swapped the Blue boys tobacco for coffee; now we will exchange iron, coal, timber, timber lands, agricultural products and agricultural lands for cash.

Where our Southern heroes once built forts we have now built factories. True to these heroes for what they were, we kneel among their monuments to kiss the Stars and Bars in devotion to the glorious past, and rise to salute the Stars and Stripes and pledge our devotion to the Union through all the glorious future. The hands that once wielded the swords and muskets have led to the building of a new civilization on the ashes of the old. I do not mean to say that there is a new South; it is the grand old South rejuvenated by its own matchless courage and industry.

Where once the angry columns met and clinched and rolled together in the bloody mire, new cities have sprung up, like beautiful flowers blossoming in the huge footprints of war. It is the spirit of our heroes doing this. Where once curled the white smoke of hostile guns in phantom towers and columns, high above the dead and dying heroes of Blue and Gray, now the gay cotton fields wave their white handkerchiefs of peace in flirtation with the bashful fields of corn; and the big ripe ears grin among the fodder blades, and sigh: "O shucks!"

My ideal of a Southern patriot is the man who bravely wore the gray until his flag went down in tears and blood at Appomattox, and then accepted the decision of war in good faith, and went home to become a loyal American citizen and to rebuild his desolate country. My ideal of a Northern patriot is a man who bravely wore the blue until the struggle was over, and then laid aside the paraphernalia of war and went home to help restore not only the union of

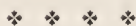
the States, but the fraternal relations of the sections. My ideal of American patriotism is the reunion of the North and South for the purpose of joining all sections of our common country together forever.

The North has a hundred years the start of us in the educational race; but I warn the Northern people to keep their eyes on the wire and their spurs in the flank; for the spirit of the Southern heroes is not dead, and the country they laugh at today will show them its heels tomorrow. Our Southern teachers say: "Literature loves a lost cause." There never was a truth more beautifully expressed. Poets have already begun to sing among our broken columns. Oratory still lives to immortalize the deeds of Southern heroes and to scatter the lilies of love over their graves. Authors will yet rise to write among monuments to thrill the great heart of humankind with the story of the grandest civilization of the world. And historians will wander over the battlefields and sit among their tombstones and write true history of the bravest men who ever lived or died.

The hills of the future are abloom with opportunities for every Southerner. Let's climb to the heights and pluck the flowers. We have proved in the past that we have the material out of which statesmen are made; that we have the soil where presidential timber is grown. We have the same sunshine which warmed the hearts of the greatest heroes, and we have the same blood which was shed on a hundred battlefields; and nothing can prevent us from being as mighty in peace as our heroes have been in war; as energetic in industrial education and science as our heroes were in their marches; and as courageous in the upbuilding of pure, noble manhood as our heroes were in uniting a ruined country. Let the dew sparkle on the Northern hills and glitter on every Southern flower; let the dewdrops of joy moisten the eyes of valor and quiver on the cheeks of beauty; let

the whole Union be dewy with delight when a monument is erected bearing "VIVE LE HEROS."

HUBERT T. PROSSER, '12.



A Twentieth Century Elopement.

It was a brilliant moonlight night in August. After the heat of the day, the cool air fell with invigorating freshness on the panting city. Except for a slight breeze stirring in the trees, there was no sound of any kind to break the stillness. All mankind seemed to take the hint from nature, for the only moving figure was the solitary policeman who came to the corner every five minutes.

The purr of an approaching automobile gradually became more insistent, until the lights swept around the corner, passing on into an oak-shaded street. The low, guarded sounds coming from the machine indicated that it contained several people, and, as it glided through a patch of moonlight, two men and two ladies could be distinctly seen. All seemed to be dressed for riding; for the ladies wore veils tightly wound about their heads, while the men wore the usual motoring caps. From the ease and silence with which the car ran, an experienced autoist would know that it was a high-class car and capable of great speed.

The car, going still more quietly now, passed on down the street about one hundred and fifty yards, where it stopped in front of the home of Colonel James. The gleaming white columns of the James mansion, The Laurels, shone majestically through the trees and shrubs which covered the spacious lawn. Not a sound came from the house, and the long French windows, reaching to the floor of the broad, vine-covered veranda, were perfectly dark. One would not suppose that this peaceful looking home was to

be the scene of an adventure, especially on such a calm and quiet night.

The auto had stopped in a deep shadow, and now one of the men stepped from it and peered cautiously up and down the street. Then, following a shadow cast across the walk by a tree, he crept into the yard. Always keeping in the shadow, he advanced toward the house, listening intently for any sound from that direction. Hearing footsteps on the walk behind him, he hid in a spreading bush; but he went forward again as the pedestrian passed on.

Arriving at the veranda without having raised an alarm, he crossed it cautiously and tapped three times at one of the windows, giving several seconds interval between. The window opened noiselessly, and a young lady stepped out. She had apparently been waiting for the summons, for she, too, was dressed for riding. Closing the window behind her, she silently followed her guide to the car, keeping always in the shadow.

She was warmly greeted by the occupants of the car, Aileen Henderson, Polly Duxworth and Percy Harding. As they took their places in the auto, the motor began to purr, the car trembled slightly, and then they were off.

They went straight ahead until they reached the outskirts of the city. Here they turned to the left, taking the road to Squire Gordon's home, about twenty-five miles distant. With the long, level stretch of macadam before them, and the speed restrictions left behind in the city, the auto was given full power, soon leaving the sleeping city far behind.

* * * * *

Colonel James had had a trying day at the office, and consequently was not sleeping well. As he lay tossing on his bed, the different petty but trying annoyances of the day came to his mind. He thought of the interview with the president of the Suburban Traction Company. Here his pet

plan of consolidating the urban and the suburban companies fell through. He recalled the report of his city manager, which showed such a falling off of receipts. He remembered with especial distaste the interview with his daughter Margaret's suitor, young Mansfield Bronson.

Bronson had always paid a great deal of attention to the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Colonel James, much against the latter's will. Now Margaret had accepted Bronson's proposals, for Mansfield had asked the colonel's permission for their marriage. Of course Colonel James would not hear of such a thing, but young Bronson never gave up. He had asked time and time again, always with the same answer, until today he had made threats of an elopement. This had made the colonel rage, while Bronson remained cool and self-possessed, enraging the colonel still more. Finally Mansfield was ordered to leave, which command he obeyed after repeating his threat.

As the colonel lay thinking of these annoyances, he half-consciously heard an auto approach. Being half asleep, and also occupied with his unpleasant reflections, he did not notice that the car stopped, though he did fancy he heard a slight noise outside the house. After several minutes had elapsed, he heard the car leave, seeming to have been stopped in front of his house. Unconsciously connecting the noise outside the house and the sound of an auto with his thoughts of an elopement, Colonel James became suspicious.

After starting up to investigate, he returned to his bed, reproving himself for a suspicious dunce. Putting all unpleasant thoughts from his mind, the colonel dozed off, but awoke with a start, having the same unpleasant suspicions of an elopement in his mind. Since the best way to allay these fears was to see that all was well, he dressed quickly and crossed to his daughter's room.

As he stood before her door, but heard no sound, he

tapped lightly. No reply could be heard, and, fearing the worst, he opened the door, at the same time switching on the light. To his utter amazement, his daughter was not there. The room was in perfect order, and the bed had not been slept upon. With an angry light in his eyes, the colonel turned to leave, noticing as he did so a neatly folded paper lying on the table. Picking it up and finding his name on it, he opened it feverishly.

It was what he expected—a note from his daughter. With the expression on his face alternately showing grief and anger, the colonel read the following:

“Dearest Father: After Mansfield’s interview with you, we decided that we could not wait for your permission. You have nothing against him except that he would take me away from you. We shall probably be married before you see this. You can expect us back in the city tomorrow.

Your only daughter,

MARGARET.”

As Colonel James finished reading, he tore the note into bits, then stood undecided as to what to do. He began to feel that he had been too violent in his animosity to Bronson, and wished that he had used more tactful means to prevent the marriage. He had seen, too late, that Bronson was not one to be foiled easily.

Suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, he rang impatiently for his chauffeur. After waiting a short time, he rang again; and when the chauffeur appeared in the door, he gave vent to the anger that was now boiling within him. “Don’t stand there like a black fool! Get that machine out. and don’t be all day about it!” As the black hurriedly disappeared, the colonel quickly prepared for the ride, muttering all the while about “that scamp, Bronson,” having “turned Margaret’s head.” He would not reconcile himself to the fact that his daughter had gone off with Bronson, but almost seemed to believe it a dream.

The negro made haste to prepare the big, red, sixty horse-power Mercedes car, which was in the colonel's private garage. The car had been christened "The Red Death" by Margaret. She had just read Poe's tale by that name when the machine was purchased, and seemed to find some fanciful resemblance between the two.

The auto was at the side door by the time Colonel James was ready. Not wishing to lose time in giving directions, the colonel took the wheel himself. He was an experienced driver, and the black knew by the light in the colonel's eyes and by the eagerness of his motions that there would be some reckless driving done that night.

The colonel knew that the couple had gone to Squire Gordon's, for that was a favorite place with runaway couples. The squire's name had appeared in connection with more than a few elopements, thus spreading his fame throughout both the Carolinas, especially in the Old North State. The squire's house was situated exactly on the dividing line between the two States. If you married in one room, you did so under the laws of South Carolina; while in the room adjoining you would be under the rules of the sister State.

A queer story is told of one of the squire's ceremonies. An eloping couple came to him to have the knot tied. As they told their story, the squire found that the young man was heir to a considerable fortune, provided he be "married by an authorized person in North Carolina." As they had no license, the pair wanted to be married in South Carolina, in spite of the fact that they would thus lose the inheritance. Here the squire showed his usefulness. He stood on the North Carolina side of the line, thus fulfilling the provision of the will. The happy couple stood on South Carolina, thus needing no license.

Colonel James kept within the speed limit while within the city, but turned on all speed as he passed the limits. His auto tore onward through the night at a speed which threatened the lead of the flying couple.

* * * * *

The happy party was speeding over the bright ribbon of macadam which stretched away into the distance. They were all light-hearted and gay, feeling that they had outwitted the colonel. The fact that they were partakers in an adventure which had always held a peculiar fascination for them, and the danger of being pursued, both added to their fullest enjoyment of the escapade. They were speculating on the chances of the note's being found before morning, and laughing over the fancied appearance of the colonel when he found the note.

The peals of laughter were cut short by the sudden stopping of the car. Something was wrong with the engine, although it had been overhauled before the trip was started. It is a difficult job to repair an engine at night, but the young men set to work, while the young ladies held the pocket lanterns so as to give the most light.

After going over the engine thoroughly three times, and finding nothing wrong, the task was started for the fourth time. As both of the young men were experts at such work, it nettled them to be unable to find the trouble. They had inspected the engine for the fourth time, when they heard a distant siren whistle, and, as it was repeated nearer, to their great dismay they recognized it as belonging to the colonel's car. With this added necessity for haste, the young men fell to work again. By accident they found the battery switch open. This solved the problem, for the auto started as soon as the switch was closed.

Now began a close and exciting race. With victory almost in sight, the runaways were confronted by the angry

father. Finding the colonel gaining with his more powerful car, it became imperative to stop him in some way. Remembering a package of large-headed nails which he had purchased for his father that morning, Bronson, who was driving, gave them to the others with instructions to scatter the trouble-makers in the wheel track.

This was done, and it produced speedy results. The colonel's car was heard to stop immediately following a loud explosion. However, more nails were strewn along to prevent the colonel's further progress.

Reaching the squire's home, the eloping couple awakened that gentleman and were soon admitted. As the moon was so bright, and since they feared no interruption from the colonel, it was decided to have the ceremony performed outside in the moonlight.

Preparations were soon over and the ceremony was begun. The moon hung low on the horizon, and some light clouds, which had gathered before it, were shedding a slight mist. In the midst of the ceremony a bright rainbow was seen to arch itself over the party on the lawn, lending a very beautiful and impressive aspect to the scene. All gazed on it silently, thinking of it as an omen of good luck to the union which was then being formed. After watching the brilliant arch fade and the moon come out from behind the clouds, all turned to hear the closing words of the ceremony.

Just then an auto was heard approaching "as if all the tires were down," as Harding said. It proved to be the colonel's; and when he found himself too late he raged for a while, but soon became calm. He gave the happy pair his pardon, and, as Margaret threw her arms about his neck, he remarked, "Better be careful; Bronson, over there, is getting jealous."

E. P. W.

"Nerve."

How many wrecks do we see scattered along life's highway—victims of self-distrust and timidity, who did not dare to take risks, and who were always underestimating their own ability when opportunities or advancement came?

Many men fail to get on because they lack "nerve." They can work hard and persistently, but they will not strike out for themselves. They shrink from responsibility. They want some one else to lead. They are good followers, but they cannot plan; they cannot advance on their own volition. Just as a company of soldiers is often routed in confusion when its captain is shot, so the man who lacks "nerve," and who fears risks, retreats when left to himself.

Doubting, wavering, vacillating men, uncertain of themselves, are usually weaklings and imitators. They want advice and encouragement. They look for somebody to lean on. Contrast such men with those who have accomplished the great deeds of history. If Napoleon had doubted his ability to quell street riots in Paris, he might never have led France to victory. Had Grant's confidence in himself been shaken by public ridicule and newspaper denunciation, he would not have become president.

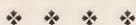
Learn, then, to believe in yourself firmly, vigorously, and strongly. A man without decision or "nerve" can never be said to belong to himself. No reward is ever offered for good intentions or sympathetic feelings. Do not let anybody cajole you out of your self-confidence, or weaken your faith in yourself; for in proportion to the strength and vigor of your self-reliance will be your achievement.

While the drones and incompetents are a drag on the market, as they always have been and always will be, sterling ability, that can prove its worth by its work, is far above premium and is never looking for employment. The great success of modern times proclaim the supremacy that brains,

however powerful, must have the right kind of training or their great power and possibilities will go to waste, just as surely as does the water whose power is unharnessed or unapplied.

True, education means the training of the mind in usefulness; it means preparation for life's work; it means success. To attain this you must have self-confidence and "nerve."

HUBERT T. PROSSER, '12.



The Professor's Rejuvenation.

Professor T. W. Erlington, of a well-known Southern college, though he had occupied the chair of natural science for ten years, was unknown to his fellow professors and his student save in a professional way. He received commendation after commendation for the manner in which he conducted his work and the thoroughness of his instruction. Strict adherence to duty, with no thought of pleasure other than that derived from his work, seemed to be his motto; for, from early morning till late night, he could be found either in his office, classroom, or laboratory, pursuing the work which appeared to be his only source of pleasure. It was a singular face that a smile seldom ventured to play upon his solemn features, except at times when, in the midst of deep study, he incidentally thought of some events in his earlier life.

Professor Erlington's position in the college being a very prominent one, and he being a young man of only twenty-two when he first accepted the position, the young ladies of the college community naturally thought that the professor would be a valuable addition to the social life. It was, however, soon discovered that the professor was altogether void of any inclinations whatever towards social affairs. He always, though sometimes necessarily in a rude manner,

avoided all introductions to and conversations with or concerning ladies. The peculiarities of Professor Erlington in this respect were very great and mysterious, it even having been stated by the postmistress that he had not during his ten years at the college received a letter that bore any indications of having been addressed by a feminine hand.

One day in early December of 1910, a letter was brought to the professor's office; it was addressed to Mr. George Erlington. Many years had passed since he had seen his name written just plain *George*. A peculiar expression of joyful hope shone from his deep, solemn countenance as he observed and recognized the handwriting which had been so familiar of old. He started to open it. No! He recalled his vow never to listen to or read another word from the writer of that letter. Remembering this, he shoved the half-opened letter into a pigeonhole of his desk and continued his work apparently undisturbed.

Though he was in the attitude of reading a scientific work, the professor in his mental dream is the youth of sixteen, George Erlington. He recalls the time when he first learned to love Julia Burnham; how they made confessions of their affections at such an early date; how she, when he first left her for college, pledged to be forever true; and his saddest thought was how Walter Bruce had alienated Julia's affections. All these thoughts made the professor more determined not to open the letter from the girl who had been false to his trust.

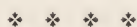
Several days had passed when Professor Erlington received a brief telegram, which read: "I'm just crazy to hear from you. Julia." Forgetting at once his eternal vow, George Erlington sought the unopened letter and read:

"My Dear George: No doubt you have reasons for thinking that I have been untrue to you, but you must believe me when I confess that I have loved none other than you. My

life has appeared differently to you, but I have been forced to ignore your love. My attentions to Walton Bruce have been only to fool my parents. I can bear this life no longer. I have determined that my will shall be supreme. My heart for a Christmas gift. Julia."

From that moment, the deep, solemn peculiarities of this worthy professor disappeared, and his next movement was to pen an acceptance of the proposed Christmas gift.

R. W. F., '11.



A Modern Fairy Tale.

One day, as I walked in a wood, I became tired and lay down to rest. As I lay resting, I felt myself grow smaller and smaller, till I was no larger than a midget. My fatigue passing off, I arose to continue my walk.

After walking several minutes, I came to the mouth of a cave. Out of it rushed a swarm of red-skinned creatures, which ran about with much waving of tentacles, of which they had two growing out of their heads. Behind this crowd came a long column of fierce-looking redskins, which rushed away at top speed and soon disappeared. The throng of onlookers now began to re-enter the cave.

They spoke no words, but seemed to communicate perfectly by waving their tentacles. By watching them, I soon was able to make out the substance of their speech.

I mingled with the crowd and entered the cave. Here I found numerous passages branching from the one we were in. Not knowing what else to do, I touched one of the crowd near me; he looked around, and motioned me to follow him. As he seemed to be a good-natured fellow, I complied. He set off down a by-passage, and we came to a little chamber, which we entered.

He bade me be seated, and asked me for all my past, present and future history, which I gave him as best I could. He then told of himself and his surroundings.

"This," said he, "is the Kingdom of Hymenoptera, ruled by King Antt. Though we have a king, we have no private property, for everything one owns everybody owns. There are, in the nation, four classes, or castes: Kings, soldiers, workers, and slaves. The kings are rulers; the soldiers are guards of the colony; the workers nurse the royal family, and do the work of the colony; the slaves assist the workers, and do all the lowest labor. The column you saw going out was an army going to make slaves of a neighboring tribe. I am called Membrau, a one-time sublieutenant in his majesty's guard; but, having incurred his displeasure, I am now suspended from duty. If you desire to see the city, let's go forth."

I readily consented, and we started. Upon again reaching the main way, we found it filled with a hurrying, bustling crowd, some with, some without, burdens.

"These are the workers cleaning up the city, for tomorrow the king gives a ball celebrating the *debut* of his daughters," Membrau informed me.

A little farther down the passage, we came to a wide, clean by-path, strongly guarded by fierce-looking soldiers.

"That leads to the royal apartments," said my guide. Continuing one way, we came to another guarded passage, into which turned a large part of the crowd from the main passage.

"That is the way to the granary, and some of these fellows are bringing in food," said Membrau; then suddenly he exclaimed, excitedly: "Look yonder; there is one of the king's brothers, Prince Zipzil Antt."

I saw a large, haughty-looking fellow, to whom the crowd was continually bowing.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"He is general-in-chief of the army, and 'twas he, curse him, who brought me into disfavor; but let's go on."

Turning down a narrow alley, we came out into the open air. Upon the roots of a tree-like plant, grazed innumerable small white animals, closely guarded by soldiery.

"These are the tribal cattle," I was told; and Membrau, telling me to wait, went up to one of the guards and they conferred a bit. Then he motioned to me and went up to one of the little creatures, and got some milky fluid. I tasted it, and found it delicious, with a honey-like taste.

A little distance away, a large garden, in which, however, I saw only a kind of dark gray, knobby, plant growing. Several workers were clipping the plants, and tending the garden.

"Here we get most of our vegetable food," said my friend, "these being the gardens of the tribe."

"Let's walk around in it a while before going in," I suggested.

"All right," answered he.

While we walked, Membrau suddenly dashed into the bushes, and returned driving a small, black, cow-like animal.

"What's that?" I asked the much delighted Membrau.

"Wait and I'll show you," he replied.

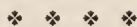
Seemingly, it was a cow; for he milked it, extracting a fluid, which he drank greedily. I found it to have a sweet but curious taste. Membrau soon began to exhibit signs of intoxication, and in a few moments sure enough he was drunk, much to my surprise, for I had never before seen a cow give whiskey.

His mood was now very hilarious, and, as I aided his faltering footsteps, he seemed in a very happy mood. But suddenly we came upon the haughty Prince Zipzil, attended by two soldiers. At sight of him, Membrau became furious,

and, before I could prevent him, sprang upon the prince and hurled him to the ground. The prince was no match for the angry soldier, and was soon overcome. But the two guards killed Membrau, and came at me. I sought safety in flight, but, as I fled, my foot caught and I fell. Instantly my pursuers were at my throat.

Suddenly I awoke, and, putting up my hand, I found two small red ants with their fangs buried in my throat.

T. F. D., '13.



HIS DEFENSE.

It was shortly after midnight, and the colonel had caught Rastus redhanded.

"Well, Rastus, you old rascal you," said he, "I've caught you at last. What are you doing in my henhouse?"

"Why, Marse Bill," said the old man, "I—I done heerd sich a cacklin' in dis yere coop dat I—I thought mebbeh de ole hen done gone lay an aig, an' I—I wanted ter git it fo' yo' breakfas' while it was fresh, sah."—*Harper's Weekly*.



A LECTURE ON ENGLISH.

As the Senior wrote it in his Chemistry Lab. book:

Ex. LXXX.—Done as directed.

As it looked after Instructor corrected it:

Ex. LXXX.—DID as directed.

As the Senior wrote it next time:

Ex. LXXXIV.—This experiment has been did as directed.



Clara: "Why did you break your engagement with Jack?"

Vera: "What good is a man with rheumatism in both arms?"

The Clemson College Chronicle

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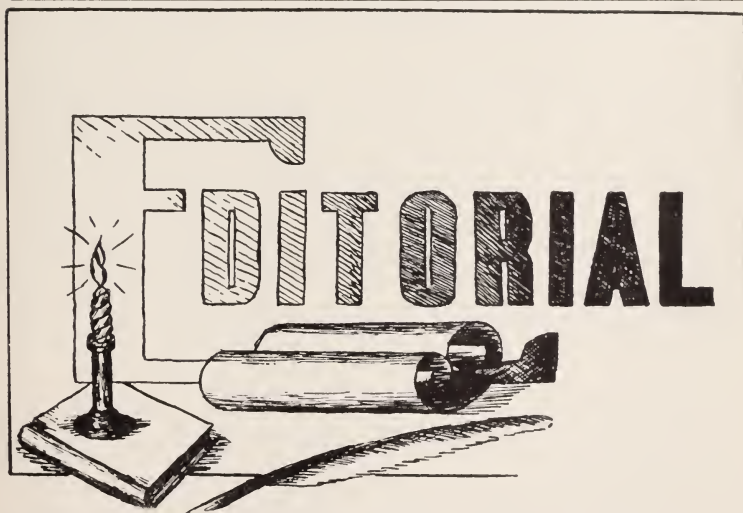
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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

It HAS been the custom at Clemson, since the establishment of THE CHRONICLE, for one board of editors to be in charge of the publication throughout the whole college year. The

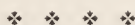
results of such an arrangement have been satisfactory to a large extent, but still a change is desirable. Each year the new staff takes up the duties with only the limited knowledge that association with the old staff gives during the last few days of the college year. Were the Junior officers allowed to take charge of the publication for the third term, then the rush of the opening of school, the difficulties of new work and the lack of experience would not so handicap the publishing of a live issue of the magazine during the first scholastic month.

Then, were this change not desirable, the school year could be divided into two terms and a board of editors elected for each term. This would give a much larger number of men the chance to prove their ability. Too, each staff would always put forth its very best efforts in an attempt to make its issues of the magazine better than those of its rival. The educational feature involved is, also, no mean point, for the experience of the board of editors, besides being invaluable in itself, offers an exceptional advantage in an educational way. We hope the literary societies and the thinking men of the class will consider this matter, as the desired change can only be made by their support and co-operation.



THIS being a military school, where a spirit of reverence and patriotism for our country and its history is inculcated in the minds of its students, it seems but natural that the inspiring strains of our national and sectional songs should arouse great enthusiasm. Yet, somehow, this spirit seems to be dying out of the minds of the student body. Perhaps it only lies dormant and needs but a prod to awaken it again into activity. No one should ever allow

the bars of the song, "Dixie," to fall on his ears unheeded, even though the time when this song was in its greatest glory has passed away. The new South is indeed more wonderful than the old, and the song which peals forth the praises of this section should be more loved and revered than ever before. Too, the sacred memories of the old South should not be allowed to die out from our hearts, even though sectional patriotism is now lost in the love for the whole country. Then, as citizens of the United States, should not the song, "Star Spangled Banner," be saluted with uncovered head? This is but a natural duty, which should be eagerly performed. Our country is growing greater day by day in industry, learning and wealth, which should only arouse more love for her instead of causing a depression in patriotism and respect. Then, when these songs are heard linking together our present glory with memories of the past, let a salute be given, which will show that commercialism has not robbed the Southerner of his grandest characteristic.



FOWLS OF THE AIR.

"When I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his grocer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens."

"What kind do you mean?"

"The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."—*Good Housekeeping*.

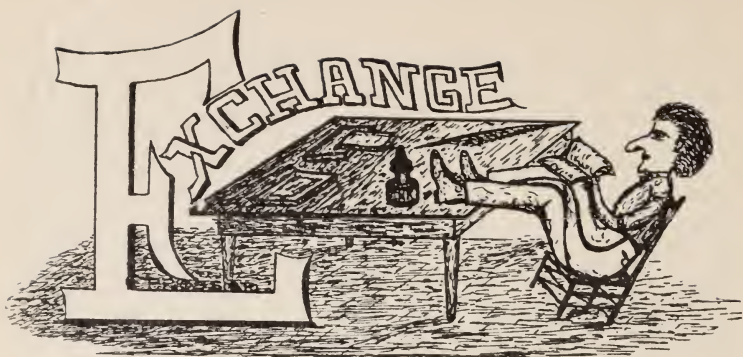


OF CONTRARIES.

"Odd, isn't it?"

"What's odd?"

"That after people have warm words, they speak coldly."—*Baltimore American*.



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. H. ALL, '11

The February issue of the *Ouachita Ripples* was one of the first of our exchanges to appear. Casually turning through this number, interest is at once aroused by the subjects dealt with, manner of arrangement, and proportion of prose to poetry in the literary department. The lack of verse, so prevalent in Southern college magazines, is not found here. "A Renouncing of Love," a narrative poem, is an exquisite production of unusual length, and in it the author displays true poetic elements. Moreover, the author must be a personage of wide experience and deep insight into human nature and the wiles of the human heart. "The Economy of International Peace" sounds the keynote of the twentieth century civilization. Little wonder is it that first place was accorded it in the Intersociety Oratorical Contest. The disastrous economic effects of war, as presented so elegantly, is startling in the extreme. When we think of the wide-spread ignorance which so materially retards the normal development of our own country, as well as that of other nations, it is no wonder that far-seeing men have classed war as the "chief crime of the age," when the cost of one discharge from one of our big guns would pay one year's salary of a college president. There are other pieces

deserving mention, but they must be omitted. However, we cannot pass without at least mentioning "The Impending Crisis." State pride and patriotism bubbles over in every paragraph, and in it we think we hear the warnote of a much-needed educational reform.



The Palmetto does not pretend to exhibit a cover that is fancy or extremely artistic, but one that is plain, yet attractive. It is very seldom that we are disappointed upon peering into the contents, and the February number seems to be no exception. "The Lone Pine" makes the introduction, and it is by no means unsuited to the occasion, as it is very nicely written and presents a vivid, pleasant picture. "What I Enjoy in Robert Louis Stevenson" is the result of very good preparation. The article is well written, and we feel ourselves better acquainted with Stevenson because of having read thereof. Of course we were glad to see Jack gain a friend in "What a Hobby Will Do;" but we felt for him when the truth dawned. We should deduce from this the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, and profit thereby. We consider "Bobby" very lucky for having had the occasion to display his courage, but the occasion appears to be one of bare possibility. The fickleness of the modern specimens of blushing femininity is lucidly exposed. "A Glimpse of Spain" is a well chosen subject for the article presented under that head. The author seems to be well acquainted with Spain and presents her impressions well. "The Trials of a Senior" is interesting, and is enjoyable throughout. The departments are full and ably represented.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Wake Forest Student*, *Crimson-White*, *The Skirmisher*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Mercerian*, *The Chathamite*, *The College Message*, *Emory and Henry*.

Clippings.

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

Sunlight gilds the mountain,
The breezes laugh and play—
Moonbeams kiss the fountains
Where Cupids love to stray—
There's sweetness in the air,
There's roses steeped in dew,
The world's divinely fair
Because I love you.

Honey's in the flowers,
There's music in the rain—
April's in the showers,
And pleasure's in the pain,
The year's in its spring time,
The sky is in its blue,
Life's aglow with sunshine
Because I love you.

There's brightness in the day,
All Nature is divine—
There's clover in the hay,
And diamonds in the shine—
The season's in its glory,
The heart is in its true,
Singing the "old story"
Because I love you.—*Bessie Tift Journal.*



DISCRIMINATION.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"
"Five dollars up."
"But I'm a student—"
"Then it's five dollars down."—*Cornel Widow.*

FAVORITE FICTION.

"Yes, I Mailed It on My Way Downtown, Maria."

"With Sentiments of the Highest Esteem, I Remain, as Ever."

"I Cordially Recommend the Bearer to Your Favorable Consideration."

"Yes, Mr Sharpe, I Have Formed and Express an Opinion in This Case."

"No; That Story Is New to Me; Go Ahead and Tell It."

"I'm Glad She Didn't Invite Me to Her Party; I Should Have Had to Go."

"Vote for Slodgers, the People's Choice."

"I Can't Swim a Stroke, Mr. Ketchley; You'll Have to Teach Me."

"Delicious California Peaches."

"Buckwheat Cakes With Maple Molasses, Ten Cents."

"One Day After Date I Promise to Pay."

"You Will Find Our Prices the Cheapest in the City."

"And Now, My Friends, a Word in Conclusion."

"Yes, I Had an Invitation to the Party, but Couldn't Go."

"Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year, Invariably in Advance."

"Dr. Justout, Physician and Surgeon."

"Your Honor, All My Client Asks in This Case Is Justice."

"Twenty Minutes for Refreshments."—*The Chicago Tribune*.



"If I should throw a kiss what would you do?"

"I would say that you're the laziest person on earth."—*The Hustler*.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

I.

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or did you hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul or fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is just what you make it;
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you take it?

II.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face;
It is nothing against you to fall down flat,
To lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you'll bounce,
Be proud of your blackened eye;
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
But—how did you fight, and why?

III.

You were done to the death? What then?
If you battled the best you could,
And played your part in this world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?—*Selected.*



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

THE NEW CABINET.

At a recent business meeting, the officers for the next association year were elected. They are as follows: A. G. Small, president; C. B. Faris, vice president; A. K. Goldfinch, treasurer, and D. L. Cannon, secretary. Under the direction of these sincere, earnest men, we hope that the Y. M. C. A. will do, in the ensuing year, even greater work than it has ever done before. The best wishes and earnest prayers of the old cabinet will be with them in their work.



MR. TENER.

Unlike most other colleges, Clemson has not yet caught the missionary spirit which has so completely pervaded many of our sister colleges. The reason of this is, no doubt, because we have had so few of the truly missionary men of our country to present it to us. It is true that we are aiding in the support of one man on the foreign field, but we have not been sufficiently enthused to cause us to form a Students' Volunteer Band here.

Mr. Tener, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Manila, who addressed us Sunday, February 12th, was the first man we have had during the entire year to approach us on this subject. His address in chapel was indeed

among the best we have ever heard. He impressed us with the earnestness and zeal with which the work is being carried on, both in his city and throughout the great East. Their motto there, he tells us, is: "The World for Christ in the Twentieth Century;" and at the close of his address he appealed earnestly for the lives of some here, to go there and give themselves to that land and people. His address in the association hall in the afternoon was equally good.



REV. N. G. BALLINGER.

Among the many treats which the Y. M. C. A. has been the happy recipient of, the address delivered by the Rev. N. G. Ballinger, of McCormick, South Carolina, on the "Making, or Unmaking, of a Man," was one much enjoyed and appreciated by all who heard it. As outlined and emphasized by the speaker, among other requisites necessary to success in this life, and the life which is to come hereafter, the following stand paramount: (1) A knowledge of one's self; (2) responsibility; (3) reliability; (4) resolution; (5) stability; (6) right ideals; (7) obedience to natural laws; (8) pure thoughts.

The eyes of those who heard him were opened to a truer, deeper meaning of right living and a higher, fuller and nobler life.



HON. C. C. FEATHERSTONE.

On February 5th, Hon. C. C. Featherstone addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the subject, "Lies and Liars." He explained the many and various kinds of lies and liars, how small the causes of each usually were, and how horrible their effect. Being a lawyer, Mr. Featherstone must have known his subject well, and we are sure his talk was heard by many men who can derive a lesson from it.

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

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Clemson College, S. C., April, 1911.

No. 7.



Editors:

A. M. SALLEY, '11

W. N. HENDERSON, '11

J. H. KANGETER, '13

The Ghost on the Gangway.

The Old Barracks at the State Agricultural College had the shape of the letter "E," the back of the letter being the front of the building. The slope of the ground on which the structure was erected, and the length of the wings, necessitated a good deal of excavation and grading before the foundations could be laid; so that, as the barracks now stand, the second floor on the front is nearly on a level with the company parade ground, which extends the length of the

barracks' front, and is distant from it not more than thirty feet.

To facilitate the passage of the cadets back and forth from barracks to parade ground, gangways—oak-floored bridges, supported by trussed steel uprights, and protected by latticed steel rails—have been provided at the ends of the building. The only cadets' room in the barracks capable of being entered directly from a gangway, was number 60, the north window of which was only two or three feet above the floor of the gangway at the north end of the barracks. During the college session of which I write, number 60 was occupied by two cadet officers, both members of the staff of the college magazine. Occasionally the members of the magazine staff used to gather for meetings in this room.

On one such occasion, shortly after the Christmas holidays, we were discussing ways and means of getting out the January issue of the magazine. Stories, essays and poems were few in number, and not altogether faultless in quality. Lack of sleep during the holiday season was beginning to claim its own, and more than one pair of eyelids were ere long making fitful journeys back and forth over eyes that still struggled to appear interested.

"You men of the literary department," the editor-in-chief was saying, "will just have to get down to it and write something yourselves, and do it quickly." We swallowed his words meekly and without relish. A slight noise from the gangway outside arrested the attention of one of the less drowsy among us, and having heard no sound of footsteps on the noisy board floor, he thought the circumstances of enough consequence to ask:

"What's that on the gangway?"

The man next the window glanced carelessly outside, and as carelessly made reply, "Oh, ghost, I imagine;" and we thought nothing more of it.

But there was more of it—more, even, than Bob Sherrill would have told you had you been so inconsiderate as to ask him about it. For Bob, a man of few words at any time, was in love—and in arrest. Why he was in love need not be here set down; a glimpse of Mabel Sherwood might explain that. Why he was in arrest concerns us immediately. As punishment for some trivial military offense, Bob had been given five confinements, which meant that for one Saturday he must remain in his room and forego the pleasures of visiting in barracks and strolling about the campus. While Bob thought it no serious hardship to remain indoors with his books for one day, he had served so few confinements in his four years at college that the habit of going and coming as he pleased was strong upon him; so strong was it, in fact, that, as the day wore on and his interest in his studies waned, he absent-mindedly betook himself to the postoffice, where the inopportune entrance of the commandant brought him, all too late, to realization of the seriousness of his blunder.

“Why are you not in your room, Mr. Sherrill?” the commandant snapped.

“I forgot, sir,” the boy answered, simply.

“Report to the officer of the day, under arrest.”

Bob’s thoughts, as he made his way gloomily back to barracks, would not make pleasant reading. He, a senior in college, with a diploma in sight; he, who had never been in serious trouble during all his previous college career, must suffer the greatest humiliation that can come to an officer—reduction to ranks—as punishment for a mere fit of absent-mindedness. He scowled bitterly at the lieutenant’s bars on his shoulders. After tomorrow or next day, perhaps, they would not be there. He wondered vaguely whether his record was good enough to prevent his being dismissed from college; he almost hoped that he might be dismissed; he

found himself trying to decide whether his degree would be worth the pain that he must suffer as he went about among his friends for the next three months. But then, he told himself, bitterly, he would not need to go about among his friends, he would be confined to his room for the rest of the session, and in a short time he would have no friends.

In the midst of this round of gloomy reflections a new and startling question presented itself—what about Mabel? Tuesday was to be a holiday. On Monday night there was to be a dance on campus. Mabel was to be there. She was to stay at the home of a cousin on campus for three whole days. Even now, she must be on her way to the little college town.

"Delightful time she will have," Bob mused, bitterly. "Get off at that God-forsaken station tonight, and find no one that she knows to meet her; here on campus three days, and never a sight of the man she has promised to marry. But she probably won't stay, she'll leave in righteous indignation when she finds what a mess I have got myself into. Since I have put my foot into it this far, I might as well desert, and have a good time, at least."

But sober-minded Bob Sherrill had no intention of deserting. Having reached the guardroom he remembered the commandant's orders, and informed the officer of the day of his arrest. By retreat nearly every cadet in barracks knew of Sherrill's arrest.

"Tubby" Grimm, who roomed with Bob, or rather, who spent most of his nights with him—for jolly Tubby had an insuperable aversion to study—strolled into number 60 after supper and suggested that Bob go for a walk with him. Bob was about to suggest that Tubby direct his steps toward a point in the extreme south, but the sight of the goodnatured face in the doorway robbed his answer of all bitterness. Tubby's favorite amusement was "devil" his

sober roommate, but he would never intentionally have hurt Bob's feelings for the world.

Bob explained his predicament with reference to the arrival of Mabel, and Grimm readily consented to meet her at the station, and to explain the situation to her on their way to the home of her cousin. He even volunteered to accommodate Bob to the extent of taking Mabel to the dance.

"Oh, she won't stay for that, I suppose," Bob answered. He changed the subject. "The Moore girls are expecting me to bring her over from the station. They probably don't know; that's why I asked you. And say, take them this note, will you?"

Once out of the room, Tubby realized the gravity of his mission, but he was not the man to balk. He made no pretense at concealing from Mabel the true reason for Bob's nonappearance, but he explained the situation in a manner so graphic that the girl was all sympathy in a minute. She asserted, with a little show of indignation, that she most certainly would not go away and leave Bob to bear his troubles alone, but that she would stay until he should be either liberated or dismissed. Bob would be glad to hear her say that, Tubby thought to himself.

But Bob was destined to be denied the privilege of listening to the music of Mabel's voice. As he marched out of the chapel in the file-closers of his company on Sunday morning, he caught a glimpse of an eager face, alight as if in expectation of some one. The boys saw Sherrill's face brighten, and his shoulders straighten with a snap. But just as the first sergeant sang out "dismissed," the voice of the commandant was heard calling, "Mr. Sherrill, oh, Mr. Sherrill!" and Bob choked back a curse as he went up and saluted.

His interview with the commandant lasted until first call for dinner. Bob left the office with a very hazy idea of what the commandant had talked about, but he had ideas of his own concerning outstanding personal attributes, and the future place of abode of that august officer.

Several notes passed between barracks and the residence of Professor Moore during Sunday afternoon and Monday. Bob sought to make clear his side of the tangle without extenuating himself, and to apologize humbly and implore forgiveness for having caused his lady love so much inconvenience. He besought her not to stay away from the dance on his account, but to have a good time for them both. Mabel, in her turn, sent back messages of cheer, and declared her intention of staying with him to the finish—all of which made Sherrill's heart swell with a new pride in the woman of his choice.

In her last note on Monday, Mabel finally consented to accompany Tubby to the dance, "just for Bob's sake," but much to the delight of Bob's good-natured roommate. When the dance was nearly over, she wrote, she and Tubby would leave the hall quietly and stroll up toward the barracks. If Bob would stay awake, and come to his window, he might yet have a chance to speak to her for a few minutes. It would be a little unusual, but perfectly proper, because Professor and Mrs. Moore would be along, and everything would be quiet in barracks after midnight.

Bob read the note and sprang to his feet with eyes aflame. Who but Mabel would have thought of such a scheme? A grand girl, he thought. He loved her more every day. And she had said, "Be waiting, and I will not fail you."

Sherrill could hardly wait for the stroke of midnight. Tomorrow he knew he must face the trying ordeal of being questioned before the discipline committee, and he would need to refresh himself and summon all of his resources for

the trial, but he could not have slept now had he wished to sleep.

Meanwhile the dance was going beautifully. The Cotillion Club had outdone itself in the matter of decorations; the orchestra was playing as it had never played before; the cadets but lately through with their term examinations, were in exuberant spirits, and the ladies seemed to reflect the mood of their partners, for their silvery laughter blended continually with the music of the orchestra.

There was one, however, who seemed out of place in the merry throng. When Mabel and Grimm had entered the hall, and Grimm had begun to introduce some of his friends, her face had been radiant and she had been besieged by many swains wanting dances. She had barely circled the hall with her first partner, however, before some of those whose names adorned her card were sorry of their haste. She danced listlessly, and replied to questions in absent monosyllables. The Moore girls wondered at her dullness—a quality which she had never before manifested—and could explain it on no other grounds than that of her concern for Sherrill.

Mabel's partner for the third dance was glad of the chance to sit it out with her, for he felt himself better able to maintain a one-sided conversation than to fulfill that office and guide an indifferent dancer at the same time. Under his running fire of clever nonsense Mabel brightened a bit, and arose smilingly to meet Tubby for the next dance, a lively two-step. They caught the time of the music and glided out upon the floor. Grimm was about to make some trivial remark when he became conscious of a strange pallor in Mabel's face; her eyes were very bright, but the brightness was that of glass. His slow understanding was trying to fathom it all, when, suddenly, she became a dead weight in his arms. The shock of the girl's collapse brought the

man to his senses, and he sought the open air with his unconscious burden.

The leader of the orchestra, with his back to the dancers, kept on with his direction, and the orchestra, after a ragged bar or two, again bent their eyes to their score. A few of the nervous or curious dropped out of the dance and crowded about the doorway; there was little excitement, however. The incident was soon over, as far as the dancers were concerned. The lady was put into a carriage and driven to the home of the Moores, and the dance went merrily on. Only the college doctor shook his head and looked grave. And Tubby Grimm wondered what he should say to Sherrill.

* * * * *

On the Saturday following Bob Sherrill's breach of confinement and arrest "Tubby" Grimm stood in the little post-office watching the postmistress through the glass doors of the mail boxes as she distributed the afternoon mail. No word had yet come from Mabel Sherwood, or from her family. Grimm had sent three telegrams, but none had been answered. Bob, confined to his room until June, was bearing his agony in silence, but Tubby could see that it was killing the boy slowly.

At last there was a letter. Tubby snatched it out of his box and glanced at the postmark. It was that of the Baltimore office. He knew of no one in Baltimore who might write to Sherrill. He drew out his daily paper absently. On his way back to barracks with Bob's letter he glanced through the paper hurriedly. As his eyes swept across the "Deaths" column, which he seldom read, and one name, "Miss Mabel Sherwood," held his gaze, and brought his heart to a sickening standstill. The notice was a special from Baltimore. The latter part of it read:

"Miss Sherwood was brought here last Wednesday in the hope that an operation might save her, but the surgeons held little hope of her recovery from the first. She never regained consciousness after being stricken."

Tubby thrust the paper into his blouse and pulled himself together for the task of delivering the death-blow to Sherrill's hopes. He would not let Bob see the paper. The letter would prepare him for the worst, and not break the news so brutally. He entered quietly, laid the letter in Bob's steady hand, and went out without speaking.

* * * * *

How Bob Sherrill ever completed his senior year at college no one, save perhaps Tubby Grimm, will ever know. Certain it is that, had it not been for the unconquerable Tubby's unfailing well of wholesome humor, the distracted boy would have given way under the strain, and perhaps would have sought relief in suicide. But finish his course he did, somehow. His perpetual gloom soon chilled his less constant friends, and toward the last of the term only the faithful Tubby remained loyal. For Tubby knew. After graduation, Sherrill sought diversion in travel, and for a time led the life of a sheep herder in the Sierras. He is now the owner of a lonely ranch in Montana. Grimm occasionally hears from him. In his letters Bob rarely mentions the days when he and Grimm used to room together in number 60. Grimm can see that he is trying hard to live down the memory of them. But he still fancies that Bob's mind, out on the dreary, wind-swept buttes, reverts ever and anon to the last sentence of the last note: "Be waiting, and I will not fail you."

* * * * *

"Hey, wake up over there!" The editor-in-chief spoke sharply. "I say, can you have me a story by Saturday?"

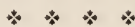
I blinked at him in mild surprise. As I searched about in my vacant mind for an intelligent answer, there came a slight noise from the gangway, resembling the slight flutter of a woman's skirt as she passes on tiptoe.

"There's that ghost again," someone interposed.

The editor-in-chief was becoming impatient. "Well, what about it?" he demanded.

"I think I can," I answered.

A. M. S., '11.



Washington.

The morning dawned on a misty shroud,
The world was dark and drear;
But the sunbeams rent the darkest cloud,
And the birds gave a musical cheer.

The gloomy clouds soon passed away,
And we felt the sun's glad rays;
Our thoughts went back to the tyrant's sway,
In our good old colonial days.

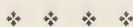
We thought of Eutaw's bloody mead,
And of Braddock's sad defeat;
Of Jasper's brave and gallant deed,
And Tarleton's swift retreat.

We thought of thee, brave Paul Revere,
On the bleak New England coast;
Then Emily Geiger, who knew no fear,
But defied the bloodthirsty host.

Old Valley Forge, we love thee well,
Thy memory is always dear;
Mount Vernon, thy lord shall ever dwell;
In the hearts of his people, far and near.

We think of our heroes great and small,
Of Franklin, Jefferson, Lee;
But one bright star outshines them all,
George Washington, it is thee.

O. F. McCrARY, '12.



The Convict's Story.

Ever since I was a youngster in knee pants it had been my ambition to become a reporter on a big newspaper. Having been reared in the State of New York, I had heard of the exploits of the members of that profession, and had longed to try my hand. Now my wish was to be realized.

I had come to New York City five years before, and had entered a broker's office. The work was irksome, but I worked hard, hoping for a better opportunity of proving my worth. Through some little chance, I had made the acquaintance of one of the reporters on the New York Herald. During my second year in the city I had put him in the way of making a *beat*, which led to his promotion. Now he was head reporter, and, knowing of my ambition, he used his influence to get me a place on his paper.

As the latest addition to the reporting staff, it became my first duty to interview a certain prisoner at Sing Sing. This particular prisoner, Moore, had been given a life sentence for killing the man who had aided him in executing one of the most daring and sensational robberies in police history. This pair had robbed the new United States mint at Buffalo of over ten million dollars in one night. They were known to have committed the robbery, but it could not be proved on them. After the robbery, the men had been tracked the length of the United States and back, and finally cornered in a small town in New York. Here Moore found that his accomplice, Langdon, was about to

give himself up and tell all, in the hope of obtaining his own freedom. However, before Langdon could give any important evidence, he mysteriously died, while Moore slipped through the detectives' net at the same time. Langdon was found to have been murdered, the blame naturally falling on Moore.

Large rewards were offered for Moore, both by the United States government and by the State of New York, but, although the best detectives in the United States were put on his trail, Moore skillfully eluded them. He would be seen once in Cuba, then in Japan, and perhaps next in Australia. Finally Moore returned to the scene of his crime, and was captured in Montreal, Canada. After a little intercourse between the two governments, Moore was brought to the State of New York and tried for murder. Although murder in the first degree could not be proved against him, he was given a life sentence, and had now served ten years of it.

This comprised the history of the case as far as either the police or the newspapers knew it. In all this time, nothing had happened which could throw any light on the mystery. As Moore was the builder of the mint building, some thought that he had secret knowledge concerning it, but nothing was ever found to substantiate this theory. In the murder trial Moore had not testified, nor had he ever given any clue as to his manner of robbing the mint. The newspapers continually interviewed him, but he persistently refused to give them any light on the subject. Since his partner was dead, all hope of solving the mystery rested on some statement from Moore himself.

This there did not seem to be any immediate prospect of getting. The newspapers often sent their *cub* reporters to interview Moore, as an initiation. This had never resulted in anything more than dampening the ardor of the new

reporters, or in arousing their fighting spirit. Several had given up in despair immediately after this first interview. Moore always received them in a gruff and surly manner, showing plainly that he resented their intrusions, and often telling them so without using any delicate terms to express it. I knew that I would have to attempt this interview, so I was not surprised when my orders came. Here was a chance to show my worth. If I made good here, I was sure of a steady job. A certain little girl had added another reason to why I should do my best in this task, when she answered "Yes" to a question of mine.

Of course, the whole reporting staff knew of my mission, and I received plenty of advice as to what I should carry with me—recommendations varying from a horseshoe and a four leaf clover to a first-aid-to-the-injured set. I left the office amid the jerring good wishes of the entire force, and made my way to the station. Once settled in my train, I tried to formulate some plan of approach to Moore, but none presented itself in a favorable light. I gave this up as useless and determined to wait until circumstances should decide for me. Arriving at the prison, I was ushered into the presence of the warden. When I stated the object of my visit, a knowing smile wreathed his lips, while at the same time, he gave me permission to visit the prisoner. Before leaving the office I passed through the usual red tape—submitting to search, depositing everything but my writing material, and registering. This preliminary over, I was told to follow the guide. He took me through several iron doors, and then down the second tier of cells to number three hundred and sixty-one. Here he left me, after warning me that my interview could last but two hours. However, I expected to be through before that time limit expired.

Moore was in his cell, and, as I was not permitted to enter it, I drew a chair up outside. I noticed that his cell

had been made more habitable than is usual in a prison. When I spoke to him he came to the bars and returned my greeting. He did not speak in the gruff manner attributed to him, and this raised my hopes, for I felt that I had come at an opportune time. When I told him my mission, a shade of annoyance passed over his face. He asked that I give him ten minutes to decide, and, as I walked away, I heard him pacing the short space of his cage. As he had always refused the reporters pointblank, I felt that this action was something in my favor. When I returned to his cell he was sitting on the low stool near the door, and I could almost tell that he had decided to reveal his story to me. My surmises were correct. To my joy, he had decided to give me all the particulars. How my heart leaped when he said it! I had accomplished a thing that had long been despaired of—my future was now assured.

I will give you the story in his own words:

"As you already know, I have always refused to clear away the mystery surrounding the Buffalo mint robbery. The police and the newspapers have advanced many theories as to the manner in which it was done, but none have been substantiated. I see no reason for withholding the facts any longer. At first I felt that a confession would hurt my chances of getting a pardon, but I now see that there never were any chances. This confession will show the nation how inferior its detective system is.

"For you to understand everything fully it will be necessary to go back several years before the main events took place. I had graduated from one of the best technical schools in the United States. After graduating I entered the employ of my uncle, one of the greatest builders of skyscrapers in New York City. With him I got the practical experience necessary to make me independent. After five years in his employ I started out for myself. I took several

comparatively small contracts and made good on them. The million-dollar mint at Buffalo was my first big contract. I determined to make this job an advertisement of my efficiency, and, with this end in view, I bent all my energies upon it.

"On the morning of April 18, 1920, I sat in my office looking over some detail drawings of the mint. Everything was well under way, and I felt that I had all the chances of success. As I sat there, a card was brought to me bearing the name, 'Gardner Mack Langdon, Philadelphia.' On the back was written, 'An interview would be to your advantage.' As I had never heard of the man before, I hesitated about seeing him. Then, too, the pressure of my work was against it, but my curiosity conquered, and I ordered him admitted.

"As he entered, I took in the different points about him which impressed me most. He was a medium-sized man with an air of refinement about him. His clothes bespoke an up-town tailor, and an acquaintance with the latest styles. As he glanced quickly around the room, I noticed that his left eyelid moved with a peculiar twitch.

"After taking the chair which I offered him, he came at once to the point of his visit. He wanted my co-operation in robbing the mint I was then building. I was horrified at his proposal, but silently I listened to his plan. He had obtained drawings of the mint through a nephew who worked in the architect's office. Thus he had a complete knowledge of the arrangement of the building. His plan had been conceived by a cunning brain. He proposed that we should put a secret passage in one of the walls of the building. This passage should be in an inside wall of the vault which was to contain the most valuable deposits. As the walls were to be very thick, there would be room for a large passage. The walls were to be lined with steel plat-

ing, but a small section of this could be managed by some secret spring. As this particular wall came beneath an angle in the roof near the rear of the building, the passage would be easy of access from the roof. A very strong electro-magnet could be lowered into the vault through the passage, and would easily pick up the steel boxes containing the valuable treasure. They could be raised to the roof, and transported from there by his aeroplane. His country place on the Hudson would afford a safe place to store the treasure until it could gradually be disposed of. Of course, some of the men would have to be taken into our confidence, but Langdon knew some expert workmen who could be trusted to keep silent for a small consideration. He had come to me now, for the scheme must start in its execution at once.

"When he finished outlining his plan, I refused indignantly, and dismissed him at once. He was not in the least surprised, but told me to think it over and give him my final answer when he next called. After he had gone, I found that I was more influenced than I thought. I paced my office all that day, revolving the thing in my mind. I looked at the plan from all possible viewpoints, I hunted for every flaw that showed the least chance of failure. The more I looked at it, the more convinced I was that it was practical. His master mind had provided against every emergency. It had taken a very intimate knowledge of the arrangement of the mint, and also of mechanics, to plan everything so that it fitted so exactly. It was hard to reconcile so monstrous a crime with the career of fame I had mapped out, but the chances of detection were so few that I decided the gain was worth the risk.

"When Langdon returned on the third day, he appeared confident that I had accepted his proposal, and as I told him of my decision, the pleased expression on his face indicated

his gratification. We proceeded to perfect our plans, and arrange the details of the scheme. He already had some of his men in my employ, so these were put to work on building the passage. We told them as little about its use as possible. Although this was a queer passage to be put in a mint, the workmen went ahead unquestioningly. We did not bother about the plans for carrying off our booty then as that could be done after the completion of the mint.

"The work progressed rapidly, while we were continually on watch lest our conspiracy should be discovered. None of the men seemed to have any desire to learn more of the secret passage, and it twice escaped the eyes of the government inspectors. When at last the mint was completed, built in record time, I received commendation on the quality of my work, the comparatively small cost of the building, and on my quickness in completing the job. After a year of planning, the time had come for the accomplishment of all. In some manner during the progress of the work, all the men whom we had taken into our confidence received fatal injuries. This left Langdon and me the sole possessors of the secret of the blind passageway. All our plans had worked out excellently, not a particle of suspicion being attached to either of us. The government was now moving its machinery and bullion into the mint. Our next task was to arrange the details of the actual robbery. This was soon done, and the date set for October 2, 1921.

* * * * *

"The night chosen for the greatest task of all had arrived. It was ideal for such an undertaking—the sky was cloudy, the wind blew in fitful gusts, and a dense mist obscured everything. We had spent the day in grooming Langdon's big four hundred horsepower biplane for the trip to Buffalo and back. Every emergency had been prepared for by providing ourselves with an extra motor, propeller, and a pair

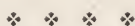
of planes. To the lower braces of the machine had been fastened a very strong fisherman's net. This was to hold our boxes of treasure. The aeroplane was capable of bearing twice the weight which was to be put on it that night.

"We set out from Langdon's country place, Cragmore, at about nine o'clock, fully equipped for our expedition. The trip to Buffalo, occupying three hours, was uneventful. We arrived at the mint, as a clock near by struck midnight. As aeroplanes had come to be such common sights at any time of day or night, we did not arouse any suspicion. We landed on the roof directly over the entrance to the passage. Immediately we set to work. While Langdon cut the wires which controlled the protective alarm, I attached the hoist, which we carried, to our motor and connected the electro-magnet to a convenient circuit. By the secret spring, we raised a portion of the roof, thus obtaining access to the passage. Inside this was a second spring, which opened one of the panels in the vault at the door of the passage. With our bull's-eye lanterns we could see the rows of steel boxes in the vault. Our prize was immediately before us, and we hastily began to possess ourselves of it. Lowering the magnet in the passage, we drew up box after box, until we had filled the net attached to the aeroplane. Then covering up our tracks in a manner which later proved baffling, we started the motor and sailed off into the night. When we arrived at Cragmore, at about five o'clock in the morning, we placed the booty in a big secret vault, built in one of the hills on the place. From then on you know the events which happened.

"This is the exact manner in which the robbery was committed, and, as the police are ignorant of it, it will be as much a revelation to them as to you. You are at liberty to publish this confession, and, if an investigation is made, you will find everything just as I have related."

Thanking Moore over and over again, and promising to call on him later, I hurried back to the office in New York. I was showered with congratulations, and was put at once on the main staff.

Since my career as a reporter was now assured, a certain little girl and I inspected the flats-for-rent column of a newspaper that very night. E. T. P., '13.



Facilities for Agricultural Education in South Carolina.

There are today over 5,000 schools offering primary education, and thirteen or fourteen institutions offering collegiate courses to the young men of South Carolina. True it is that our State offers many educational advantages to the coming generations of men, and every true Carolinian feels his breast swell with pride as he thinks of the old Palmetto State as the garden spot of the world. Those who are in position to know, say that South Carolina has an ideal climate, and that her soils are unsurpassed in the United States, save by the rich deposits of alluvial soil in the Mississippi Valley. How glad we are to claim the privilege of having a climate more agreeable than that of the Gulf Coast States, and how much more fortunate still are we to have a climate better suited to growing king cotton than have our sister States to the north of the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude. In natural advantages, South Carolina is surpassed by few other sections of North America.

There is, however, another factor worthy of consideration, one which needs even more agitation than the question of our prominence as owners of natural resources. According to the census of 1900, 87.2 per cent. of our population live in country districts, and are most generally engaged in agri-

cultural pursuits. This large per cent. of South Carolina's population, amounting to 1,169,060, has only one available institution which furnishes agricultural instruction to the future generation of farmers. This institution, Clemson College, is capable of giving instruction to not more than 700, and fully one-half of this number pursue mechanical courses. Thus it is plainly apparent that 350 young men, or only .02 per cent. of the agricultural population, have access to instruction in the principles underlying their vocation.

On the other hand, practically every man who pursues the professions of law, ministry, medicine, and almost any profession other than farming, has access to one, or several, institutions where he may prepare to follow successfully his chosen profession. What faith could be placed in a physician who is unskilled in medical principles; in a lawyer who knows little of legal principles; in a minister who is ignorant of Biblical principles, or in a professor who knows nothing of his profession? So it should be in the case of a farmer; yet, the situation today in South Carolina is that the State is dependent upon the farmers to produce the sustenance of life, and, in return, the State is offering only a scant means for agricultural education.

How many loyal Carolinians are there that would not refute the statement that the other Southern States are richer than our own beloved commonwealth. Such a statement can very nearly be proved. Take a brief insight into the facilities for agricultural education in Georgia and Alabama, as representative Southern States. The State of Georgia has two State agricultural colleges, one privately endowed agricultural college, eleven district agricultural schools, two agricultural and normal schools, and four public high schools giving agricultural courses. In this Georgia is infinitely richer than South Carolina. Alabama has one

agricultural college, nine district agricultural schools, six agricultural and normal schools, and five public high schools in which agriculture is taught. Can South Carolina boast of any resources equivalent to these? Nay! We must hang our heads and confess that we are, as a State, committing suicide slowly but surely, in that we are not preparing the agricultural population to conserve the natural gifts of which we are so prone to boast.

The question, then, naturally arises as to what will be the final outcome of South Carolina's lack of facilities for agricultural education. There can be only two possible results, and as to which of these will be the final, lies within the power of the agricultural population themselves. The first consequence—the one towards which we are now tending—is a depletion of our fertile soils, a devastation of our woodlands, a general destruction of all our natural resources, and all the woes subsequent to such blind actions. The second consequence—the one to be encouraged—is an uprising of the people demanding that educational facilities be provided for the training of their youth in the vital principles of nature and how to control them. Man's mission on earth is to act as a directing agent of the blind forces of nature, and unless he is trained in the methods of successfully directing these forces, the result will mean a wreck. Just as a railroad train requires, first of all, a skilled engineer, the forces of nature must have skilled men to guide them successfully.

There has already been a vast amount of energy wasted by unskillful farm management; and, unless this is checked, the present century will leave the once aristocratic State of South Carolina in abject poverty. The agricultural college is doing a great work, but it cannot be expected that it will be able to educate the rank and file of the farming people; and, until this is done, we cannot have a successful system

of agriculture. To build agricultural schools throughout the State and put agriculture in the curriculum of the present high schools, would mean the stimulation of greater interest in agriculture, the education of our future farmers, and the elimination of this danger of depletion of natural resources. Let us hope that the next decade will awaken the farmers to their conditions, and cause them to elect men to the lawmaking bodies who will, with wisdom, give to the State more facilities for the agricultural training of her all-important class of people. R. W. F., '11.



A Seashore Tragedy.

One beautiful September morning a young man was leisurely strolling along the seashore at Palm Beach. James Marion was a naturalist, and had just arrived at Palm Beach, where he intended spending the winter. He had graduated at Yale the year before, and was in search of botanical specimens for his collection.

As he was walking by a clump of palmetto trees he noticed a well dressed young man sitting on a rustic bench, which was leaning against a large tree. Thinking this a possible chance for making the acquaintance of this young fellow, he turned in that direction.

"Good morning," said Marion, "I see that you too are enjoying the cool sea breeze."

"Yes, I am enjoying myself very much," returned the stranger. "Isn't the breeze delightful?"

"Excuse me for not introducing myself; my name is Marion."

"And mine is Spencer; Mr. Marion, I'm glad to meet you. Are you a stranger here?"

"Yes, I just arrived at Palm Beach yesterday. Do you live near here?"

"No, I'm a stranger here also, as I've only been here for a few days."

"How do you like Palm Beach?" asked Marion.

"I like it fine," replied Spencer, "for the people here are so clever and accommodating."

"Suppose we take a stroll," said Marion.

"All right," answered Spencer, and they started walking down the sandy shore.

After walking about a quarter of a mile, Marion noticed some bright red flowers and stopped to gather some of them, as he recognized them as rare specimens of plant life.

"What are you going to do with those weeds?" asked Spencer.

"I am going to add them to my collection," replied Marion. "I forgot to tell you that I am a naturalist, and I am especially interested in flowers and plants. Do you like flowers?" asked Marion.

"No," replied Spencer, "I've never given them the least attention."

Marion then walked up the beach a short distance and was looking at a dark green plant, when suddenly an exclamation startled Spencer, who was then interested in watching the seagulls circling overhead.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked Spencer, as he came up to the excited Marion.

"Look!" exclaimed Marion, and he held out in his hand a beautiful necklace which was sparkling with diamonds.

"Who do you suppose could have lost such a valuable piece of jewelry here?" asked Marion. "It must have cost several thousand dollars."

"Yes," replied Spencer, "it must have cost a great deal, as it is a beautiful necklace. No doubt some wealthy tourist lost it there. Apparently it hasn't been there long, for it is in almost perfect condition. Allow me to congratulate you

on your good luck," said Spencer, extending his hand. "Suppose we go back to the hotel, for I'm sure you will not want to hunt any more flowers today."

"No, I don't think I shall try to find any more specimens today," replied Marion. "This is enough for one time. We must sell the necklace in the morning and divide the money, for you should have half of it, as we found it together."

"Thanks, old man," replied Spencer, "you certainly are a good fellow."

By this time they were near the hotel, and they thought it best to change the subject, as they did not want to let anyone else into the secret.

"How about a little game of cards after supper?" asked Spencer.

"All right," answered Marion, "just anything to pass away the time."

"Shall I see you then right after supper?" asked Spencer.

"Yes, I'll meet you on the piazza at seven o'clock," replied Marion.

The two men then parted, Spencer going to his room on the south side of the hotel, while Marion, too much excited by his find to remain still for any length of time, started walking through the near by park.

While Marion was enjoying the evening breeze, Spencer was in his room racking his brain for some plan to secure the necklace for himself. He was not satisfied with half of the money, but he wanted it all, and he was determined to have it at any cost.

"How on earth can I get it?" meditated Spencer. "I don't want to kill Marion unless I have to, but I must have the necklace, even if I do have to kill him, for it must have cost at least ten thousand dollars. I know what I'll do," thought Spencer, "I'll make some excuse for preferring to

play cards in his room instead of playing at the club, and perhaps I can find some way to get the necklace there."

In the meantime Marion had returned from his walk, and had gone to his room to dress for supper. He was congratulating himself on his good luck, and was thinking of the things he would buy with the money he was going to get for the necklace.

After he had completed his toilet, he started down to supper, and he was soon enjoying a good hearty meal. As he arose to leave the dining room, he looked for Spencer, but did not see him anywhere.

"Perhaps he is on the piazza waiting for me," thought Marion, and he turned his footsteps in that direction.

As he reached the front door he noticed Spencer sitting on the steps enjoying a cigar. He arose as Marion came up to him and extended his cigar case.

"Won't you smoke with me?" asked Spencer.

"No, thank you," replied Marion. "Suppose we go in and have our little game of cards."

"All right," said Spencer. "Shall we go to the club, or would you prefer playing in your room? I don't like the club much myself, but if you would rather play there, why, then I'm with you."

"Neither do I like the club much," said Marion, "so let's play in my room."

With this they started toward the elevator, and were quickly taken up to the third floor, on which Marion's room was situated.

"Shall it be setback or poker?" asked Marion, as they reached his room.

"Just as you like," answered Spencer. "One is about as interesting as the other."

"Then, let's make it poker," said Marion; and they were soon seated and enjoying the game. Spencer's mind was

not on the game at all, for he was revolving in his mind all kinds of different plans for securing the necklace. He thought of leaping across the table and choking Marion to death, but no—that would not do, as they might make too much noise; and he couldn't shoot Marion for the same reason. At last he determined upon a plan which he thought he could carry out without much trouble or noise. Cautiously slipping his right hand to his hip pocket, he said in as calm a voice as his excited brain would permit: "Marion, will you please pick up a card for me which I dropped a moment ago? I think it is near your right foot."

"Certainly," said Marion; and just as he stooped down for the imaginary card, Spencer jerked a pistol from his pocket and hit Marion a terrific blow upon the head, which sent the unfortunate man tumbling to the floor.

"Now for the necklace," muttered Spencer, as he replaced the pistol in his pocket.

It was the work of a moment for Spencer to search the pockets of the prostrate man; and, taking the necklace from Marion's inside pocket, Spencer left the room as soon as possible. He went to his room, quickly packed his suit cases and went with all haste to the railway station, which was only a short distance away. In a few minutes he was speeding away from Palm Beach, and from the terrible crime he had committed.

The train soon reached a small station where it was scheduled to meet the Southeastern Limited, but the Limited was twenty minutes late and, therefore, the northbound train had to wait. This delay gave Spencer time to think of the deed he had committed, and he began to feel the inevitable remorse.

Let us return for a moment to the hotel at Palm Beach, which Spencer had left only a short time before. The maid, as was her daily duty, had brought up a pitcher of

water to Marion's room just a short while after Spencer had taken his hurried departure, and, on finding the key in the door, she entered the room. She was horrified to see Marion lying in the middle of the floor with a bloody cut in his head. Almost dead with fright, she ran as fast as she could to the office and told of her experience. In a few minutes the proprietor of the hotel, a policeman, and two detectives were examining the dead body of the unfortunate Marion.

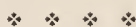
In a few minutes more messages were flying over the wires requesting officers to search the trains which had left Palm Beach that night for a man answering to the description given by the hotel clerk. He had seen Marion and Spencer take the elevator together just after supper, and had also noticed that Spencer came down alone, and in somewhat of a hurry.

After the messages had been dispatched, the detectives returned to the hotel and awaited developments.

Let us return to the waiting train, which was delayed at Melbourne. Spencer was growing more and more remorseful each minute, and his remorse was fast turning into fear. He was almost desperate when he noticed a plainly dressed man walk through the car and stop near his seat, looking at him closely. Spencer became alarmed at this, and he nervously felt for the pistol which had been used to murder Marion just a short while before. The stranger finally approached Spencer, and quietly demanded that he submit to arrest in the name of the law. Great beads of perspiration were now standing on Spencer's forehead, and his hand tightened convulsively on the pistol in his pocket. As the stranger was about to raise his hand, in which he carried a large revolver, a sudden explosion was heard, and the astonished detective saw the murderer, Spencer, slip to the floor of the car with a bullet through his temple.

When Spencer's body was removed from the car a diamond necklace was found tightly held in his left hand. The wires were again busy between Melbourne and Palm Beach telling of the suicide.

The next day two new graves were dug side by side in the cemetery at Palm Beach, and the participants of the seashore tragedy were laid in their last earthly resting place, and now the murmuring palm trees alone stand guard over the forgotten mounds. T. F. M., '13.



Hope and Fear.

No two words make up a more important factor in our language than hope and fear. They have been called twin sisters, because the one is always accompanied by the other.

Seneca, in speaking of these two passions, says: "No man can be said to be perfectly happy who runs the risk of disappointment," which is the case of every man that hopes or fears for anything. Hope and fear, however distant they may seem, are coupled in the same chain, and the one treads upon the heels of the other, for they are passions that look forward and are ever solicitous for the future. One cannot exist without the other, for when hope is stronger than fear, or fear than hope, we call it one or the other. Without fear it would no longer be hope, but a certainty, and without hope it would no longer be fear, but despair.

A greater part of the fear endured by man is imaginary. We look out into the future and see imaginary evil all along the pathway of life, which threatens us with some disastrous calamity. Thus we lose sight of our present enjoyable surroundings. Why should we so far forget ourselves as to look at the dark side of life and look for-

ward for something fearful which may take place in the future, and lose sight of the present with all the blessings and comforts the most extravagant life could ask for? Thus we give in exchange the happiness which we might enjoy for the fear of some imaginary evil which may never come upon us. Then let us not anticipate the cares and troubles of the morrow, but be content with the blessings and privileges of today.

Hope is the great connecting link between the present and the future. With the mere mention of hope we are accustomed to link all the pleasant anticipations of future life. Men in all ages have been influenced by hope. It begins with the first dawning of reason, and ends with life itself. It presents to our mind the future clothed in glowing colors. It has been demonstrated that the greatest desires of youth have been to have fame and honor. Hope promises that all these shall be accomplished. Thus the happiness of youth, of boyhood, of manhood, owes half its worth to this uplifting influence.

Hope is the one great emotion that sustains man in his days of adversity. The mariners who embark upon the briny deep for a port on the opposite shore, when overtaken by a storm and tossed from billow to billow by the enraged and furious winds look out upon the clouds that obscure the heavens and darken the elements; then it is that they cast their anchor. This anchor does not dispel the tempest or bid the winds be still, but it enables the ship to weather the storm and prevents it from being driven on a rock bound shore.

We are sailing upon an unknown sea with Heaven as our port. When we are overtaken by storms of adversity and are threatened by the dark clouds which overhang our pathway, then it is we recur to the hope of Heaven as the

anchors of our souls. This anchor does not quiet the storm, but prevents our souls from being wrecked amid the breakers of temptation. H. L. P., '14.



A Mother's Love.

In a modest little cottage among the cluster of live oaks, situated on the summit of a small hill, lived the Graham family. Few families were as happy and contented as this one was. Mr. Graham was not a rich man, but he worked hard and his family lived comfortably. They had no hardships to suffer and no trials to endure, but all this was but the calm before the storm. The angel of death visited this happy home and claimed for his own the head of the family. Mrs. Graham was left a widow to care for her only son, John. The great love which she bore for her husband refused to let her forget him soon, but gradually it shifted itself to her son. Thus he was made ten times dearer to his mother than he had been.

Mrs. Graham determined to educate her boy, so that he might be a pride to his mother, and an honor to his country. She set herself at this task with a will, and by working very hard, and often denying herself, she gradually put by the money necessary for her object.

Time passed swiftly, and before Mrs. Graham realized it, her boy was ready for college. The day for departure came, and Mrs. Graham called her boy and said: "John, I want you to promise me that you will never do anything which you would be ashamed for me to see you do." John promised faithfully, and bade his mother a tender farewell. He reached college safely, and bent himself to his work with a will. The letters he wrote home made his mother feel that her years of toil had not been in vain. But soon there came a change over John. He, being a boy who was easily

influenced, soon fell in with the fast set at college. He forgot the great debt which he owed his mother, and soon became the victim of all of the vices of college life. He kept all this from his mother's ears, however, and she still received the encouraging letters as before, little suspecting that they were base and deceitful lies. Then came the bombshell. All the more havoc-dealing because it was unexpected. Mrs. Graham received a letter from the college authorities telling her that a crime had been committed at the college. John Graham had confessed that he was the perpetrator, and had been sentenced to a number of years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. Graham's heart was almost wrung from her bosom, but never once did she censure her boy. Mother-like, she took all of the blame herself, saying that she should have raised the boy better. This attempt to shield her son was prompted by the same mother love which prompted the sainted Mary to take the perilous flight into Egypt to save the life of the Christchild. Not once was Mrs. Graham's confidence in her boy shaken. Now that he was looked down upon and reviled by the world, she loved him all the more. Here was a love as pure as the purest gold and, like the purest gold, it had been tried by fire and had passed through this ordeal just as pure and as strong as it was before.

When John Graham found himself in a convict's cell, wearing convict's clothes, and doing a convict's work, he came to himself. There in the gloom and silence of his prison he made new resolutions, and determined to live up to them. He realized what a great wrong he had committed, how he had disgraced his mother, and how now that the whole world was against him. All this helped him to make a sterner resolve to vindicate his character, and make a man of whom his mother might well be proud.

His sentence in prison passed like a dream. He was living for only one thing now—to make the world recognize and respect him, and to make himself worthy of a mother's love. The day came for his release, and trembling with joy, he once more faced the world a free man.

Very soon he had found his faithful little mother, and as he folded her in his arms, he said: "Little mother, I have broken my promise once, but with God's help I shall never do so again."

Mrs. Graham smiled in spite of her tears, for she now knew that her work had not been in vain.

H. C. J., '12.



A Double Runaway.

It happened in the Blue Ridge. A gentleman from the Piedmont Section was touring the mountains in his automobile. The weather was fine and the roads in good condition when he began the trip. Next day, however, a thunder storm compelled him to seek shelter in the home of a friendly mountaineer. The rain fell in torrents until after midnight. Next morning the sun was shining brightly. The birds were singing their sweetest lays; the mountains were clothed in all the splendor of their summer dress. As the traveler beheld it all he was enraptured as never before. While under the influence of this spell he believed that his machine could easily travel the worst roads in those mountains.

"Pardner, you'd better not try it this mornin'," said the mountaineer, "fur them thar roads is awful rough."

"I think I can make it all right, old man. 'This powerful six-cylinder of mine has never failed."

"Wal, do as yer like, pardner; but I think I ought to know these here mounting roads better than you do, seein' as I wuz raised here."

"Perhaps you are right, but I'm going to tackle it."

The traveler got everything ready and started. The road was in good shape for the first mile or so, then he had a long, muddy lane to go through. When about half way across, his machine suddenly dropped into a mudhole and stopped. He tried every known means to move the "auto," but it was stuck fast. In his perplexity, he waded through the mud and climbed over a fence. Then he lighted a cigar and strolled along the meadow near the road. An angry bull soon chased him over the fence. It seemed that everything had gone wrong that morning.

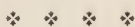
After walking down the road a few steps, he saw a mountaineer coming along in his ox cart. The sight of the oxen gave him a ray of hope. Why could those strong oxen not pull his machine over this rough piece of road? The road was so narrow that the machine completely obstructed it, so the mountaineer found it to his interest to lend the traveler a helping hand. When the mountaineer arrived, the traveler explained the situation. The driver of the team unwound a big log chain from around the coupling pole of his wagon. Taking one end of the chain, he waded into the mud and securely fastened the end around the front axle of the machine. Then he unhitched his steers, drove them around in front of the machine, and fastened the chain to the yoke. He was now ready for a tug at the machine. Taking his long driving whip, he brought it around with such force that it cracked like a pistol. The faithful steers pulled with all their might, but they could not budge the machine.

"Let me help you," said the traveler, as he jumped into his machine.

The traveler turned on the power, the steers pulled, but the machine seemed to be aground sure enough. The two men stopped operations for a few minutes. It was finally

decided that the traveler should turn on the power and jump out of the machine. When he jumped, the farmer was to make his steers do their best. So the plan was tried. The machine came out all right, but before the happy traveler could get in, machine, steers, and all were going down the lane at a lively gait. The road was straight, and a deep rut was cut on each side, so it was impossible for the machine to get out of the road. The frightened steers seemed possessed with demons as they bounded away. The farmer and the traveler were filled with anxiety—the farmer for his steers—the traveler for his machine. They followed as fast as they could, but the steers were soon out of sight. When the owners finally overtook them, the steers had climbed up the side of a steep bank, while the machine was turned bottom side up, and the engine was playing a lively tune on the wheels.

O. F. McCrARY, '12.



Husband—"You are quite comfortable, dear?"

Wife—"Yes, love."

Husband—"The cushions are easy and soft?"

Wife—"Yes, darling."

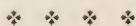
Husband—"You don't feel any jolts?"

Wife—"No, sweetest."

Husband—"And there is no draft on my lamb, is there?"

Wife—"No, my ownest own."

Husband—"Then change seats with me."



He—"Who is that strange looking man who stares at me?"

She—"Oh, that's Mr. Mancegga, the eminent insanity expert."

The Clemson College Chronicle

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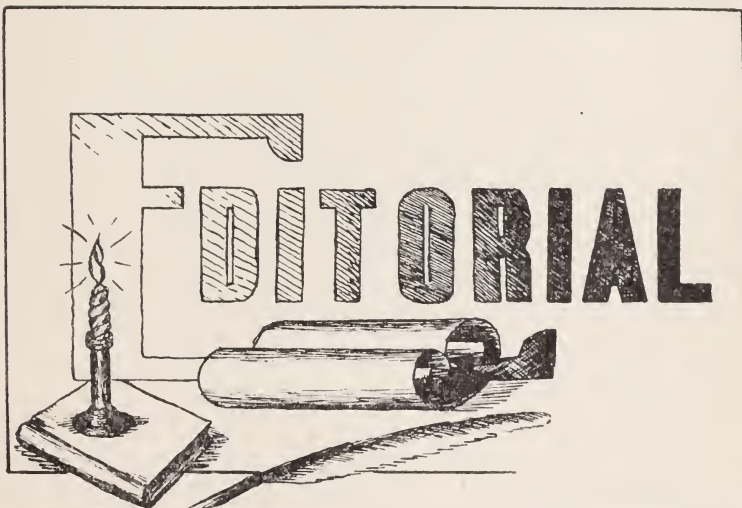
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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

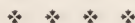
ON MARCH the seventh, Professor Riggs accepted the position of president of Clemson College, after his unanimous election to that office by the board of trustees. For sixteen

years, President Riggs has labored unselfishly for Clemson, and these, the best years of his life, have been closely interwoven with the growth of the institution. He entered Clemson as assistant professor of mechanical and electrical engineering. He was appointed director of that department in 1901, which position he retained until 1910, when the trustees requested him to become acting president upon the resignation of Dr. P. H. Mell, and now he has accepted the position for which he is so well fitted both by experience and ability. Since his connection with the college, President Riggs has ever taken an active interest in all student activities, and has won the respect and confidence of the entire student body. Then, too, his knowledge of the needs of South Carolina and of the conditions of her people makes him admirably suited to be at the head of the institution which comes closer to the people than any other. President Riggs has come to the helm of Clemson College at a time when she needs him most, and his youth, vigor and untiring energy, combined with his practical experience, will cause the college to rise to a higher plane of efficiency than ever before. The people of the State at large should rejoice with the students of the college that Professor Riggs accepted the position which unselfish interest and labor so admirably fitted him, and that the board of trustees gave an unsought for reward to one who richly deserves it all.



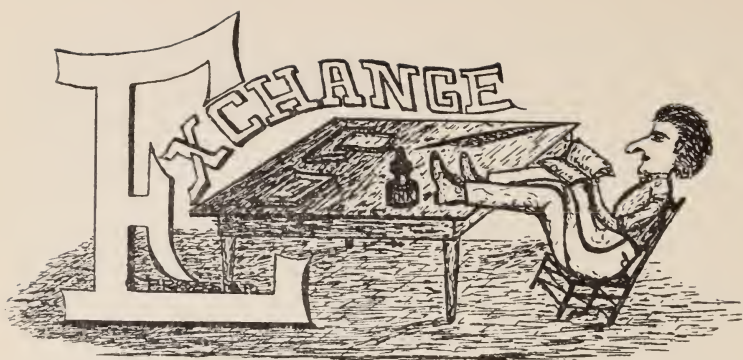
IN COLLEGE, perhaps as in no other place, is the influence of character shown to a more striking degree. Too, in no other place is there a greater need of strong character and indomitable will. Surrounded as he is by all those influences which tend to lower the strong manhood which nature has given most men, the college man must ever be on his guard lest his will becomes

so weakened that he easily falls under the influence of men with stronger wills, but of more disreputable lives. Then, if he has this strong will, he should use it not to lead others astray, but to learn them that the living of a clean, honest life is the noblest characteristic which a college man can possess. Every college has its leading men—some of whom take an active interest in every phase of college life, some lead in class work, some on the athletic field, and others in social affairs. Every one of these men is not without his influence. His associates come in contact with him and each time, perhaps unconsciously, he sets an example that will some time mold an action or thought of theirs. Profanity is the most striking feature of this strange influence. A man who habitually uses this questionable form of emphatic expression, gradually sinks an indelible impression into the minds of his comrades, and, when they are in his presence, they conform to his standard. Did he not use profanity, their words would have a jarring effect and they would cause a feeling of shame to follow the utterance. Then, when we know this true value of influence, why not try to cast it in the right direction? At college, especially, should men be careful, for always are other students watching their actions. It is at this period that the boy is rounding into the man, and his ideals should be as uplifting as is possible. He is in the imitating period of his life, and it is the duty of those with whom he comes in contact to live clean, wholesome lives—not for themselves alone, but because of the future character of the man for whom they are unconsciously an example.



“You promised faithfully that you wouldn’t smoke any more after January 1.”

“I’m not. I am simply keeping up the usual amount.”



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. H. ALL, '11

The College Message—The March issue of this magazine is a great disappointment to us. Usually, the publication contains qualitative merit, if not quantitative; but, in this issue, both are lacking. "The Poor Minstrel" is easily the best production of the issue, and seems to share in itself a part of the writer. The sentiment of the production and the beauty of its metre bespeak of careful preparation and thought. In the story, "A Ghostly Duel," a boy and a girl are caught in a storm, take shelter in a deserted house, and the girl faints at the sight of a ghost—a poor plot and so constructed that the writer fails utterly to place the incident in its designated period. The two orations are products of a study of the biographies of Emerson and Carlyle. "Chrysanthemo" is only an indifferent love story that arouses interest by its unusual ending.



The January-February *Emory Phoenix* contains a few very good short stories, but why "The Inventive Arch" merited first place in the magazine we are curious to know. It is true that the thread of the story deserves commendation, but when we find such sentences as: "— invest thirty

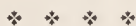
cents in entertaining a girl, a moving picture show, and a treat at the soda fount, and have the girl crazy about him, etc." "— not only expended for moving pictures and treats, but theatres, fine rigs, roses, candies came in abundance." We are tempted to read no more of this drawn out, loosely connected, ungrammatical, pleonastic story, which should at least be a fair sample of what is to follow. Upon peering deeper, however, sounder material was found. We searched for a department under which the stories, essays and poetry could appear, but we searched in vain, as the usual literary department appears at another place. The exchange seems to delight in roasting. But for these exceptions we are pleased with this issue.



Although the February-March issue of *The Southern Student* is not so voluminous as some magazines received, yet to find a more varied table of contents, and a magazine apparently containing more life, would be difficult. By a little further enlargement, an immense improvement could be made, and we will watch for the improvement. The departments are good, but too brief.



We acknowledge the following: *The Mountaineer*, *The Carolinian*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Crothesian*, *The Criterion*, *The Chimes of Shorter*, *The Co-Ed*, *The Erskinian*, *Judson College*, *Bessie Tift*, *Florida Pennant*, *Furman Echo*, *Isaqueena*, *Mississippi College Magazine*.



"But, George, you could never support two."

"Well, I'm only looking for one."

Clippings.

Boost a little ev'ry day,
Shake hands in the good old way,
Cheer the fellow that's all in,
Meet folks with a friendly grin.
When a hard task comes to you,
Go right at it till its through;
Buckle in and never quit—
That's the way to show' your grit.
Countless times a grand success
Has been won through stubbornness
Of the man who won't say fail,
As he plods a rugged trail.
You can do it, so can I,
If we've got the grit to try.
Set our thoughts on things worth while.
Work and hustle, wear a smile.



Johnny—"Grandpa, do lions go to Heaven?"

Grandpa—"No, Johnny."

Johnny—"Well, do ministers?"

Grandpa—"Why, of course. Why do you ask?"

Johnny—"Well, suppose a lion eats a minister?"



"You are the first man I ever permitted to kiss me."

"And you are the first girl I ever kissed. Will you marry me?"

"I wouldn't marry a liar."

"I would."



"Are you against long hatpins for women?"

"Well, I have been several times."

TO A JILT.

If handsome is as handsome does
 As handsome has been said to be,
 Why, you're the handsomest ever was,
 For you have "done me" handsomely!
 —*London Opinion.*



FLASKS.

Sing a song of sixpence,
 Pocket full of rye—
 That's the way to carry it
 When the town is dry.
 —*Philadelphia Telegraph.*



REPROOF.

"When she wasn't looking I kissed her."
 "What did she do?"
 "Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."
 —*Philadelphia Record.*



THE SUREST PLACE.

Speaker (warming to his subject): "What we want is
 men with convictions, and where shall we find them."
 Voice: "In jail, gov-nor!"



Always put off tonight what you are going to put on in
 the morning.



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

THE MEANING OF A DECISION.

When a man is but a boy, he perhaps goes to a religious meeting, hears a sermon that arouses his emotions to such an extent that he, without thinking well over the matter, or what it means, is ready to make any public profession, or any promise, that the minister may ask him to make. Since he does this without realizing what it means, after a while he forgets about his promise, or either realizes that he did not mean what he said when he said it, and lets this be his excuse for letting it slip. Anyway, the promise, in nine cases out of ten, does him very little good.

But, surely, when a man gets old enough to go to college, there is no excuse for him not to realize what a decision is, and what it means. Whether it be a decision to acknowledge Christ as the saviour of the world, a decision to lead a better life, a decision to help others, or a decision to be a Christian, when a man stands up and makes that decision he should know what he is doing, and should keep his resolve to the letter ever afterwards. And, when a man makes a decision, it does not mean merely a promise to man, but it also means a promise to God, and there can be no greater obligation.

Many men, when they do decide for Christ, let the matter drop, thinking that is all He wants. But in His teachings, He does not say for His followers to sleep through life, but to take up the Cross and follow Him. And He does not lead a life of idleness, but is constantly doing His Master's work. Then a decision for Christ means a decision to lead a better life, a more helpful one, and to make an earnest endeavor to get others to be Christians also.



THE SUMMER CONFERENCE.

Now is the time to plan to go to the Montreat Conference, and every coming officer of the association, and every man who is interested in association work for next year, should go by all means. The expense is very small, and the benefit derived will be great.

In the first place, it is a great outing for a man who is tired and wants recreation and health with congenial surroundings. Second, the wholesome influence of the conference makes a man better, and gives him a new hold on life. Third, it brings a man into contact with experienced Y. M. C. A. workers, from whom he can get dots as to how he can best help the association and his fellow students. Regular Bible study classes are held for the training of coming Bible class leaders, and these are almost invaluable to the man who is going to lead a Bible class next year. The conference is a great thing for students, and all should make it their purpose to go to it at least once during their college career.



DR. WEATHERFORD'S VISIT.

One of the greatest events in the life of the Y. M. C. A. for this year, and, for that matter, one of the greatest in its

history, was the visit of Dr. W. D. Weatherford during the first part of last month. Dr. Weatherford was with us three days; and during his stay he gave six of the most powerfully inspirational addresses that have even been heard here. The attendance at all these meetings and the interest manifested throughout was most encouraging; but the climax in attendance and in interest was reached at the Saturday night meeting, when two hundred and five men made the decision for a higher Christian life, confessing that they had not been living such a life before. Just how much this means for the moral betterment of the college it is impossible, of course, to say; but when such a number of men voluntarily take a public stand for a better life, it cannot but mean inestimable advancement in the spiritual and moral life of the entire college. Aside from this demonstration of interest, the fact that a number of the most prominent men in school came to Dr. Weatherford for personal interviews is most worthy of consideration. While this will not have so intense an effect on the life of the school in the large, it will be long remembered in the lives of these men who took advantage of the opportunity.



Among the speakers for the last few meetings have been: Rev. Ed S. Reeves, of Honea Path; Prof. D. W. Daniel, Prof. W. S. Morrison and Dr. W. D. Weatherford, of Nashville, Tenn. One of the most beneficial evangelistic campaign the Y. M. C. A. has ever had was conducted by Dr. Weatherford during the first week-end in March, and we hope it will have a lasting effect on a great many Clemson men.

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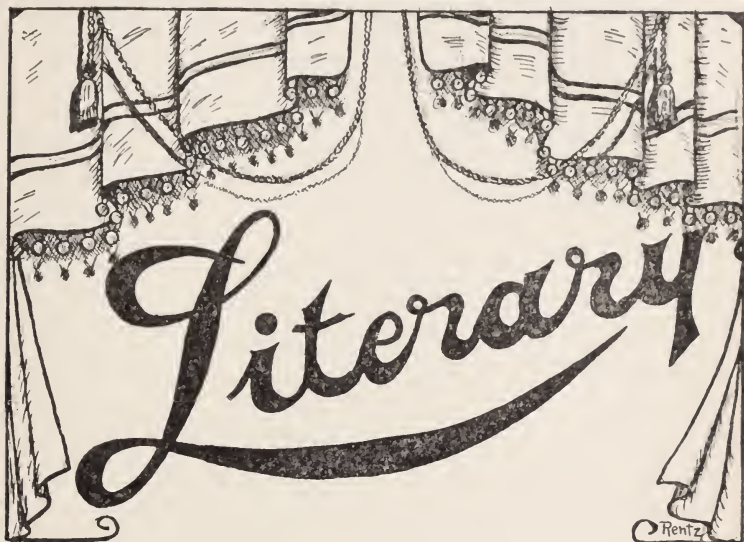
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest.

Vol. XIV.

Clemson College, S. C., May, 1911.

No. 8.



Editors:

A. M. SALLEY, '11

W. N. HENDERSON, '11

J. H. KANGETER, '13

Barracks.

I.

One moonlight night when all the noise
And cares of busy day
Were thrown upon the wings of night,
And borne far, far away;
Three spirits, clothed in robes of gold,
Assembled near together,
And with their open record books
Read thus to one another:

II.

"Old time has left his blots on me,"

Read Barracks number one.

"My Pages (rooms) are left all marred,

By deeds, which, when begun,

If checked had left me proud and free,

Down through the future years

To give to men those records bold—

Instead! my sighs and tears!"

III.

Then, turning slowly through his book

As though ashamed to read,

The Barracks number two begun:

"Oh, say! must I, indeed,

Throw open all my secret vaults

That you might enter in

And know and suffer as I've done

For all this thoughtless sin!"

IV.

"I'm thankful, friends," said Barracks three,

"That I am not so old;

For as the life of every child,

While in youth's shaping mould,

Is easy bent and set aright:

So hope I now to train

The lives of those entrusted me

The truth of life to gain."

V.

When thus they'd finished, they dispersed—

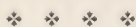
Each sad that Barracks' life

Assumed so much the shape and form

Of worldly thought and strife.

"But, come!" said they, "O here's a health
To the future of our college,
May every one who dwells with us
Find peace, and truth, and—knowledge!"

C. B. FARIS, '12.



The Claim Jumper.

Four years had passed since Jack Hart bade Margaret Daly a fond farewell, to which the moon and the twinkling stars silently assented.

These two young people had been friends from childhood days, and each was happy that night to know that Jack was to complete his brilliant career in Paris, and, then, he was to return and claim the one who had pledged her faith to him.

Jack Hart was an amateur artist of no mean degree. Since he was a child, he had always showed a great display of talent. It was his parent's chief delight, and his town's pride to know that some day he was to be exalted among his people.

The people, it seemed, could not influence Jack to complete his work in Paris. Gay, laughing, giddy Paris—where every season countless women flock to get a new idea for the prevailing fashion of the next season. Here, every author must find the plot for his book. He should select his characters either in the great crowd of every nationality which frequents the square, or in the simple, little French peasant as she watches over her humble home, and forever chants "Vive la Republique." Here, too, the artist must finally wend his way to fame. The people, the city, the buildings, yea, the gay city is teeming with art; and, therefore, no one could ever hope to be famous until he had studied in the indescribable, invincible and illustrious city of Paris.

Strive, though he may, Jack could not get up any enthusiasm over his going to Paris. Of course, he wanted fame, and desired to respect the wishes of his people; but—oh! he had more than fame; yes, more than life could desire—the promise of a fair girl whose faith in him was as unflinching as the sky above.

This same girl, however, was the cause of Jack's finding himself in Paris no less than a week later. She, like none other, showed him where his duty lay, and made it easy for him. Although for the first time in his life, he was separated from her, cheerfully and manfully he began his life work.

Two years of faithful training under one of the finest artists in Paris necessarily must bring results—and it did. Jack was gradually becoming famous; and, at the end of his four years, you can well imagine what a future was before him. It is needless to say that Jack was not without some comfort during this time. No author, in any literary production, has ever yet equalled those letters. Each week of each year brought one of these letters to him that two "such good friends" would naturally write to one another.

He was half way to his goal, when he heard something that made his life blood freeze within his body. Now, he would die rather than turn back; and as the letters became fewer, the blow descended, carrying him down in crashing fury.

His place usurped by another? Never! In vain he waited for an answer, but it never came, and, with a proud but bitter spirit he turned, and yielded himself to the gay life of Paris, and reveled in the throes of sin.

Dick Blaney had not been in W——— long before he became a lawyer of some prominence. He had met the daughter of Judge Daly, and believing her to be his medium to success he soon became a most flattering suitor.

He stuck to his post faithfully for two years, and had never received one word of encouragement. Undismayed, however, he was the same earnest, passionate fellow; and the only reason he could give was that there must be another. But, at last, his perseverance was to be rewarded, and now he saw success. Margaret unfaithful? Never! But evil-minded gossip had prevailed upon the fair girl to believe that Jack no longer cared for her; and what was she to believe, since not one word had come from him.

It was soon known that Margaret was to marry Dick Blaney. It excited no little comment among her friends, for they were thinking of poor Jack, little dreaming that she had not ceased to care. One of Jack's good friends who happened to know his address, immediately sent a ten-word cable to him, and awaited results.

It was a hot day and Jack had been faithfully plying paint and brush all morning. The noon hour had come, and he rose preparatory to leaving, when a messenger handed him a telegram. Surprised that any one knew his address to cable him, Jack, with trembling hands, tore it open and read:

"Come home, you fool. Go to M——. She needs you."
S.

I dare not intrude into the privacy of Margaret's home, and tell you what was happening there; yet, I feel that she will forgive me for telling even this much.

Dick's joy knew no bounds, when, on the bright sunny afternoon, Margaret promised to be his wife. Although four years had passed since she had promised Jack, there is generally a second choice, so Dick was rewarded.

"Margaret," he softly whispered, as he looked passionately into her eyes, "I claim—" but the sentence was never finished. There was a knock on the door, and it swung

slowly open, revealing the lovers. Jack Hart stood transfixed upon the scene. With a cry, Margaret threw herself into Jack's arms, sobbing wildly, "O, Jack! I knew, I knew you would come!"

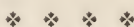
Dick was dumbstruck and horrified, and with a scowl he turned upon Jack, "Who, who are you?" he remarked.

"Why, I—I am a claim-jumper," said Jack, smilingly.

Dick left the house in a rage; the world was unsteady beneath his feet, and everything was dark and dismal as he went forth to his fate, but within the room that he had just left

Love outshone the evening sun,
And two hearts beat as one.

L. C. HARRISON, '11.



Debate.

Query: Resolved, That a treaty of commercial reciprocity with Canada should not be adopted.

NEGATIVE.

It is with great interest that I have listened to the eloquent remarks of the gentleman who preceded me, and I fully agree with him that the McCall Bill has many defects, that it is a Republican measure, advanced by a Republican administration, for the purpose of retrieving a party disaster, but I cannot at all understand why, for so small and local considerations as these, he so earnestly endeavors to defeat the beginning of a mighty international policy of closer trade relations between two related and neighboring peoples.

Reciprocity in trade is an agreement between two nations whereby they agree to make reciprocal, or equivalent, reductions on certain articles. That the question of reciprocity

is important is shown by the fact that within the last twelve years, the United States has entered into reciprocal treaties with France, Germany, Brazil, Cuba and many other nations, all of which are still in force. The American Customs Union of 1888, composed of representatives from every nation in both North and South America, recommended the establishment of commercial reciprocal treaties between all the nations of the Western Hemisphere. However desirable as may be reciprocal trade relations with the remaining nations of the two Americas, the most desirable is that of a treaty of commercial reciprocity with Canada. Commercial reciprocity with Canada has been under consideration, in Congress, time and again for nearly three-quarters of a century. It was tried in 1854, and abrogated in 1866. Since 1875, repeated and ever increasing agitation has marked the desire on the part of the American and Canadian public for the establishment of a closer commercial union. This continuous agitation has, at last, resulted in the formulation of a treaty which has met with concurrent legislative approval, both at Washington and at Ottawa.

It is generally conceded that the present commercial policies of the United States and Canada, although similar, are wholly independent. Each nation has a protective tariff which applies without change to the other. To meet the popular demand in both countries and fulfil the desired mission, a treaty of commercial reciprocity with Canada must contain two important provisions: first, a provision for the free exchange of natural products; secondly, a provision for lower import duties on American manufactured goods.

The question whether or not a treaty of this kind would be preferable to the present policy of the United States with respect to Canada, presents, apparently, four main

issues: first, is the present policy of the United States with respect to Canada objectionable? Secondly, would reciprocity be mutually disadvantageous to the United States and Canada? Thirdly, is reciprocity practicable? Fourthly, is the experience of the United States, under former treaties, favorable to a new one?

It is my object to show that the present policy of the United States with respect to Canada is objectionable; that reciprocity would be mutually advantageous to the United States and Canada; that reciprocity is practicable, and that the experience of the United States, under former treaties, is favorable to a new one.

Looking at it from a political standpoint, the present policy of the United States with respect to Canada is objectionable because, by it, the Canadians have been turned from us. This is shown by the fact that no longer does Canada look to the United States for her national salvation, for her hope is now turned to England. Because of it, bitterness, resentment, and open hostility arose, which resulted, in 1907, in the passage of the maximum schedule of import duties against us. At the same time, a closer commercial union was accomplished with Great Britain by the passage of the maximum schedule of import duties against us, whereby British goods were allowed entrance to Canada at a reduction of 33 1-3 per cent. below ours. As a result, there was an increased trade between Great Britain and Canada, while there was a corresponding decrease in trade between the United States and Canada; for, as our eminent economist puts it, "Our high tariff keeps our manufactured goods out of Canada, China, South America and Africa, for they can buy of us only by exchanging natural resources.

Then, too, the present policy of the United States with respect to Canada is objectionable for economic reasons.

The American continent is an economic whole. For three hundred miles the boundary of the two countries are practically coterminous. No mountain range divide them. Only the Great Lakes partly separate them. Nevertheless, man has interposed an artificial barrier and enacted opposing laws for the government of the two peoples who, it seems, were destined to form one great, united nation. Neighbors living within sight of each other, but on opposite sides of the boundary, are forbidden to exchange their natural products till the custom duties have been paid. Hence the present trade barriers are altogether unnatural.

Moreover, to the present trade policy of the United States, the high price of living is largely due. High price of living is due to two causes: first, natural; and, secondly, artificial. As a result of high protection, our natural resources have been rapidly exhausted to supply our manufacturing. To stifle foreign competition for the home market heavy import duties were imposed, while, to increase our foreign market for American manufactured goods, these goods are now sold in the foreign market cheaper than they are in the home market.

The artificial causes of high prices of necessities are many. Chief among these may be classed the "speculators" who "corner" the markets in certain products. "Patten" is a name held in contempt by every one who felt the woe-ful effect of the high cost of bread and flour a few years ago.

Reciprocity would be mutually advantageous to the United States and Canada, first, from a political standpoint. Strong mutual interests of trade would bind the two nations in closer ties of friendship. Also, a mutual agreement between the United States and Canada would result in better relations with Great Britain. My honorable opponent will agree with me that many of the difficulties which

have arisen between the United States and Great Britain since the war of 1812, have been because of Canada. In 1846, war was narrowly averted in a dispute over the Oregon boundary. Other incidents of more recent occurrences are the North Atlantic fishing question, the dispute over the boundary between Canada and Alaska, and the dispute over the alien labor laws and reciprocal trade relations, some of which are still unsettled. With reciprocity, these disputes would disappear, but if we refuse to adopt reciprocal trade relations, after the great display of public sentiment in its favor, the present differences will be accentuated, new ones will arise, and a great opportunity to secure peace and prosperity will have been lost.

Secondly, reciprocity would be advantageous to the United States and Canada for economic reasons. The American manufacturer would be benefited, for an increased and ever growing market would be opened to his goods. Then, why does he look with an eager eye to the opening of a market in the far East, while one, easy of access, of immense value, may be opened at his very factory door to seven and one-half million consumers?

The natural causes of high prices would be removed to a large extent, for while our resources have been wantonly wasted, Canada's unlimited possibilities have hardly been touched. Canada has the largest single coal field in the world, consisting of sixty-five thousand square miles; the largest fisheries in the world would be opened to Americans, and American builders would be enabled to purchase lumber cheaper, for Canada has a timber area equal to one-third the area of the United States.

The artificial causes of high prices would receive a mortal blow should reciprocity be established. Great financiers would find it next to impossible to "corner" the products of a continent, while, as it now stands, it is comparatively

easy for them to "corner" those of a single nation, thereby speculating on the hunger of a people and growing rich at the expense of the men who have to labor hard for their daily bread.

The American farmer would be benefited, for the trusts would be compelled to sell him goods at the price they now sell the foreign consumer. At present, owing to protection, he has to pay from 25 per cent. to 60 per cent. more for his necessities than does his foreign competitor. For instance, a cultivator, manufactured in the United States and sold in our market for five dollars, can be bought in the foreign market for four dollars; watches, costing in the United States twenty-three dollars, can be bought in the foreign market for eighteen dollars. Eggs, which cost the American consumer from twenty to forty cents per dozen, can be bought in the Canadian market for twelve cents per dozen.

The claim that he cannot successfully compete with the Canadian farmer is unfounded, for, in the production of cotton, the American farmer has no rival; in the production of corn he is king, and he will remain so, "reciprocity or no reciprocity," producing last year three billion bushels of corn, while the Canadian farmer produced only 6-10 of one per cent. of this amount. The price of American wheat will be unaffected, for this is determined in the Liverpool market by the supply and demand. Who would claim, for one moment, that the American farmer would suffer, should Canada become a part of the Union. A political union with Canada is desired only to the extent that it would naturally result in a closer commercial union.

Canada would be benefited, for American capital would be invested in developing her natural resources of copper, iron, nickel, timber and coal. Closer commercial union with the United States would, in time, result in the expul-

sion of the English flag from the American continent—an event greatly desired by all those who believe in “America for the Americans”—and Canada would establish a great republic like ours or become a part of us, either of which would be much more desirable than the present mode of government.

The Canadian consumer could get American manufactured goods cheaper from the United States than they can now get them in his home market, for the high tariff would be removed and Americans are much more adept at eliminating cost of production than is the Canadian manufacturer; and he would have the added advantage of paying for them in his natural products. That Canada's raw products would find a ready market in the United States is shown by the fact that within one year from the adoption of the Payne-Aldrich Act, whereby—owing to a slip in the pen—the import duties on dairy products were reduced from five cents a pound to five cents a gallon—a reduction from forty cents per gallon to five cents per gallon—nearly one hundred thousand dollars' worth of Canadian cream found its way into the markets of the Eastern States alone.

My honorable opponent claims that reciprocity will result in the loss of a large revenue to the government. Granting this to be true, let us look for a moment at the present unfair means of obtaining this revenue. High protection adds, on an average, fifty per cent. to the cost of necessities, from which the government receives, on an average, only 13 per cent. in revenue. The remaining 37 per cent. goes to the already over-rich corporations, which are sucking the life blood of our republic. Protection was designed to foster industrial growth. It has created monopolies which, by their gold, have bribed judges, corrupted legislatures, perverted justice and threatened to become more powerful than the government itself. The Standard Oil

Company and the Beef Trust stand out as striking examples of these vampires of our civilization. To say that the era of unparallel prosperity now enjoyed by the United States has been due to high protection is really an insult to the American people. It has been due, first, to our unequalled natural resources; and, secondly, to the essential elements of American energy, enterprise and inventive skill. Moreover, the present excessive duties are costly to collect. By false weights, the Sugar Trust avoided the payment of hundreds of thousands of dollars in revenue. On the other hand, reciprocity would not remove the custom official, but it would remove those who are at the receipt of customs for tithes, and toll for the benefit of particular classes. It would abolish smuggling, encourage honest trade, and be the opening wedge which would rend in twain the high protective system.

Reciprocity is practicable, for Canada and the United States have many interests in common. Their fiscal policies are almost identical. Canada has no pauper labor, having a population averaging less than two to the square mile. Hence, where is the reason for applying the same measures against Canadian labor as we do against the over-populated and underpaid labor of Europe, for wages in Canada bear approximately the same ratio to raw products and output per capita as in the United States. The standard of living in Canada is the same as in the United States, while it is far below ours in the densely populated countries of Europe and Asia. Politically, there is a close resemblance of the Dominion to our Republic. The Dominion Legislature answers to our Congress, the Provincial Legislature to our State Legislature, and the Prime Minister and his cabinet to our President and his cabinet. The relation of the provinces to the Dominion, and to each other, are, in the main, the same as those of our States to the Republic and

to each other. The Canadians are well educated in the difficult art of self-government, having been practically independent since 1867. Socially, we are descendants of the same race, speak the same language, have the same general habits, believe in the same orthodox religion, and are, in fact, an elder brother of our neighbor on the north. Year by year, these brotherly ties are strengthened by the migration of hundreds of thousands of Americans to the Canadian Northwest, carrying with them American ideas and civilization.

The experience of the United States under former treaties is favorable to a new one. Under reciprocity, trade with Cuba increased 90 per cent. in one year. Under reciprocal relations, trade with Germany and Hawaii now flourish. Under reciprocity with the Philippine Islands, mutual trade increased over 70 per cent. in less than a year. Under the former treaty with Canada, mutual trade increased rapidly from the first, and stronger bonds of friendship than ever before bound the two countries. This good feeling and mutual trade prevailed until the War Between the States broke out. Then, our men were fighting battles and not manufacturing goods on as large a scale. The plowshares and pruning hooks had been turned into swords and implements of war, and we did not have so much to sell. Hence our export trade was compelled to fall off, for we had armies to feed and fewer men to produce goods. The argument that the treaty must have been unfavorable to the United States since it was abrogated is unsound, for the reasons of its abrogation in no way affected its merits. The War Between the States had just closed. Revenue was needed by the United States to pay its war debts. Ill feeling has been aroused between the United States and Great Britain because the latter had recognized the Confederacy as a belligerent power. And,

too, the United States blamed England for allowing agents of the Confederacy to build, equip and send out from her ports the "Alabama" and the "Florida," which almost annihilated her navies and drove the commerce from the seas. To retaliate, those in authority at Washington brought about the abrogation of the treaty.

In conclusion, I have shown that the present policy of the United States with respect to Canada is objectionable, politically, because, by it, the Canadians have been turned from us, and a closer commercial and political union has been accomplished between Canada and Great Britain. Economically, for the American continent is an economic whole, hence the present trade barriers are altogether unnatural; and, too, high protection has resulted in a depletion of our natural resources and, by it, the food gambler is enabled to "corner" the market in necessities of life, resulting in increased cost of living.

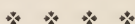
That reciprocity would be mutually advantageous to the United States and Canada, politically, because closer ties of friendship would be established, and cause of war with Great Britain would be abolished. Economically, the American manufacturer would be benefited, for a large market would be opened for his goods and a great supply of raw products would be easily accessible; the causes producing the high cost of living would be checked or removed; the American farmer would be benefited, for the trusts would be compelled to sell him goods at the price they now sell them abroad; Canada would be developed politically and commercially; the Canadian consumer could get American manufactured goods cheaper than he can now get them in his own country and he could pay for them out of his natural wealth, and the great burden of protection would be lifted from the consumers in both countries.

That reciprocity is practicable for Canada and the United States have similar political, economical and social interests.

That the experience of the United States under former treaties is favorable to a new one, for, in every instance, reciprocity has resulted in increased trade.

For these reasons, a treaty of commercial reciprocity with Canada should be adopted, and the administration which accomplishes this will leave a name ever to be remembered in the abode of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.

B. H. D., '11.



Aesop Revised.

(The Fable of the Budweiser).

As Julius "Budweiser" Jones drifted, or rather *tacked*, into the front yard of his paternal home the other night, the number of tall, cold bottles that he has put away during the evening overcame his sense of direction and Julius missed the front steps entirely. Continuing his erratic way around the house, he finally hit the stable, where his stupefied senses were wonderfully sobered by the sound of a healthy, masculine snore issuing from the hay loft. The fact that his father was "boss" of the city, and correspondingly wealthy, did not give Julius that small amount of courage so usually found with the over-developed cranium among our marvelously rich. In fact (except for periodical intervals, when the moon and he were equally *full*), he was a straight, healthy, fearless young man. So Julius investigated the source of that snore.

On the mound of soft hay lay a typical hobo, fast asleep. The advanced stage of slumber was evidently due in no small degree to Julius' arch-enemy, "cold bottles." This fact was easily perceivable from the almost audible odor which permeated the atmosphere.

"Sh-leep?" queried Julius, uneasily. "Fine—hic—idea. Shay, old man, b'lieve I will too—if you don't object," and he stretched his aristocratic frame beside the slumbering figure whose nasal melody woke the echoes.

Perhaps two hours after "Chicago" Sam threw off the remainder of his drunk and a few pounds of loose hay, and rose to a continuation of his perambulations. His bleary eyes fell upon the form of J. Jones, who had usurped not only a portion of his bed, but also his entire nasal melody.

"Hully gee! Looky dis swell bed-fellow some one sent me," he commented. "Why, if it ain't Jonesy himself. Darn white of him not to boost me out'n dis."

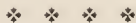
He stole softly out of the barn and round the house just in time to see a shadowy figure emerge from under the porch and fade into the dim, dusty distance. "Chicago" paused, and rubbed his cheek reflectively.

"Now, dat was 'Black Mike.' I'd know him in Sing Sing wid dat 'drag.' W'at does dat yegg want round dese diggins?" Receiving no answer from his usually fertile imagination, he eased himself under the porch and listened. A few feet away came a faint, suggestive, "Tick, tick, t-r-r-ck!" A cold sweat broke out over Sam as he recognized the sound of the "machine." He was sophisticated in all procedure of the "under world," and knew that, if nothing or no one intervened, that clock would tick on to the moment when its revolving wheels would turn a bottle of sulphuric acid over a packet of caps, and sundry sticks of dynamite would send Boss Jones heaven—or Jersey-ward!

Now, Sam was no lover of aristocrats. His socialistic tendencies looked with disfavor on the bloated condition of the bank accounts and all intercourse between him and them was confined to disputes with different family canines (disputes usually ending in victory for the canine), besides, there is an "e'sprit de comaraderie" that would prevent his "buttin' in" on a friend's work. Sam decided that the safest place for him was the farthest away from that ticking machine and the inevitable "round-up" after the explosion, but a second thought stopped him. If J. Jones had kicked him out of the barn, it would have been easy, but Jones had not; he had accepted part of the hay couch and dreamed drunken dreams on his (Sam's) dirty bosom. With a shrug Sam picked up the box and, holding it gingerly before him, carried it to the fountain and threw it in.

Then he betook his weary way to the next town which was reported good for many "hand-outs."

Moral: When drunk, sleep in the barn (?).



Opportunity.

Never in the history of the world has opportunity been so great for the young man as it is today. For the ones who will prepare themselves, opportunity stands with outstretched arms, beckoning him to come forward and embrace her.

A few years ago Mr. Elbert Hubbard visited the State penitentiary of Michigan. One of the many things that made a deep impression on him was three architectural designs in one room, and on the shelf a set of books. He asked if one of the prisoners was taking a course, and was told that not only one but several were studying hard to

prepare themselves for useful careers after they should get out of prison.

If, in its anxiety to present itself, opportunity will break out of jail, surely we, who have so many privileges, will not complain of opportunity's lack of persistence in hunting out the ready and willing. What we want is something to shake our young minds up—to startle it until the rich red blood surges up and jars our brain to action. If we but think, we can see opportunity here, there, and everywhere, and recognize her in every place where plans are being made for human betterment.

Is the desert to be made to bloom under the magic of irrigation? There is opportunity. Is a mighty canal to join two continents and make one great family of half the world? There is opportunity. Are new means of locomotion to bring into touch the farms and the city, the seaport and the inland town? There is opportunity. Are new machines and new methods on farm, in shop and mill and mine to multiply output without increasing expenses? There is opportunity.

The problem confronting us today is how to make the boys and girls realize that special training will attract not merely one opportunity but hundreds. Certainty of success is required to kindle enthusiasm and develop resolutions, and certainty there is for every man trained to plan more skillfully and perform more efficiently than his fellow man.

Self-faith probably goes farther than any other one thing in developing efficiency and obtaining a desired end. Let us look for a moment what self-faith did for Joan of Arc. Joan of Arc was a poor French peasant girl of only eighteen. She could neither read nor write. She knew nothing of warfare. She had never before been away from her humble home. Yet she was able to encourage the worn-out French army, infuse new life and courage into it, and

to lead the French forces to a most triumphant victory. You may ask how was this possible? She was inspired with an overtowering faith in herself. The French King, his advisors, and her parents, did their best to discourage her. She never lost heart. Her ability was multiplied a thousand fold by her confidence in herself.

There is nothing worth achieving, no place worth obtaining, that you cannot reach if you will believe in yourself and improve the opportunities that come your way. Don't let any one make you believe that prosperity is for the few only. That's the favorite whine of the fellow without spunk enough to make a fight. Have confidence in yourself and believe the truth that opportunity never ceases to knock at the door of ability, nor force herself into the life of the man that can make good. It is *certainty* that makes men struggle, *certainty* that drives them on from eminence to eminence until they have to reach but a little way to touch the stars.

W. D. E., '12.



A Silent Power.

With his feet propped on the leaf of his desk, and his head pillowed on a shelf full of medical journals, Dr. Jim Newell lounged in his office chair, chatting lazily with his friend, Jack Scranton, the town electrician. Dr. Newell was a young graduate with more time than money; but it was because the people of X—— had yet to learn of the valuable knowledge stored up in his handsome head and of the skill lying dormant in his slender fingers. It was true that he was fast working up a practice, but, as yet, his calls came mostly from charity patients.

The conversation of the two friends was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Without changing his position, Dr. Newell reached to his desk, picked up the telephone and placed the receiver to his ear.

"All right," he drawled lazily into the transmitter. A pause. Then, "What!" Down came the phone with a crash, the receiver flying into a dozen pieces, while in the same instant the doctor sprang to his feet, all signs of laziness vanishing and a look of consternation spreading over his face.

"What's the matter, Doc?" asked Jack, noting the excitement of his friend.

"It's a call to Judge Sutherland's, at once. Something is wrong with Miss Mae, but I did not catch just what it is. I'll run to another phone," said the doctor, springing toward the door.

"Wait, Doc! My machine is outside; I'll hustle you up there."

Snatching up his medicine cases, the doctor hurried after Jack. The machine hummed, the friends sprang in, then dashed away up the street. In a few minutes the machine skidded around a corner, rolled up a drive, then brought up with a sudden jerk in front of a handsome dwelling. The doctor sprang up the steps and disappeared within the door.

Jack could see frightened servants hurrying to and fro, and he could catch the sounds of violent weeping from somewhere within.

In a short time the doctor came out, his face expressive of deep emotion.

"Jack, Mae is dead!" he said brokenly.

"No! no! Doc; surely you are mistaken?"

"Oh, God! I wish that I were!" And from the hopeless tone, Jack knew that it was all too true, while the doctor's expression revealed a heretofore close-guarded secret, that the beautiful Mae Sutherland was all-in-all to the young physician.

For a moment the friends gazed helplessly into each other's eyes.

"How did it happen, Doc?" softly queried Jack.

The words seemed to awaken the doctor.

"Jack, there is something here that I do not understand. It appears to be a case of poisoning, or the result of some powerful shock. Her father has consented to an examination of the body; so I want you to drive to my office, get my instruments and operating table, pick up a trained nurse at the hospital, then hurry back and assist me in an autopsy. A few more words of explanation, then Jack dashed away, while the doctor hurried back into the house.

Scarce a minute had passed when Jack's machine swung back around the drive. The nurse sprang out and hurried into the house, followed by Jack, carrying the things.

The doctor met them in the hall, and conducted them to the room where the girl lay upon a cot. Quickly the table was set up (by chance with one leg against a radiator), a rubber sheet was spread over it, then the body was placed tenderly on the sheet. The room was a little dark, so while the doctor was sorting his instruments, Jack placed an electric lamp in readiness on the table.

With a face of ashy whiteness, the young doctor approached the table. At first his trembling fingers refused to perform their office, but by a powerful effort he composed himself and his hand became steady. Skillfully he made an incision in the breast of the girl, then turned back a flap of flesh, exposing the heart. Propping back this flap by resting the handle of an instrument against the table, he then applied an astringent to keep back the blood.

Weakness overcame the doctor again. He shut his eyes and groped blindly, but it lasted only a second. His powerful will mastered his over wrought nerves. He gazed earnestly at the exposed heart. While he looked the heart

seemed to flutter ever so faintly; then, after a time, slowly and almost imperceptibly to beat. He sponged away the blood and looked more closely; there was another faint beat. He placed his hand on the girl's wrist; the blood seemed to filter slowly through the veins. His face flushed with excitement as he watched. Again, then again the heart lifted slightly.

Jack noted the changing expression of his friend's face, and whispered:

"What is it Doc?"

Apparently not hearing, the doctor turned to his medicine case, selected a hypodermic, then returned to the side of the table. Again he felt the pulse, his face brightened with hope. He released the flap and lowered it gently to its place. Then he placed his ear above the heart; his fingers sought the pulse. The heart gave one more flutter, then stopped. The blood became stagnant in the veins. Hope faded from the doctor's countenance. His fingers relaxed their hold. The syringe fell with a thud to the floor.

Jack touched his arm. "What is it, Doc?"

Still the doctor seemed unconscious of everything except the work before him. He turned back the flap again, and propped it as before. The heart gave a faint flutter; then slowly it began to beat. Again the blood moved in the veins. He lowered the flap. Another flutter, and the heart was still. Raising the flap again, he sponged away the blood, and watched. The heart did not move. After a time he propped back the flap as formerly. A puzzled expression passed over his face; for the heart stirred again. Stepping back he gazed in wonder at the form on the table.

Going back to the table, he switched on the light for a better view, but the lamp flashed, then burned out. On

examination, he found that the insulation had worn off where the wires came in contact with the table. He started to shift the table near another light, but found that it was caught on the radiator. His eyes fell on the instrument; it was touching the metal table. A light of understanding dawned on his face.

"Jack," he whispered hoarsely, "examine this wire, this instrument, this metal table and this radiator (pointing to each in turn), and see if there would be an electric current through the body."

Jack, though surprised, obeyed his friend's request.

"No; I can't see why there would be," he said, after inspection. "But, wait! There is a grounded wire near here that I have been unable to find, and it touches some of the steam pipes. Yes, there would be a current for the connection is complete."

"Run to your machine, Jack, get your tool kit, and rig me up a battery quickly! There is hope, man."

Jack thought that his friend was losing his mind, but he hastily complied, soon returning with the necessary apparatus.

The doctor connected a wire to each hand of the girl, and watched the effect. The heart immediately began to beat stronger, the blood flowed more freely. He replaced the flap. The heart continued to beat. For a while he watched, then he set to work sewing up the incision. When he was putting in the last stitch, the girl flinched slightly. The doctor's face turned radiant with hope.

Again Jack asked, "What is it, Doc?"

"She lives," he whispered joyfully.

After a time the breathing of the girl could be plainly detected. Jack stole out to break the glad news to the parents.

Afternoon faded into night and darkened into midnight; the doctor watched beside the girl, his heart almost stopping when the patient's beat irregularly. Dawn came, and still he watched; but contentedly, for the precious organ had settled down to steady work, the blood coursed freely through the veins.

A little later, the doctor disconnected the batteries. The heart stopped for a second, then beat regularly on. He motioned to the nurse, and they carried the girl and placed her gently on the cot, where she nestled down to quiet sleep.

After a time the nurse tip-toed out, leaving the doctor alone with the gentle sleeper. He fell on his knees beside the cot and offered up a silent thanks. As he arose, the girl's eyelids flickered; then these fringed covers lifted slowly, disclosing their wells of blue beneath. A look of recognition, then of puzzled wonder stirred the depths.

"What is it, Jim? What has happened?"

"You have been ill, little girl, but you are all right now. You must be quiet though and go to sleep again. I'll tell you all about it when you awake."

"All right, Jim." The golden head sank back among the pillows; the fringes shut in their wells of blue; a smile wreathed around the lips; and she slept sweetly.

A few days later Jack succeeded in catching the now busy physician again in his office. His first words, after the exchange of greeting, were:

"Fess up, old horse, and explain both cases."

"Well, Jack, I owe my success to a Frenchwoman." And he read the following from a medical journal:

"'Dr. DuP——, a Frenchwoman, has recently performed some marvelous experiments with electricity, verifying her theory that an electrocuted person may be brought

back to life by the use of a mild current of electricity to stimulate the heart.'

"This is what caused my success. Perhaps it was some form of poisoning that paralyzed the heart's action, and the electric shock revived it. Anyway I thank God for this silent power.

"And, yes, I want you to be best man, Jack."

C. K. D., '13.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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Editor-in-Chief: F. H. JETER, '11

With this issue of THE CHRONICLE, the old staff, which has worked so hard and in part successfully, will turn over the management to the new staff. Though THE CHRONI-

CLE has not been all that we could desire, yet we *The New* feel that it has not failed to be of some value, and *Staff*. the experience which it has given those who have been closely associated therewith, will be invaluable to them in the future. True, it is, that the work has at times been tedious, and we have been severely criticised by our exchanges, but in spite of this, every man on the staff has been true to his trust, and has taken time from other work to make the magazine successful. Then, too, there has been a certain kind of pleasure in having the work to do and in seeing the magazine grow from month to month by the sole efforts of the staff.

In turning over this work to the new staff, we feel sure that it will be in capable hands. The men who are to be in charge have been carefully selected, and are men who will be true to the duty given to their hands. As a parting word, they are warned that the work will take time and some trouble, but their reward will come in knowing that in overcoming the difficulties, they have added that much strength to the training received in their college career, they have been true to their trust and have been closely associated with one of the vital phases of college life.

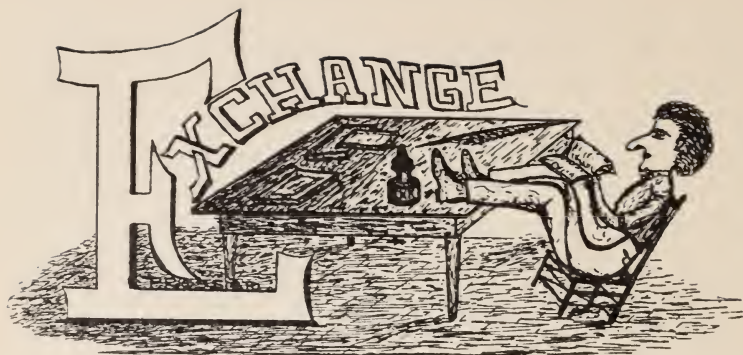


IN a few short days, the present Senior class will depart from the walls which have sheltered them for the past four years and will enter into that contest which, up until this time, they have idly watched. Some have their *Farewell*. life work already planned out, and others will drift until circumstances show for what they are best fitted. Whatever the choice may be, it must ever be held in mind that the same hard, diligent work which won a diploma will be needed for a successful career. Those who receive their diplomas in June should always remember that the eyes of Clemson are ever on them. The success which

they attain will be the success of Clemson College, and the lives that they live will be laid at the door of the institution where their training was received. Equipped thus, with the best that Clemson can offer, the man's part belongs to them. The question is, then, will they perform that part in a manner worthily? Only the future can tell, and it is hoped that when that veil is withdrawn, the class of nineteen eleven will have proven to be a valuable asset to Clemson College.



THE work of THE CHRONICLE would not be well finished were not a word spoken of the successes which have attended the Clemson athletes. The baseball team has just finished its schedule of games in the State, in which it *Athletics.* made an average of nine hundred, losing only one game out of the many played. It has been many years since Clemson has put forth such an excellent team, and much credit is due to the excellent management and coaching which it was given. The corps of cadets has already shown its appreciation of Coach Dobson's efforts by giving him a beautiful wedding present. In track, Clemson again captured the championship of the South, and won first place in the Amateur Athletic Union of the South. Dr. Calhoun's untiring efforts made this possible, and he is recognized as the best track manager and coach in the South at the present time. Thus, with the many successes which have come to Clemson, socially and in other ways, the records she has made in the athletic field is something of which she is justly proud.



Editors:

B. H. DEASON, '11

F. H. ALL, '11

With this issue the exchange editors of the 1910-'11 CHRONICLE staff wipe their pens, place away the folded manuscripts, neatly pile the numerous exchanges, then lean back in their chairs and permit their thoughts to coolly survey the past, while the long, slender wreaths of "Prince Albert" slowly coil and linger, seemingly unwilling to depart, and for a season dreams of sorrow and gladness are made akin and rule, for what has been is to be no more forever.

Just as we are beginning to learn something about what we should do, Father Time appears, and in unmistakable terms demands of us our resignation, and obey we must.



Below are found some opinions of THE CHRONICLE as made by others:

The December issue of the CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE comes to us as a special Christmas number. One need not open the covers to determine this, as it is clothed in the gayest of colors. THE CHRONICLE is entertaining from beginning to end. If we were to make a general criticism we would ask for a revision of the arrangement of the con-

tents. It seems the editor-in-chief, in the Christmas rush, inserted the best reading matter last. The poem, "Christmas," holds by right first place in the table of contents. The poem deals with a noble theme and teaches a good lesson, though there seems to be room for a little improvement in the smoothness of it. . . . The story, "A Gift From the Enemy," is told fairly well, but does not seem to "convince" us. Another fault we find is the awkward introduction. The author relates a bit of history and then seems to say: "I will tell you a story as follows." We think this story should have been inserted a little later in the magazine. . . . "The Legend of Lonely Bend" reminds us a little of Pyramus and Thisbe, "Kawee" corresponding to "Pyramus," and his lovely Indian maid, who is here anonymous, playing the role of Thisbe. The story goes that the brave's sweetheart believes him to be dead, so she commits suicide, and then he, finding his loved one dead, takes his own life by the same means, "and together they journeyed to the happy hunting ground." . . . "The Unknown Heroes of History" is a declamation of praise for the multitude of men who have made possible the career of the world's greatest heroes, they themselves not sharing in the spoils of fame. . . . "The Lemon" is a Christmas story, and, to our mind, should occupy first place in the arrangement of the fiction. It is interesting, of right length, written well, has good introduction, an excellent conclusion, and the author goes into detail concerning the mechanism of the motor car in such a manner that his reader is taken through the different parts of the machine with the hero and sees every movement until the trouble is located in the air inlet of the gasoline tank. "Her" small brother had stopped it with chewing gum, as is highly probable. This same small brother had caused some other trouble too. The plot is a bit weak, but with the other

good qualities it will easily pass. . . . "The Aftermath" is a somnambulist's story of the fair (State Fair). We Mercer boys know what that is, and judging from this narrative we think our friend W. N. H. knows also. He takes us down through the midway proper in his dream, and he, like many others when they awoke before their fireplaces, says:

"And soon I was asleep in bed;
My prayer was dreamed instead of said.
'Twas short, but pointed, I declare,—
'God help me to forget the fair.' "

Other articles of THE CHRONICLE are all up to the average in quality, and we would compliment the staff on this issue. The editor heartily endorses the exchange editor's statement, "It seems we should strive equally as hard to have our publication appear on time as we strive to produce a well balanced readable magazine."



The CLEMSON CHRONICLE is very disappointing. The "Apologies" offered for "My First Night at the Phosphate Mines" might well have been offered for several other contributions, especially for "Eyes" and "For All Eternity." For the last year a strenuous campaign has been waged against the college love story of the soft, gushy, sentimental type, that leaves one utterly tired out and disgusted, and we had hoped that the campaign was a success, but—! The only thing that saves "Eyes" from too much slosh is its brevity, and "For All Eternity" quite makes up for the former's deficiency in that respect. A Senior's time could have been far better spent on something else. Clemson must be the throne of wit from the unusual amount of brevity displayed in the contributions to THE CHRONICLE. Even when a good start is made, the article is brought to

an abrupt close and we sigh for the wasted possibilities of the theme. Such an article is "Some Needed Rural Improvement." There is a great movement on foot now toward such improvements. Conventions are held, noted men speak for hours on different phases of the topic—we are glad to see that THE CHRONICLE gives a page and a half to it. "A Runaway Story" is a story which is not a story, but an amusing incident told in a thoroughly enjoyable way, and the mental images of tall young men with silk hats, stout women, packages, girls, and mud which it called up, were laughable indeed. "The Battle" is very well written and a great deal more interesting than most descriptive stories. The author succeeds in throwing an atmosphere of latent strength about it, which chiefly accounts for its unusual interest. "On New Year's Morn" shows more of a lack of interest or lack of time on the part of the author than a lack of talent. If the theme were developed a little more it would be a fairly good story. "A Posteriori" is a humorous bit of conceit. "Electricity's Song" is the best production in the magazine. There is a rush and a dash to the meter that suggests the hum of electricity itself and sends a thrill through us as we read. Why should such a poem be Anonymous?



Among the first November magazines that reach us is the CLEMSON CHRONICLE. There are some articles in this issue worthy of very favorable criticism and some which are hardly so good. The essays are rather poor. However, "Southern Agriculture" is an instructive treatise well worth the reading. The poetry is not up to the standard. Perhaps the Muse of poetry hasn't inspired the young poets to very great efforts yet. Now, when we come to the stories, we come to the greatest part of the literary depart-

ment, both in number and in merit. "An Unbroken Betrothal" fails to develop our interest in the plot; fails to impress us with any fine sentiment, and fails to please us with its style. In our opinion—it fails as a story. There is not much to the plot, and, what there is, is very improbable. The writer ends the story poorly, with apparently an attempt to be impressive. The notion of circumstantial evidence, as illustrated in the beginning of "An Unfortunate Joke," is directly opposed to ours. Briefly, it is this: Two boys of good character know that there is some money in a certain room. The money was stolen. The first boy is known to have gone to the room. Both boys deny the theft. However, according to the plot, the second boy, and not the first, is the victim of circumstantial evidence. As the story continues, however, we find that it improves very greatly. "The Man Who Never Laughed" and "Vive La Republique!" are only fairly good. In our opinion, "The Final Reckoning" is, by far, the best story. Here is a good plot, and wholesome sentiment that appeals to the manhood of every one. The editorials are to be commended.



The CLEMSON CHRONICLE for November comes to us fully well filled with readable matter. Several of the stories are very good indeed. We think "The Final Reckoning" is probably the best. This is a horrible story, but it is well told.



THE CHRONICLE comes to us as usual in its excellent style. The Christmas cover design is very good. "The Engagement Ring" is an excellent story. All newly married couples would profit by reading it. THE CHRONICLE is filled with interesting stories and is a credit to its publishers.

The November issue of the CLEMSON CHRONICLE forms a distinct addition to our exchange table. Here we have a well-balanced college publication, containing just enough verse interspersed with some excellent short stories. First place has been awarded to quite a clever little story, entitled "The Man Who Never Laughed." The author's free use of names and the general atmosphere of far-away India found in this story indicate a more or less intimate knowledge of the land of fakers and turbans. A short poem, entitled "Life," is a little gem. "Southern Agriculture" is a well written article, and one which would make interesting reading were it contained in a publication having even a wider circle of readers than a college magazine. "Vive La Republique" deals with aeroplanes, and in this instance the heavier than air craft plays a leading part in shaping the affairs of one of the South American republics.



THE CHRONICLE, a magazine from Clemson Agricultural College, comes to us in very neat and well arranged form. The article on Southern Agriculture deserves credit. It shows the writer to be well acquainted with farming in the South, and able to describe aptly the conditions of that country. The editorial on advertisements is not a new thing. Nearly all college magazines complaint of that same thing, lack of student patronage to advertisers. Nothing helps a magazine more than to have advertisers find that their advertisements bring results. Advertisements are the life of a paper.



Decidedly the best story in THE CHRONICLE is "An Unbroken Betrothal." The narration is smooth and the plot is well worked out. "Alone in the Woods in Spring" is out of season, and would have been much more effective

if it had been reserved for one of the spring issues. The departments are creditable, and especially strong in the exchange department.



The contents of the CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE are varied and well balanced. The poetry is pretty good—not above the average. The first story, "The Battle," is very interesting and well written—the best in the issue. The love story, "For All Eternity"—although the theme is hardly a new and original one—deserves special mention.



CLEMSON CHRONICLE is lacking in poetry. Where are the poets? Surely the poet will find a way, even if he does have to lead a prosaic life. "A Dream"—about a blue-eyed girl with lots of golden hair—is the only verse the magazine contains. The essays are the best part of this number. "A Storm" is a pretty piece of description. The story, "One Way Out," is unusually good—possibly because it is an unusual story of a lawyer in a little town.



The CLEMSON CHRONICLE does not present a very attractive appearance. The magazine, however, can be said to be a little better than the cover. The poem, "Joan of Arc," is very good indeed. The story, "An Unwilling Understudy," is also very interesting and well written. The other stories and poems are not at all above the ordinary, and, for the most part, commonplace.



The December number of THE CHRONICLE is a most interesting number. The Christmas cover at once gets the reader in the Christmas spirit which prevails throughout. The stories are exceptionally good. The "Gift From the

Enemy" shows that at Christmas time even our greatest enemies are in the giving spirit, as, in the case of this story, a "Yankee" gives a "Rebel" the gift she asks for—her lover—even at the risk of his life. The "Legend of Lonely Bend" is a very pretty Indian love story, showing how truly and deeply an Indian can love. The "Unknown Heroes of History" is real good. The writer believes that we Americans are living such a strenuous life that we often forget to give some due credit. He tells us of men who have done much toward discoveries, made it possible for great works to be done, yet are never recognized as heroes, because some one else perfects the work. This is true; there are many heroes around us, if we would only know them as such.



Editor: E. N. SITTON, '11

Instead of the usual uninteresting notices of meetings, bits of Y. M. C. A. news, and so forth, it is thought better in this issue to put in the general secretary's annual report to the advisory board. This report gives an interesting account of the work being done by the Y. M. C. A., and a better idea of the association could not be obtained except by coming in personal contact with it. The report follows:

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Progress in the transformation of character cannot be put into statistics. Reports of religious work can, at best, but partially show the efforts put forth and the results accomplished. But as this is the only way we have of showing you the scope of our work and what has been attempted at the college this year by the students to lead their fellow students into a closer companionship with and a larger service for the great Leader of us all, it is necessary to present to you a few facts in addition to those presented in the report of the chairman.

Judging from the opinions of those who have been acquainted with the work, this year has been one of the most successful in the history of the organization at Clemson. The enlarged interest of the student body and the faculty

in the work is most gratifying, while the interest of the general public is attested by scores of letters received from parents of the students.

This interest is due in part to the class of men who are at the head of the work, and also to the actual ministry of the association to the religious needs of the college, while at least two activities outside the routine work of the association have brought its work into greater prominence. The officers of the association are men who have stood for the best in college life—men who have been leaders in both the military and academic departments of the school. The interest of the parents over the State has been due to their reading the facts presented in the reports, which were sent to them, and to the announcement which went to them that a son had made the decision for the clean Christian life. This publicity work, or better, perhaps, this educational campaign, has had most gratifying results. It seems to me this is an important phase of the work, and it should be enlarged with the progress of the association. It serves to keep the people aware of the association's presence here, and of its interest and part in the life of the college.

Through the customary channels of regularly maintained Bible classes, weekly and special devotional meetings, and special evangelistic campaigns, the association is fulfilling its ministry to the religious needs of the college. And I believe that through these channels the association is coming to realize its great object, which, if you will permit me to quote, is "to promote growth in grace and Christian fellowship among its members and aggressive Christian work, especially for and by students, to train them for Christian service, and to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ, not only in distinctively religious callings, but also in secular pursuits."

The results of the work this year, in some respects, have been greater than any of us thought possible, and when I remind you of the entire absence of any other than a religious consideration for taking part in its activities, I think the work must justify itself in your minds.

There was a voluntary enrollment of nearly three hundred and fifty men in Bible study. This does not mean that we had this many men in actual study. A goodly number of those who enrolled have dropped out of school; others enrolled and for various reasons dropped out of the work. We had, however, more than two hundred and fifty men who remained in the work for an extended time. But, as I said at the beginning, it is useless to try to measure the influence of this many men in Bible study, either during their college days or later, when they take their places as men in the world.

The number of all meetings held during the year, including the weekly prayer meetings, was sixty-four. At the Sunday night meetings the average attendance has been two hundred and ten; at prayer meetings about twenty. The leadership of these meetings has consisted of students—at the prayer meetings—and members of the faculty, pastors, and prominent men from a distance. The subjects of the meetings covered, as far as possible, the common evils to which college men are subject.

Our missionary activities have consisted of a six weeks' course in the study of the Negro Problem; and also of a continuous effort to raise a large sum of money which was pledged last spring for the support of a missionary in the foreign field. To aid in this work we have had with us Mr. Tener, from the Philippine Islands, who created a large interest among the students for missions, and as a result of whose visit we were enabled to secure pledges to the amount of one hundred and fifty dollars, to be paid by May

the fifteenth. Since we failed to raise the five hundred dollars, which was pledged last spring, we decided to attempt a more conservative pledge this term, hoping to pledge at least an equal amount next fall.

In addition to the work which has already been outlined, we have had two evangelistic campaigns. The first of these was conducted by Mr. Hogue, and as a result of it sixty men made the decision for a higher Christian life. The greatest of these campaigns, however, was that conducted by Dr. Weatherford in March. At each of the six public meetings held there was an average attendance of nearly four hundred men, and great interest was manifested on all sides. Two hundred and five men took public stand for the clean Christian life, while a dozen or more of the most representative men in school came to Dr. Weatherford for interviews about the Christian life.

Clemson College Directory.

Clemson Agricultural College—W. M. Riggs, Acting President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary and Treasurer.

South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.

Clemson College Chronicle—F. H. Jeter, Editor-in-Chief; L. D. Boone, Manager.

Calhoun Literary Society—L. D. Boone, President; T. E. Bell, Secretary.

Columbian Literary Society—L. C. Harrison, President; R. M. Jeter, Secretary.

Palmetto Literary Society—J. A. Goodwin, President; J. M. Workman, Secretary.

Clemson College Annual of 1911—A. M. Salley, Editor-in-Chief; J. B. Keith, Business Manager.

Clemson College Sunday School—A. B. Bryan, Superintendent; A. K. Goldfinch, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association—E. N. Sitton, President; A. G. Small, Secretary; R. L. Sweeney, General Secretary.

Clemson College Science Club—T. G. Poats, President; S. T. Howard, Secretary.

Athletic Association—W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.

Football Association—M. W. Arthur, Manager; W. H. Hanckel, Captain.

Track Team—....., Manager; R. G. Stevens, Captain.

Baseball Association—J. B. Keith, Manager; W. R. Connelly, Captain.

Clemson College Glee Club—P. L. Bissell, Manager; E. A. McCreary, Secretary.

Cotillion Club—Joseph E. Jenkins, President; A. P. Fant, Secretary.

German Club—R. H. Walker, President; J. W. Blackwell, Secretary.

The Tiger—R. W. Freeman, Editor-in-Chief; E. S. Jenkins, Business Manager.

Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President; H. W. Barre, Secretary.

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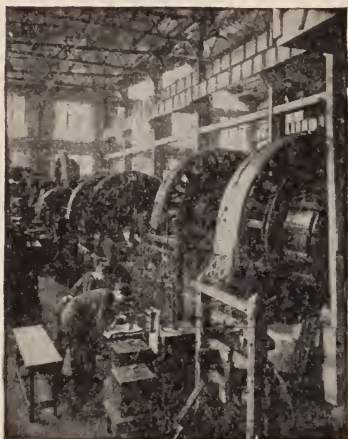
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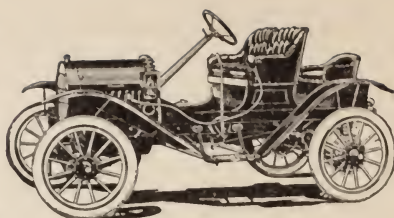
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